

The Râja-Yoga College

(Non-Sectarian)

Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

KATHERINE TINGLEY, Foundress and General Directress



The Râja-Yoga system of education was originated by the Foundress as a result of her own experience and knowledge. Râja-Yoga is an ancient term: etymologically it means the "Royal Union." This term was selected as best expressing in its real meaning the purpose of true education, viz: the balance of all the faculties, physical, mental and moral.

The Building of Character

One of the most important features of this system is the development of character, the upbuilding of pure-minded and self-reliant manhood and womanhood, that each pupil may become prepared to take an honorable, self-reliant position in life.

In the younger as in the older pupils, the sense of individual responsibility and personal honor is aroused.

The Pupils

The Râja-Yoga College comprises two general departments of instruction: (1) The Râja-Yoga Preparatory School and Academy, for boys and girls respectively (separate buildings). (2) The College proper, for students following the collegiate courses.

The Studies

The studies range from the elementary to those of a university course, including the following: Literature, Ancient and Modern Languages, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Surveying, Mechanical Electrical and Civil Engineering, Law, the fine Arts, Music, Industrial Arts, Practical Forestry and Horticulture, Domestic Economy, etc.

The Teachers

The staff of teachers is formed of men and women specially trained for their duties by long experience in scholastic work, and is composed of graduates of European and American Universities, and of specialists in other lines.

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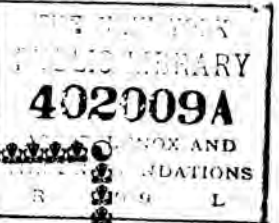
Head Teacher of the Girls' Department

MRS. W. A. DUNN

For information, address

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Point Loma, California



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The Old Year's Legacy

By Margaret Doane Gardiner

THE bells were ringing out the hour
At midnight on the New Year's eve.
Above the cradle of the New
The Old Year hovered, taking leave.

"What shall I leave thee when I go?"
He said, "Pure babe, sent forth to meet
The soiling, grinding, weary world;
What shall I lay here at thy feet?"

"I will not leave my mantle gray;
Thou hast a new robe, fair and bright;
I will not leave the griefs and cares
That turned my hair to silver white;

"I will not leave the vows unkept,
The blasted hopes, the useless tears;
My wisdom, all too dearly bought,
Is far too bitter for thine ears.

"But, blotting out the background dark,
The long, sad days of this, my span,
I'll leave thee all its joys to fill
With mem'ries sweet the heart of man.

"Thine be the happiness that's past!
Thine be the gladness, not the care!
Earth shall forget my griefs, whose sum
With future joys shall not compare.

"For now I give men double weight
Of glad and happy thoughts, through thee.
My somber form fades fast away;
My brightest smiles alone they see."

So spoke the Old Year, and the New
Flung out across the winter dawn
Dear memories of yesterday,
The joys filled full, the sorrows gone.

—Selected

RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

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NO. I

FRONTING THE DAWN



HE goddess Aurora has been the recipient of world-wide and age-long tribute in verse and song. Few are the poets who have not indited their odes, their stanzas or their couplets to the Dawn-Goddess.

One has but to go abroad in those still ultra-somber hours of the morning when day is not, yet night has ceased to be, to realize that Nature has a magic of her own that is keenly sensible at this hour. We may say all we will about 'inanimate nature,' but if we choose to meet Nature generously and open-heartedly, we shall hear on every hand a language that trumpets to the four winds of heaven the sentient consciousness of all her realism. And this is one evidence of her very real life — this magic that thrills one who goes forth to meet the unborn day.

First, all the earth is enfolded in its mantle of intensified shadows that mark the closing hours of night, whose very opacity renders the watcher more keenly sensitive to the first suggestions of light. But the dawn comes not first to the eye: its first approach is rather felt than perceived by any single sense. In the stillness, in the darkness, in the chilly air of morning, one senses an awakening spirit — Nature is stirring. In their nests little birds are beginning to flutter; down in the valleys the flowers are coyly and modestly opening their dewy chalices; on the hills the trees and shrubs send forth a luscious fragrance, and every leaf is a-quiver with the pulsing life of dawn. Then the Spirit of Light steals ever so slowly over the top of yonder hill, out from the dim horizon of yonder sea, heralded by shrill-tongued chanticleer and a host of feathered songsters.

Such is the dawn — a natural phenomenon seen from the standpoint of Nature.

From our human standpoint what is it? Is it more or less, more joyous or less so, more wonder-full or more common-place? Each must answer for himself.

But if we are men, men conscious of the nobility of our Higher Nature, then fronting the dawn is all this and infinitely more; for to this blazonry of color, this fragrant earthly incense, this virile life, we bring the dawn-fires of our own hearts. To the soul that is stirring in the earth and flowers there responds the Master-Soul of Man. Fronting the Dawn,

the birth of a new day — a new theme for the poet, a new task for the artisan, *a new opportunity for all!*

Yesterday has been, tomorrow yet is not, it is Now. In this Now we are called upon to live, never elsewhere; this present moment we are called upon to utilize, not the hour that will come tomorrow. Human destiny lies enfolded in this one tiny moment Now. When we have searched all science, worn out all psychology, fathomed all Nature's mysteries, we shall return equipped with the two simple master key-words, HERE and NOW. HERE must I labor; NOW must I strive — no other era is mine, no other sphere may I reach.

The Dawn-Fires that flame in the morning skies are but the outer emblems of Dawn Fires eternally kindled for those who have eyes to behold them. Nothing is stationary in life, but all is progressing or retrogressing. Therefore in this eternal HERE and NOW each moment's achievement is the dawn of a new achievement, a new step in the Great Journey towards human perfection, on whose highway the true warrior stands, eternally Fronting the Dawn.

M. M.

HOW DARE WE BE WEAK?



ARE to do right," and "Dare to be true." These friendly counsels have rung in our ears this long time, as though the evil forces of life were all powerful and we who struggle against them were all weak; as though the outcome of our battle of life were quite uncertain, and equally uncertain the possibility of our summoning courage enough to fight it through, successfully, rightly, truly. To Râja Yoga children there is no need to say this; they are already enlisted in the very cause of Right, the Truth. They are its champions. They know that the evil forces are strong only in the imaginings of a weak mind, and that a life lived rightly and truly is stronger than any evil force. They would not dare to do wrong, to be untrue.

Life is strength and courage only to those who live it aright: it is a sad and doleful experience to the shirkers, the weaklings. We know it, do we not? There have been times in the past when we have shirked and known the futility of trying to escape the result of our shirking; times when we have been too weak to give up a weakening habit. We all know (do we not?) how sickly a thing life looked to us in those dark moments. We would not be foolhardy enough to repeat them, to dare to bring back all the misery that came to us and to others through them.

Life to the Râja-Yoga student looks like nothing short of a victorious routing of the foes of Truth. He is training head and heart and hand for the day he shall go forth with his comrades, a body invincible. D.

SOME NEW YEAR CUSTOMS



NEW YEAR'S DAY has not always been January first, strange as that fact may seem to twentieth-century boys and girls. Indeed, an adequate account of the various systems devised by man through the ages for the reckoning of time would make a long story. Let us, therefore, limit ourselves to tracing the history of the first day of the present calendar; but we shall not be able to exhaust the subject in such a brief consideration as this.



AN INTERNATIONAL NEW YEAR'S GATHERING AT THE RAJA-YOGA SCHOOL
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

The Persians, Egyptians and Phoenicians began their year at the Autumnal Equinox (21st of September), whereas the Greeks started theirs at the Winter Solstice (21st of December), which reckoning they continued until 432 B. C., when they made the 21st of June their New Year's Day. The ancient Romans also commenced their year at the Winter Solstice. The Jewish ecclesiastical year began at the Spring Equinox (21st of March), which is also the New Year's Day of the modern Persians. From the time of Charles IX (middle of the sixteenth century) the year was reckoned in France as beginning on January 1st, which date was also observed by the English populace, though the legal and ecclesiastical

year in the latter country began on March 25th until 1753, when the 'new style' came in on January 1st. Russia is the only country still retaining the 'old style' calendar, which differs thirteen days from ours.

Having learned this much about the periodical observance of New Year's Day during various epochs by different nations, let us now turn our attention to their social usages on this birthday of the year.

January the 1st was observed as a public holiday in Rome from the time of the Julian reformation of the calendar, 46 B. C. Litigation and strife were abstained from; visits were exchanged; presents were given and received, and the day was celebrated with masquerading and feasting. Nevertheless there was a more serious aspect to the day's observance, as testified to by Ovid, who refers to the smoking altars and white-robed processions winding their way to the Capitol. New Year's was, in fact, the one great holiday common to all under the Roman rule.

New Year's was likewise observed in Rome on the Ides of March, at the festival of *Anna Paremma* (the year), who was supposed to have been drowned in the river Numicius; there was also a second celebration at the time of the Summer Solstice in honor of *Anna Paremma*, as an old woman who had once fed the common people with cakes during a famine, which is probably a reference to her as goddess of the year or harvests.

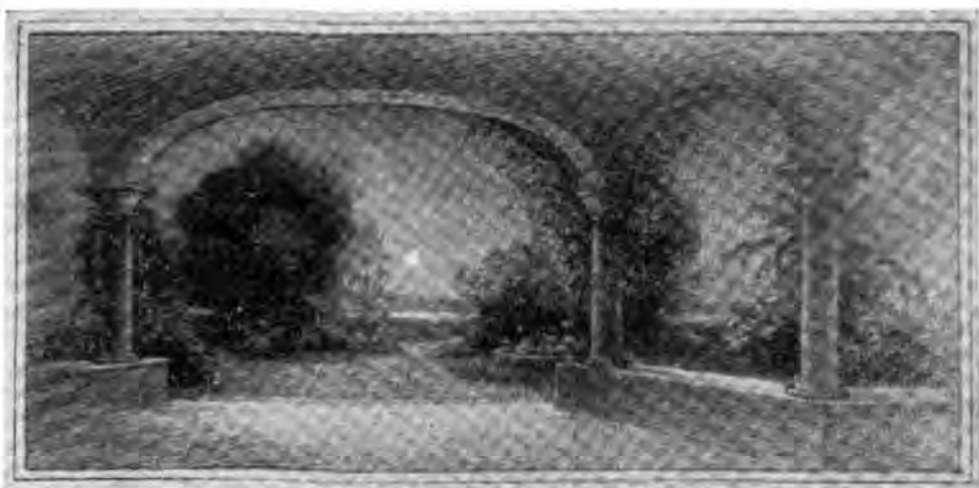
Then too, the ancient Romans recognized a masculine representative of the Old Year, called Mamurius, an effigy of whom, as an old man, was dressed in skins and carried around and beaten unmercifully until driven out of town. Representing the Old Year as he did, his death was celebrated about the time when Mars, the new vernal god or New Year, came into power at the Spring Equinox. This old Mamurius Veturius was represented as a smith, and was credited with having made the new *ancilia* or shields when the old ones, that had fallen from the sky, were lost. Now the shields which this old smith was supposed to have forged after the pattern of the twelfth, were the eleven months returned by the Old Year before the incoming of the New Year.

The same idea of an old man — the 'Straw-man,' the 'Death-man,' or the 'Old Year' — who is destroyed at the close of the year, is also found in German folk-lore. Similar customs were observed by other peoples; in parts of Italy and Switzerland, for instance, the doll *Befana* is carried around and then destroyed.

L.



The January RĀJA-YOGA MESSENGER, in its new dress, was unavoidably delayed by non-arrival, from freight and manufacturers' troubles, of the new, very complete equipment just added to every part of the Lomaland Photo-Engraving Department, and Aryan Theosophical Press.



IN A LOMALAND GARDEN

NIGHTFALL



HE sky was lovely turquoise, millions of dim little stars coming into view; in the west, there were mists of rose and pale gold on the horizon taking all kinds of shapes; the ocean was calm and of the color of the sky. In the east, the silvery moon rose behind mountains of pansy-blue; its rays dappled in the waters of the bay, giving it the likeness of a field of diamonds. In the garden all was perfect stillness; only the leaves of a crimson rosebush near the violet bed were quivering, as if so full of joy that they could not keep still. Every plant was loaded with buds, and the air was heavy with their fragrance. There was no doubt that it came from roses and violets, lavender and heliotrope, honeysuckle, lilies and sweet-peas.

The moon was climbing fast in the heavens and its light fell in most parts of the garden. If you listened long enough, you would hear the buds speaking to each other about her and the fairies. By the time she had reached her highest, her light would be falling full on a bed of violets — and, perhaps, telling them something of a place called fairyland from which they had come long ago. . . . A mocking-bird on the tip top of a cypress broke the stillness with a tune.

DAWN

The moon was setting in the west and a pink carnation was lighting up the east. From afar came the *coo-coo* of the mourning dove, and the war-call — *watako! watako!* — of the quails.

The buds in the garden had now opened into beautiful blooms. Here were the roses bending over, and the dew on their petals like pearls; the honeysuckle fence was covered with little clarions, and the humming-birds were busy at work gathering their honey; the bed of pansies was shining with little faces. There were the deep blue with velvety centers and eyes of gold, the black jet, the deep crimson, the purple and yellow, and the snow-whites: all with their bright eyes on the setting moon.

The sun rose; from the desert there was blowing a warm wind. Looking at the violets, you could tell by their swaying to and fro, that they had received some message from fairyland.

ENRIQUE



THE CRICKET'S SONG

BY GRACE LEITCHFIELD

*YES, the world is big, but I'll do my best,
Since I happen to find myself in it,
And I'll sing my loudest out with the rest
Tho' I'm neither lark nor linnet;
And strive for the best with a tireless zest,
Tho' I know I may never win it.*


*For shall no bird sing but the nightingale?
No flower bloom but the rose?
Shall little stars quench their torches pale,
When Mars thro' the midnight glows?
Shall only the highest and the greatest prevail?
May nothing seem white but the snow?*

*The world is so big that it needs us all
To make audible music in it;
God fits a melody for the small;
We have nothing to do but begin it!
So I'll chirp my merriest with them all,
Tho' I'm neither a lark nor a linnet!—Selected*



THE custom of greeting visitors with sprays of mistletoe hung in the doorway is a very old one, and originated with the Scandinavians. So great was their regard for this plant in consequence of its connection with the worship of Thor, that, in event of the bitterest enemies happening to meet under the mistletoe, they would greet each other as friends and drop their feud until the dawn of the following day. Hence the mistletoe is always associated with the idea of friendship and amity.

TWO OLD PERSONS

 JAMESY and Heinrich were two old men. In fact they were so very old that all the villagers called them by their first names, just as the people of their home-towns had called them when they were little boys.

Jamesy was an Irishman who had fought in England's wars in many lands and on many seas. He had an empty sleeve and a scarred cheek which reminded those who knew him that he had once been a hero. Heinrich had been a toymaker in a great city in Germany and he was jolly-looking and twinkly-eyed, something like the Dutch dolls he had once made.

All day long the two old companions sat on a bench in the sunshine and quarreled about the games they had played when they were boys, and about the work they had done when they had been strong men in the world. These quarrels made a joke for the villagers, who looked upon Jamesy and Heinrich as two naughty old children, though no one dared to stand them up in a corner or send them supperless to bed.

Sometimes a village child would steal behind the old men and listen to their quavering voices. What they said was something like this:

"An' wouldn't I think it fine if me mither sat wid wan foot on the threadle, spinnin' flax, an' me lyin' near listenin' to what she'd be tellin' of banshee and fetch?"

(That would be Jamesy, you know.)

"Ach, but the days in the Academie, und the nights in the Turnschule. Dot war goot, mein friend."

(And that would be the theme of Heinrich's daily song.)

"The burnin' plains of Injy an' the freezin' nights in the hills, the quick marchin' an' the hot skirmishin', an' then it's away, me boys, up stakes an' away, an' 'tis glorious to die for your counthry."

(This was Jamesy remembering the hero.)

"The beautiful mechanische steamboats und the lady-dolls that speak und sing, und by night der Maennerchor!"

(And this was Heinrich's remembrance of a happy life.)

Then Jamesy might forget his manners, and say that doll-babies and singing societies were not fit subjects for conversation; or Heinrich might be the one who spoke his mind about lazy soldiers. If that or the other happened (and it is a pity to have to say, one or the other often did) both old men scrambled to their feet and hobbled, with thumping canes, each to his own doorstep. Then the village-folk would shake wise heads and scold about the unseemly conduct of these two old persons.

One day Jamesy sat on the bench alone, growing momentarily more uneasy because of Heinrich's delayed arrival. A little yellow-haired girl came up to him presently and said —

"Jamesy, Heinrich's sick and can't get out of bed."

Jamesy sat as though he were frightened at the prospect of having no one to quarrel with. After a long time, during which he seemed to be trying to find the right end of a tangle of thoughts, he stood up shakily and, to the astonishment of the neighbors, went directly to the house where Heinrich lived. The story that went around afterwards was that old Jamesy sat down beside Heinrich's bed and made this remark:

"Heinrich, I think it's fine to be a Deutscher and go to the Turnvereins."

"Und Irelandt could be a fine place too, dot's so," responded Heinrich.

"An' makin' play-babies for childer's better than fightin' men, me boy."

"Ach, but to be a hero, dot's goot, too, mein friend."

So on the very next day and on many another the two old men sat in the sunshine, in full sight of the laughing village folk, smiling and talking of glorious days passed and other good days to come. WINIFRED



THE WORLD'S GREATEST ENCYCLOPAEDIA

THE *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, large and comprehensive as it is, does not by any means equal — either in age or in voluminosity — the great *Wen Hsien Ta Ch'eng*, or 'Complete Record of Literature,' of ancient China. This enormous work, comprised in no fewer than 11,100 separate volumes, was compiled under the patronage of the Emperor Yung Lo, who reigned in China in the earlier part of the fifteenth century.

This potentate, desiring to possess in assembled form the whole of the literature of his realm, appointed a commission of scholars to compile a complete compendium of extant writings, which should include every known work on the precepts of Confucius, as well as those on Buddhism, Laoism, philosophy, history, cosmogony, astronomy, arts, handicrafts and general literature.

An army of 2169 persons was accordingly set to work on this herculean task, and after four years of research and compilation presented to their Emperor the fruits of their labor: a magnificent collection of 11,100 volumes, containing 917,480 pages of selected matter, carefully catalogued and indexed.

This monumental work was preserved intact until 1900, when a large portion of it was destroyed during the Boxer uprising and much of the remainder scattered over different parts of the world. H. B.

PINDAR, THE PATRIOT-POET OF GREECE



PINDAR, the greatest lyric poet of ancient Greece, was born about 522 B. C. His birthplace was the village of Cynocéphalæ, near Thèbes, in Boeotia. From what we can gather from traditions, he was of noble descent. And these traditions had a very marked effect upon his poems. They are also important, as they help us better to estimate his relation to his contemporaries.

These traditions account for his descent as follows:

The clan of the Aegeidae, which traced its descent from a hero Aegeus, belonged to the elder nobility who dated back to the days of Cadmus, the legendary founder of Thebes. The clan seems to have broken up into two branches, that from which Pindar sprang having helped to colonize Cyrene, a city in Northern Africa. So we see that Pindar stood in the circle of families who looked upon the heroic myths as one might look upon family records. He had a personal link with those memories which were most highly cherished by his fellow-countrymen. It is most fitting that a member of so illustrious a clan should celebrate in verse the glories of so many of the cities of his fatherland.

The facts to be derived as to his early life and training are very meager. But we read that he took lessons in flute-playing, first from a tutor of Thebes, and later from various musicians of Athens. In his youth we hear of his being defeated in a poetical contest by the Theban poetess Corinna.

The lyric poet of Pindar's time had to go in for very severe and complex preparatory labor. He had to study not only rhythm and meter, but also music, besides acquiring an ability to adapt both of these to the intricate movements of the choral dance. But through his zeal and energy and true love for his work, Pindar succeeded in becoming capable of giving to the world his deep heart-messages in lines which give us a true picture of his strong and heroic artist's soul. As a youth, he was considered precocious and laborious. He seems to have traveled to a certain extent, visiting the court of Hiero of Syracuse, Theron of Acragas, and Cyrene. He is said to have died at Argos in 443 B. C., at the age of seventy-nine.

A very beautiful side of Pindar's character was his piety towards the Gods, a trait for which he was distinguished among the Greeks of his own and later times. He tells us that "near to the vestibule" of his house, choruses of maidens used to dance and sing by night in praise of the Mother of the Gods (Cybele) and Pan — deities peculiarly associated with the Phrygian music of the flute, on which other members of his family, as well as Pindar himself, are said to have excelled. He dedicated many statues and shrines to the various gods and goddesses. We are told that when Pausanias, King of the Lacedaemonians, was burning Thebes, some one wrote on the door of Pindar's house, "Burn not the

house of Pindar, the poet"; thus it escaped destruction. It is well known how it again escaped destruction in the time of Alexander.

Pindar had a wonderfully large soul, which finds expression in some of his superbly heroic and majestic lines. It is also shown in his love for and good-will towards Athens, which city was often the bitter enemy of his own city, Thebes. In celebrating the Pythian victory of the Athenian Megacles, he begins:

Fairest of preludes is the renown of Athens for the mighty race of the Alcmaeonidae. What home, or what house, could I call mine by a name that should sound more glorious for Hellas to hear!

His most famous works are the *Epicinia* or 'Odes of Victory,' which form a collection of forty-four odes, divided into four books answering to the four great festivals: Olympian, Pythian, Nemean and Isthmian.

His principal characteristics are: 1—A natural inborn strength of soul; 2—love of nature; 3—an exquisite artistic sense. Of the first he says:

Mine be it to invent new strains, mine the skill to hold my course in the chariot of the Muses; and may courage go with me, and power of ample grasp.

In his *Welcome of the Seasons* he says "the chamber of the Hours is opened, and delicate plants perceive the fragrant spring." He relates the story of the birth of Iambus in these words: "the babe was found, its delicate body steeped in the golden and deep purple rays of pansies."

This poet recognized sculpture and poetry as sister arts, but thus contrasts the merely local effect of the statue with the diffusion of the poem:

No sculptor I, to fashion images that shall stand idly on one pedestal for aye; no, go thou forth from Aegina, sweet song of mine, on every freighted ship, on each light bark.

The memory of Pindar will ever be held sacred as the great patriot-poet of Greece, loving and loved by all — the singer with a great soul.

STUDENT



ALL of the ancient nations boasted numerous instruments. The Chinese alone had sixteen well-defined types.

The bag-pipe originated in ancient Assyria, and is one of the oldest types of instruments still in use.

Probably the highest salaried musician in the past was Farinelli (1705-1722), the male soprano, who cured King Philip of Spain of his melancholy. The king engaged him at a yearly salary of 50,000 francs.—*The Étude*

cian temples unsuited to their needs, and a number were destroyed; but they used the marble columns and took advantage of the reverence that was felt for the places on which the temples had stood by frequently laying the foundations of the new shrines upon the sacred sites. By this means much of the opposition of those who tried to sustain the ancient faith was



INTERIOR OF S. APOLLINARE NUOVO
RAVENNA, ITALY

disarmed. The classical temples were not intended to hold large crowds, but were shrines for the images of the Gods and for the safe-keeping of the sacred treasures. The basilica, which was intended for the transaction of business and the administration of justice, was a far better model for the assembly houses of the new sect. It is not, however, agreed among the best authorities that the basilica was the only origin of the church design; some think that the first

open meetings were held in large Roman mansions, and that the church was simply an enlargement, with some few changes, of their forecourt (*atrium*) and inner court (*peristyle*) with its rows of pillars. There is no doubt, though, that some of the provincial basilicas, such as that at Trèves (Trier) in Germany, were transformed into churches.

The basilica-churches were originally used for the public business of the general body of Christians, but gradually, as Fergusson says:

The now dominant hierarchy of Rome soon began to repudiate the republicanism of the early days of the Church, and to adopt from the East the doctrine of the absolute separation of the congregation into clergy and laity. To accommodate the basilica to this new state of things, first the apse was railed off and appropriated wholly to the use of the clergy; then the whole of the dais, or raised part in front of the apse



S. APOLLINARE IN CLASSE, RAVENNA
SHOWING NARTHEX, VII CENTURY



ST. MARK'S, VENICE; SOUTHWEST CORNER

on which the altar stood, was separated by pillars called *cancelli*, and given up to the use of the clergy.

From the time of Constantine the early Latin style gradually declined, but it never disappeared from Rome, and ultimately it rose to the glories of the Renaissance. In the Eastern Empire the Byzantine style was predominant and not only spread to north-western Europe, but became the parent of the Turkish and perhaps of other Mohammedan styles. The Byzantine invaded Italy, but gradually gave place to the modification of the Latin-Roman (or Romanesque) and finally

to the Gothic. The two latter styles penetrated to the most distant parts of western Europe and will be subjects of our special consideration.

One feature became of special importance in all the styles which followed the decline of Rome, *i. e.*, the placing of the arches directly upon the pillars in the manner explained in Chapter xv (Vol. X, No. 9; Sept. 1914).

The Byzantine style in Italy need not detain us very long. It is best illustrated by two great churches in the northern city of Ravenna which possess a harmony of parts and originality unknown among Latin-Roman basilicas, for Ravenna was a new city and there were no rich classical temples to rob. These famous churches — S. Apollinare Nuovo (about 500) and S. Apollinare in Classe (about 549) — though extremely plain outside are very interesting, and within are really handsome. The resemblance between the capitals of the pillars in S. Apollinare Nuovo and those of the Byzantine buildings in Constantinople will easily be seen by comparing the sketch on page 16 with those in Chapter xxii (Vol. XII, No. 3; July, 1916). These churches are famous for their magnificent mosaics, but in carved sculpture they are as deficient as the other Byzantine works.

We have already noticed the absence of tall towers in classical architec-

ture, and even though the Eastern Byzantines raised their domes on fairly high 'drums' they never put up separate towers or spires. The Italian development of the Byzantine at Ravenna brought out the 'campanile' or bell-tower, which later developed into various beautiful forms and became one of the leading features of the Gothic. As seen in the sketch of S. Apollinare in Classe, the campanile is ugly enough. In the picture of S. Giorgio in Velabro, Rome, a picturesque square campanile is shown. Though the church itself is a seventh-century Roman basilica with narthex, the campanile is a late addition of the twelfth century.

In contrast to the Eastern Byzantine style, there are few domes found in the Italian. Nothing, except to a degree the domes of Saint Mark's, Venice, compares in the least with those of Saint Sophia's at Constantinople. These domes were greatly raised in height in the later Middle Ages and so were much less striking in their original state. St. Mark's, though it has been added to and improved by Gothic artists, actually belongs to the Byzantine Italian style. It has recently been thoroughly explored and the original design made clear. The interior has been changed far less than the outside. The narthex is unusual, being carried along the west front, and in part along the north and south sides as well.

Mention must be made of the Round Churches of early times. These buildings, whose plan was circular, were very popular in all the Christian countries for a few centuries, but they were rarely built in the later Middle Ages. The peculiar circular design was probably derived from the numerous Roman tombs and temples of the same plan. We shall have to speak of round churches again in connection with the Order of the Templars, a remarkable body of knights who built sanctuaries of that form in the earlier Gothic period.

R.



THE year 1917 will be notable for seven eclipses, the greatest number possible; the least is two, both of the sun. There will be three total eclipses of the moon, and one annular and three partial eclipses of the sun.

There is some talk of making the Grand Canyon of the Colorado a national park. As one of the greatest natural wonders of the world, this stupendous and awe-inspiring handiwork of the Great Artificer is assuredly worthy of Federal protection. Last year 106,000 tourists visited the Grand Canyon.

Plans are being formulated for an international exposition to commemorate the three-hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims.

Helen Hunt Jackson's *Ramona*, which deals with the early days of Southern California, has passed into its seventy-seventh edition. The popularity of this romance is attested by its sale of 3,800,000 copies.

TO A PRIMROSE

BY JOHN CLARE

*W*ELCOME, pale primrose starting up between
Dead matted leaves of ash and oak, that strew
The sunny lawn, the wood, and coppice through,
'Mid creeping mosses and ivy's darker green;
How much thy presence beautifies the ground!
How sweet thy modest, unaffected pride
Glows on the sunny bank, and wood's warm side!
And where thy fairy flowers in groups are found,
The schoolboy roams enchantedly along,
Plucking the fairest with a rude delight:
While the meek shepherd stops his simple song,
To gaze a moment on the pleasing sight;
O'erjoyed to see the flowers that truly bring
The welcome news of sweet returning spring.



A GLIMPSE OF WELSH LIFE

WELSHWOMEN are like Dutchwomen in their love of cleanliness: they scrub and scrub; their houses, inside or out, are always in for it; and when it is not their houses, it is their linen. That is why they look so spick and span. Most of the cottages in Wales are stone-built, and covered over with whitewash; as soon as the whitewash begins to lose its snowy glisten, out comes the Welsh wife with her long-handled brush, and paints or washes it over again.

The costume that you see in the picture came to Wales originally, it is said, from Flanders; perhaps with the Flemings who settled in certain parts of Wales in the thirteenth century and earlier, and whose descendants are still to be found there. The tall hat went almost entirely out of use in the latter part of the nineteenth century; but recently it has come in again. The rest of the dress — *pais a belgwn*, as we call it — has always been in use, and is well suited to the free and hardworking life of the women. The stuff is Welsh flannel: home-spun in former times, though now it is made in factories. It is or used to be so splendidly durable that skirts or petticoats made of it would be handed down from mother to daughter and even granddaughter: one garment lasting in daily wear for two or three generations.

In the towns of southern Wales and the west of England one may often hear, the length of a street or more away, a cry, indescribably musical, of *Cocos! cocos!* and soon one comes upon a Welsh fisherwoman with a great tub or basket of cockles balanced on her head, and perhaps her knitting needles going busily in her hands the while! Such practices make them wonderfully erect and dignified in their carriage. K. V. M.

HOLLAND IN DISTRESS

BY A. M. DE L.



READERS of the RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER have already had splendid opportunities of hearing about the Dutch and their small country, about their glorious history and their War of Independence. It is with a feeling of gratitude for their interest that I propose telling them how severely Holland suffered from the terrific northwest storms during the winter of 1915-16.

Since 1825 King Neptune had seemed contented with his domains, after having been victorious in numerous battles, and having seized many wealthy villages during the centuries. He seemingly endured his fetters, giving trouble only in winter to the inhabitants who lived on the coast. At such times he showed his power by nibbling at their dikes, or by gradually increasing and decreasing the land at various points, one noteworthy example being that of the capital city of the small island of Wie-



A VILLAGE STREET ON THE ISLE OF MARKEN

A group of the villagers awaiting the arrival of H. M. the Queen of the Netherlands

ringen, which was formerly situated in the north, but is now found on the map in the south.

Was this monarch of the deep ever conscious of the movement which has been active during the last century to check his power forever by draining the Zuyderzee? Who can tell? But now we are fully aware that he only feigned sleep, that he was never subjected. It was during the night of January 14, 1916, that old King Neptune became more furious

than ever before: he decided to endure no longer the fetters made by human hands. All his legions from the north and west were called to arms, and they were ready to obey. The wind whistled fearfully and piled up the water in the narrow opening of the inland sea; the dikes were shaken; boats were cast loose from their moorings and were smashed; one *dogger* was even carried by the waves onto the roof of a house. (A 'dogger' is a Dutch fishing vessel used in the North Sea, particularly in the cod and herring fisheries, and is rigged with two masts, somewhat resembling a 'ketch.') Houses were swept into the roaring sea for a distance of from sixty-five to a hundred feet. The waves hammered at the outer dikes, always at the weakest points; and as soon as one breach was made in the outer dike, greed and revenge rushed mercilessly in. The water defied man's work. The inner system of dikes, which have to protect the *polders*, were not prepared to resist such a great pressure of rushing water: they had to give way, and thus 13,000 acres of land, rich meadows, the fruit of many years' labor, were flooded. (A 'polder' is a tract of marshy land which has been reclaimed and brought under cultivation.)

In comparison with the extent of the disaster, the loss of life was fortunately small, only seventeen; but the loss of cattle, sheep and horses was estimated at more than a thousand. Many horses and cows were still alive after having stood in the water up to their shoulders for two whole days. Even churches were turned into stables, and thus thousands of head of cattle were saved, though their ownership became a serious question. Ferryboats on the North Sea Canal were packed with cattle on their way to Amsterdam; the main roads to Haarlem and Alkmaar were crowded with dumb driven cattle; cars loaded with furniture, people in distress, vehicles with the old and the sick, were to be seen everywhere.

The relief work fortunately was in remarkably good hands, and showed discretion and resolution. The Government, the Provincial and City Boards, the Orange and Red Cross Societies co-operated with the utmost zeal. But special credit should be given to the mobilized troops and their staff of able officers, for it was due to their vigilance and untiring efforts that many a menaced point was strengthened in time, thus preventing still greater calamities.

The subscriptions for the relief fund reached a million and a quarter florins (about \$500,000) within a few days. Many proofs of sympathy were received from the neighboring warring countries, not only in words, but in gifts. It is certainly good to feel that at the present time every neutral country is not considered as merely a buffer state. The receiving of such courtesies is not only in itself comforting; but with it comes the welcome assurance that compassion for the sufferers of a foreign nation is felt by the belligerent powers, who are themselves bowed down with

grief and sorrow. Is it not a glorious feeling that heart-life has not yet been entirely lost in the turmoil of war?

It is natural that the movement in favor of draining the Zuyderzee should have received an impetus after such a calamity. The different methods for doing this, which have been proposed during the last forty or fifty years, are again being energetically discussed; but there is great opposition to the plan, especially in the province of Friesland, where there would be danger in connection with the control of low and high tides in the polders called Wadden. Great difficulties have to be overcome and many problems solved. Besides the enormous expense of money, the rivers flowing into the Zuyderzee have to be considered; also the regulation of the height of the water in the inner polders, from which the super-



A FARMHOUSE AT SCHELLINGWOUD, NORTH HOLLAND
With a general view of the inundated polder

fluous water is led through sluices to this sea, when the wind is propitious. Then there is the certainty that all the reclaimed soil will not be fertile, and so many of the people, fishermen especially, will see their occupation taken from them, with nothing to take its place. The final decision on such a great undertaking is not to be expected in the immediate future, as there is so much at stake.

But let us hope that some day the difficulty will be solved; for the Dutch have shown a steadfast perseverance in their fight against the encroachments of the sea; they have helped in the formation of the land on which they live, a land they can well be proud of; and this very work, which requires such vigilance and undaunted courage, has to an extent fashioned their character, giving them the vigor and strength of that untamed power, which is both friend and tyrant — the sea.

NATURE'S 'FIRST AID' FOR TREES



E are all familiar with the healing of a cut finger — the formation of a blood-clot beneath which the tissues in time come together, leaving but a scab, which finally disappears. In the case of a severe cut involving the loss of a finger or limb, it is customary to regard the matter seriously, since we realize that there is no hope of Nature supplying another limb to take the place of the lost one. Indeed, we are constantly reminded that body, limbs and organs are instruments for the use of higher forces within, which instruments, once destroyed, may not be replaced.

In all the kingdoms of Nature, however, this is by no means the case. The lower we descend the scale of life, the more readily replaceable we find matter becoming, and the more essential the growth and development of the material forms. Cut a semi-liquid amoeba in two and you will not disturb its serenity greatly; deprive a crab of a prehensile claw, and without loss of time it will grow another; cut, hack or mutilate a tree in any way you may, but you will have to disfigure it very much ere it will surrender its life. Yet notwithstanding the fact that many a tree owes much of its beauty and stature to judicious trimming, man is not in the habit of cutting off his limbs to make them grow longer.

This remarkable capacity for recuperation from injuries is one of the most interesting things about trees, and has been the subject of more than one article in technical magazines. In *The Scientific American* we find a translation from a French journal describing the three principal means by which a tree cures its superficial wounds, namely: recourse to 'dormant buds,' change of cell constituency, and cell division.

By the first means, sets of buds normally dormant, upon the removal of a limb or interruption of growth in any part, awake to activity, send out shoots and branches, and so supply the deficiency. The second means consists in the transformation of certain of the cells into cork, which closes the door to injurious bacterial life and further injury. The last mode of recuperation is by recourse to cell-division, whereby new cells are developed to build up the shattered tissue.

But as wonderful as these processes of new-growth recuperation are, more marvelous, perhaps, are the self-healing juices and excretions produced by some trees. In such cases, should the injury be deep-seated, recovery is brought about by the emission of antiseptic fluids within the cell-tissue of the tree itself, provided the malady be not a permanent sickness or injury, and that no deleterious organic life shall be set up before the recovery can be effected. Furthermore, be it noted that, whereas the serum of the blood and other fluids exuded by the body-cells of the human organism only *help* in the recovery of a wound, in the case of interior damage to a tree, on the contrary, recovery is carried on *entirely* by antiseptics

of its own production. Of these curative juices, one of the most important in the conifers is a variety of mucilaginous secretion lying ready for use in certain special ducts of these trees. This valuable 'first aid' closes the wound completely by forming drops within the broken canals.

In some other trees a wound is aided in its recovery by the exuding of a 'wound gum,' which reveals its action by a discoloration of the wood, while at the same time portions of the bark change into cork, and new cells begin to form between bark and wood. Through this concerted action, new wood and bark will form a permanent nodule.

While the above facts reveal wonderful self-generated curative properties possessed by many trees, still it is not to be supposed that even when equipped so well, the condition of the average tree is ideal. As may be expected, human science and ingenuity have discovered many ways of not only improving the health but also prolonging the life of our trees, one of the most important of these being that which is known as 'tree surgery.'

In approaching his task the tree-surgeon has to be mindful of certain

well-defined divisions in the cellular tissue of the tree, namely: heartwood (the central core of the tree), sapwood, cambium, bark and outer bark



CHESTNUT TREES, BUSHY PARK, ENGLAND

Of these divisions, the heartwood is practically dead tissue incapable of any further growth worth speaking of; whilst the most vital part is the thin watery layer found between the bark and the wood, known as *cambium*. It is to the vital activity of this layer that the healing-over of all cut stumps and dead areas, as well as the formation of all new wood and bark, is due.

In saving trees, as in all other conservation work, it was long ago shown that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and the forestry experts have saved many a fine young tree in the first stages of decay by exercising the elementary precautions of cleaning, sterilizing and waterproofing; that is, the removal of decayed tissue, the application of an anti-septic to the cleaned surface, and the coating with creosote or other waterproofing material. Just as the dentist is kept busy repairing and replacing misused molars and correcting other dental defects, so the 'tree-surgeon' finds occupation in filling cavities for his woodland patients. In addition to sterilizing, cleaning and waterproofing, the cavities must be so hollowed as to drain thoroughly all moisture that may collect. Sometimes wire or large spikes are introduced to form a framework for the filling. If it be a very long cavity, it is occasionally necessary to pass a large bolt through the whole trunk to brace and hold the sides when filled. The filling usually consists of cement, which is poured in so as to fill entirely the clean hollowed cavity. If the filling be well done and all precautions in draining, sterilizing and waterproofing be taken, a tree consisting of little more than a shell in its most decayed parts may be so restored as to live to a ripe age, a 'thing of beauty and a joy forever.'

M. A.

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A FEW WORDS ABOUT GREEK ART



GREEK sculpture, as we know it from the hand of Phidias and from the artists of the Hellenistic period, is very different from that of the archaic remains. The one is full of exquisite beauty and grace: the other speaks for itself as a 'simple beginning.' This beginning was about 600 B. C., and art in Greece showed the influence of Eastern models; but even then there was no servile imitation, and crude as the work was, it gave promise of a great development.

The early sculptures show us stiff figures, the limbs as yet not freed; the facial expression is stilted, and we are greeted either with the 'archaic simper' or the 'Boeotian pout,' if the work be from the land of Cadmus. The hair is long and conventional in its arrangement; the ears are too high; and the eyes bulge, often being on a slant. These and perhaps a dozen more characteristics make us wonder almost that such a great change could take place in a century or two.

The germ, however, was there; the Greeks were lovers of the beautiful, and their history was to live in marble as well as in song. Nor was the artist to be limited to stone; three materials were at his disposal: wood, stone or marble, and metal. In some of the more ornate works gold, ivory and precious stones were employed. The combination of gold and ivory work is called chryselephantine sculpture. In the *Zeus* at Olympia and the *Athena* of the Parthenon, which were examples of this, wood was used as a scaffolding, and the ivory for the flesh and the gold for the drapery were fastened to this framework.

The materials commonly employed were stone or marble, for which Greece was famous. The artist might work with Naxian, Parian or Pentelic, but the latter is the finest and weathers with a beautiful russet hue. The Parthenon was built of this. There was also porous stone (a variety of limestone) and many of the statues were made of this.

The artists worked with a free hand, and for tools had sharp chipping instruments, pointed hammers, chisels, drills, saws, files and sand.

Exquisite as were the materials employed, Greek taste required something more, and we believe that most, if not all, of the statues were painted. Very bright colors were used, a thing which seems strange to us. Some of this work, of which a few traces are left, is very beautiful however, especially that which has come down to us from the fourth century B. C.

As early as the sixth century the Greeks had a knowledge of hollow casting in bronze, and metal was used even before that, but only for statuettes. The method they employed is now familiar, and is known as the *cire perdue* (melted wax) method. The subject is first modeled in wax around a central core, and then clay is placed tightly around this. The molten bronze is then poured in, and the wax being melted, the space it occupied is now filled by the bronze. The wax runs off through a hole made in one end for that purpose, and after the hardening of the metal the central core is removed. The casting is done in separate pieces, and these are afterwards welded together.

Marble copies have been made of bronze statues, but these often require inartistic supports unnecessary in the metal originals. Such copies can be easily distinguished by the presence of these supports.

As time passed, a wonderful art evolved, for the Greek had an ideal, and worked towards it during the centuries. He laid aside conventional forms and turned to the heroes of his land for models. The victors of the Olympic and other national festivals offered a rich field for study, and he left to posterity a heritage of such great splendor that through all the centuries it has not lost but gained in appreciation. Nor are the names of her master-artists forgotten; time has not withered the wreaths they won, but has added to their freshness.

H. O.

INDIAN LEGENDS OF ARROWHEAD MOUNTAIN



ON the side of the mountain six miles northeast of San Bernardino, California, there is outlined a gigantic arrowhead, which is visible from the car windows of the Salt Lake Route while the train is covering a distance of fifteen miles. This natural feature of the landscape is so distinctive that the railroad selected it as its official emblem, and the line is consequently known as the 'Arrowhead Route.'

This freak of nature, for such it is, measures 1375 feet in length, is 449 feet wide, and covers seven and a half acres. Strange to say, it is different in structure from the surrounding rock-formation. In *Legends of the Arrowhead* we read:

... the material of which it is composed is different in formation from adjacent parts of the mountain, consisting of disintegrated white quartz and light gray granite, and supporting a growth of short white sage and weeds. This lighter vegetation shows in sharp contrast to the dark green growth of surrounding chaparral and greasewood.

Though the civilized white man may regard this huge emblem as a natural phenomenon, the native Indian looks upon it quite differently, as will be seen in the following quotation from the above-mentioned source:

The primitive savage, thoroughly steeped in superstitious lore, invariably associated the Great Spirit with the production of any unusual phenomena, hence from the descendants of the Coahuia Indian inhabitants of the San Bernardino Valley comes this explanation of the origin of the Arrowhead.

In the days of long ago, the Coahuias dwelt across the mountains to the eastward, near the San Luis Rey Mission. Now, although of a peace-loving disposition, they were continually harassed by their warlike neighbors, who stole their ponies, devastated their fields and burned their jacales. Thus for many years they lived unhappy and in constant fear, until at last the persecutions could no longer be endured, and at command of their chief the tribesmen gathered in council for the purpose of calling upon the God of Peace to assist and direct them to another country where they might acquire a quiet homeland. Impressive incantations and ceremonial songs of peace were performed under the direction of the chief medicine-man. Now, being a gentle people, so the tale runs, they found special favor with the Great Spirit, by whom they were directed to travel westward, and instructed that they would be guided to their new home by a fiery arrow, for which they must be constantly watching. Accordingly the tribe started upon the journey; one moonless night, when the camp sentries had been posted with usual injunctions to be watchful, there appeared across the vault of heaven a blazing arrow, which took a course westward, settling upon the mountain, where the shaft was consumed in flame, but the head embedded itself, clear-cut, in the mountain side. The camp was aroused, and while yet the morning star hung in the east heralded the approach of day, they resumed their journey to the promised land, under the shadow of the mountain, where they located and lived in peaceful contentment until the coming of the white settler.

According to another legend, the Indians who lived many ages ago in this fertile and well-watered valley (called by them Guachina, the 'place of plenty'), having become numerous and powerful, forthwith degenerated and forsook the path of humble worshipers of Nature, became proud and selfish, and forgot to propitiate the Great Spirit to whom they owed everything. For this ingratitude



a fiery monster from the Sun-land was sent to punish them. The scorching heat shriveled every vestige of vegetation, dried up the streams and lakes, and baked the earth. The Indians' crops were totally destroyed, and only bleaching bones remained of all their herds and flocks, while they themselves were tortured with pestilence and famine. Too late did



they realize their neglect, and although they hurried to appease the wrath of the Great Spirit with prayers, fast-fires and peace-offerings, their supplications were unanswered. Finally, driven by dire necessity, they offered to make any sacrifice. Thereupon a mighty voice from the sky delivered this mandate: "Give Ne-wah-na as an offering to heaven."

Ne-wah-na was the fairest and most beloved of the tribe, the only daughter of their chieftain. Consequently they were dumbfounded, speechless; could it be possible that so great a sacrifice had to be! But their chief, stoical and Indianlike, rose without a word and walked slowly to his wickiup. Arraying his daughter in her richest robes and golden trinkets, he led her forth and left her alone, to be consumed by the heat-monster.

Immediately this was accomplished, a white arrow of light shot out of the heavens and slew the monster. Other arrows followed, one of which struck the mountain and left its imprint. Then the heavens opened and let forth the prayed-for rain, so that the streams and lakes were once more filled and the parched earth became fertile again.

As for the heat-monster, such a downpour of cold water caused him to writhe with agony. Finally the earth opened and swallowed him, and from that day to this streams of boiling water have flowed from the rock-crevices at the spot where the heat-monster disappeared. Drinking these waters freely and bathing in them, the pestilence-stricken natives were restored to health, and continued to live for generations in peace and prosperity at the foot of Arrow-head Mountain.



The springs in question are thirty-six in number, and their boiling sulphurous waters possess marked curative powers. They were first developed by Dr. D. N. Smith in 1858, and have since become a popular resort and sanitarium.

R.



VIEW FROM POINT LOMA, OVERLOOKING THE OUTER BAY OF SAN DIEGO
'Table Mountain' and other peaks in Lower California are seen in the distance

WONDERS OF THE SEA



HAVE you ever thought how wonderful the sea is? If you have taken a long voyage you have probably seen some of its marvels; but surely there are many that have not been revealed to you.

Perhaps you have watched the ship sailing through waves lit up with phosphorescence; and it was explained to you that this light is caused, not by little candles down in the water, nor by the moon shining on the waves, but by myriads upon myriads of microscopic animals floating in the water. Or at another time you may have seen some of the strange denizens of the ocean, such as flying-fish, sharks, porpoises, or even an occasional whale. But how many of you have ever seen a mirage?

First of all, you must know what a mirage is. The word itself comes from the Latin, through the French, and means 'the wonderful,' and the phenomenon which goes by this name is indeed marvelous.

Suppose you were on the ocean and, looking up, saw a ship sailing high in the air. It would look real to you, but it would not be. If you were to ask about it the answer would be: "It is a mirage." A mirage is, then, an

optical illusion; that is, something that you think you see and yet is not there in reality, but somewhere else.

It was not very long ago that the scientists found that a mirage is caused by the refraction of light-rays. Ordinarily the rays of light proceeding from an object travel in straight lines, but in the case of a mirage the rays coming from the object seen, instead of passing through the air in straight lines, are bent on account of the different temperatures (and therefore densities) of the layers of air through which they pass. When at a point more or less half-way between the real object and the eye, they are bent so much that they are horizontal; they are then thrown either down or up again, as the case may be — sometimes both sets of curves reaching the eye simultaneously, in which case there is a double mirage. When such rays reach our eyes, we see the object from which they proceeded; but as it is not possible to see along a curve, we think that the rays come to us in a straight line instead of the way they actually do. Thus it is that we see the ship up in the air, though it really is sailing far away on the level of the water. The mirage is either upright or inverted, according to the different position occupied by the vertices of the curved rays.

Mirages appear not only at sea, but may be seen on deserts and elsewhere. Often tired and thirsty travelers have been deceived into thinking that a lake or an oasis was near — yet they have never reached it. This happens when the curved rays are convex to the horizontal, due to passing through a denser stratum of air near the ground, half-way between the real object and the eye.

Another wonder of the sea is the waterspout. This is, however, not harmless like the mirage, but is often very dangerous. It is really a whirlwind or tornado at sea. While the whirlwind on land takes with it dust, paper and sticks, and may even pull up trees by their roots and carry away houses when it has attained the severity of a tornado, the waterspout at sea, on the other hand, causes a long column of water to appear between the clouds and the surface of the ocean. Many people think that it is a solid column of water, as it appears to be: whereas it is in reality part of a cloud that has been sucked down by the wind and is met by the rising water from below. The greater part of the column is composed of clouds and rain, so that when a waterspout passes over a ship a flood of *fresh* water deluges the vessel. Waterspouts appear most often under dark and lowering clouds, but they may arise in clear weather also. Several may form suddenly in the same locality, and then it is difficult for ships to escape, as the waterspouts move to and fro, and dance along in the most unexpected manner. The danger is that a ship may be drawn into such a vortex of water and sink.

Such are a few of the strange sights that you may observe at sea. K. H.

faster and their eyes sparkle with joy when they discover that he really visited the house during the night, for the bread has disappeared and — look! some candy is in its place.

For days and days we have been looking forward to this day and longing for it to come. At last the evening of December 5th arrives. Mother tells us — our little brother sitting on her lap — that towards seven o'clock Sinter-Klaas will appear in person. We are on the tiptoe of expectation. Slowly the time creeps on. We have been singing; but towards seven o'clock we begin to become very quiet; our talk drops to a whisper. Now Father leaves the room; he has to go up-stairs to get some books but will be back by the time Sinter-Klaas comes. Suddenly three rings of the doorbell cause a hush in the room. We hear a slow step in the passage; now the door is opened and Sinter-Klaas enters. We start singing but feel rather awed and want to hide behind Mother. But kind Sinter-Klaas takes a bag from under his wide cloak and begins to strew candy, sugar-plums, gingerbread, nuts and other delicious sweets about the room. Now we try to sing and eat at the same time, and fail in both. At last the bag is empty.

Good Sinter-Klaas seems to know all about us: we must not wear our hats in the house; and when we have to do our lessons, we must not put them off till the last day. We promise to behave better in future, whereupon Sinter-Klaas goes, saying that he will come back next year, for he has to hurry now, as there are still many children to be visited. We shout, "Thank you, Sinter-Klaas," and begin to sing again.

What a pity Father was not there! Presently he comes down; he found his books at last. "What! Sinter-Klaas has been here? And I wanted to have a little talk with him!" We are very sorry for Father, so we tell him all about it in short excited sentences, and he laughs and says that Sinter-Klaas knows everything, and we believe so too.

Now presents begin to arrive, for after he has visited the children Sinter-Klaas sends his helper Black Jan around with packages containing a hundred surprises. The doorbell rings; the door is opened suddenly — as if somebody had been expecting it — and we hear, "Oh! from Sinter-Klaas? Thank you!" It is a package for Father — a huge one with *Handle with Care* written on the outside. Now Father begins to unpack; a regular mountain of newspapers rises on the floor, till at last there emerges a tiny box containing a beautiful watch-chain. A general "Oh" of surprise follows, loudest of all from Mother. Other packages arrive from Sinter-Klaas; everybody receives just the thing which was longed for most of all. Sinter-Klaas knows!

After having sung a farewell song we go to bed, wishing that the night were over so that we might start again to admire our treasures. PIET B.

FARMYARD SONG

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE

*OVER the hill the farm-boy goes,
His shadow lengthens along the land.
A giant staff in a giant hand;
In the poplar-tree, above the spring,
The katydid begins to sing;*

*The early dews are falling;—
Into the stoneheap darts the mink;
The swallows skim the river's brink;
And home to the woodland fly the crows,
When over the hill the farm-boy goes,*

*Cheerily calling—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"
Farther, farther over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still—*

*"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"
Into the yard the farmer goes,
With grateful heart, at the close of day;
Harness and chain are hung away;
In the wagon-shed stand yoke and plow;
The straw's in the stack, the hay in the mow;*

*The cooling dews are falling;—
The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,
The pigs come grunting to his feet,
The whinnying mare her master knows,
When into the yard the farmer goes,*

*His cattle calling—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co' co'! co'!"
While still the cow-boy, far away,
Goes seeking those that have gone astray—*

*"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co' co'!"
Now to her task the milkmaid goes.
The cattle come crowding through the gate;
Lowling, pushing, little and great;
About the trough, by the farmyard pump,*

*While the pleasant dews are falling;
The new-milch heifer is quick and shy,
But the old cow waits with tranquil eye;
And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
When to her task the milkmaid goes,*

*Soothingly calling —
"So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!"
The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
Saying, "So! so, boss! so! so!"*

*To supper at last the farmer goes.
 The apples are pared, the paper read,
 The stories are told, then all to bed.
 Without, the crickets' ceaseless song
 Makes shrill the silence all night long;
 The heavy dews are falling:—
 The housewife's hand has turned the lock;
 Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;
 The household sinks to deep repose;
 But still in sleep the farm-boy goes
 Singing, calling—
 "Co', boss! co', boss! co', co', co'!"
 And oft the milkmaid, in her dreams,
 Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
 Murmuring, "So, boss! so!"—Selected*



MAN'S FAITHFUL FRIENDS



DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS: On reading stories told of dogs I have not found a single one unfavorable to them; so I have come to the conclusion that there is no such thing as an ungrateful dog. To make this clearer, I propose relating two of these stories.

First let me tell you about a certain chivalrous collie. This dog, finding his mistress' house on fire and the lady unaware of the fact, ran into his mistress' room and tugged at her skirts until he induced her to see what was happening. Being thus informed, the lady went back to her room to save some precious property. Her absence being rather long, the dog, as though apprehensive of something being wrong, went again to his lady's chamber. Finding her unconscious, like a true knight he risked his life in dragging her out of the burning building.

The next story is about a forest-ranger's dog.

While a mere puppy, a collie was taken into a wood by his master. There he witnessed and took active part in extinguishing his first smoldering forest fire. By watching he learned the process once and for ever, and from that time on he never failed to call attention to those treacherous fires that escaped his master's vigilance. Thus he helped save much property. One of the anecdotes told of this dog is the following:

While he and his master were watching a forest fire they were surrounded by smoke and almost lost their lives. In trying to escape the man's foot caught so that he fell, spraining his left leg so badly that he was unable to walk. He could make but little progress hopping and creeping, so the fire gained on them fast and soon left them little hope. Fortunately they found protection from the flames on the side of a rocky crag, but not

from the danger of being suffocated by the smoke. Their only chance was in obtaining water. So the dog's master, handing him a coat and crying "water, water," conveyed to the creature what was wanted. The faithful dog crossed a column of fire twice getting that water, but he accomplished the task and presented the soaked coat to his master. Though his throat was parched, the grateful man first bound his faithful companion's burnt eye and protected his nose before wringing the water into his



"WE HAVE LOST OUR WAY, AND ARE HUNGRY. WON'T YOU LET US IN?"

own mouth and covering his face with a wet handkerchief. While the fire was making havoc around them, they remained crouched under the wet coat and so escaped.

Sad to relate, this noble collie met a cruel death while discharging his duty. It happened that his master did not set out with a party going to do some road work, so the dog in waiting for him was late in starting and reached the place just as the men had set fire to an explosive and had run out of danger. Thinking it a smoldering fire, the dog went to put it out and was blown up.

Speaking of dogs, it is interesting to know that these intelligent animals render a valuable service in collecting alms for the benefit of the Animal Hospital of New York City. Some three hundred dogs are employed at this work. Thus they help to support the fine establishment where relief of all kinds, from operations to the mere bandaging of wounds, is administered to their fellow-creatures.

What a joy it is to know that men are at last appreciating the quiet and unassuming services rendered by their dumb companions! M. C.

runs so fast that he can deliver messages very quickly. He never likes to go by himself, so he either invites Miss Tape or Miss Ribbon to run along with him. All the soldiers think him a very queer fellow because he has one eye under the other.

There is a little room in this basket full of hooks upon which the soldiers hang their uniforms while not being used. They always have eyes to overlook them, to see that they are kept in good order.

There are some other things that are usually kept in this basket, but as they were not present at the time of this description, they have been left out.

Such is my beloved sewing basket, both useful and beautiful. Have you a sewing basket, you little girls of other lands? And do you, I wonder, like to make pretty things as well as we Cuban girls do? ANGELITA



JOHN'S GARDEN

WHEN John was a very little boy, his father gave him a garden to cultivate.

At first the little fellow took great care of it, pulling up all the weeds which grew there, and watering the plants when they were dry.

But later, when the novelty of his task wore off, there were times when the garden would be neglected for days, and John's father would have to remind him of his duties there. When he did remember, however, John was very diligent, trying to make up for the days of neglect. He planted roses, lilies and violets. And there were lilacs, hawthorns and other hardy shrubs in his garden.

John soon began to see what a pleasure his flowers were to others. Whenever any of the poor people of the village were sick or in trouble, he would send them a pretty bouquet, hoping thereby to bring gladness to those who were sad.

Even when he grew older and was busy with business cares, John still found time to care for his plants, and in so doing he freed himself of the worries which otherwise would have oppressed him.

John continued to labor in his garden for many years. Even when he grew so old that he no longer could work among his beloved flowers, he still enjoyed sitting in his garden, enjoying its fragrance and beauty. And when old John died, there were many to whom the sight of his beautiful flowers became an inspiration and a blessing.

ELSIE S.

BOY'S LETTER



DEAR TOTS: Let us be friends. As I long to know you, I am writing my first letter. But as I am only two years old, Ma-ma will help me. She will let me talk as much as I can, though.

I am told it is not polite to talk about yourself; but you see, I have been here so short a time, I have nothing else to say.

What is my name? They call me GERALD. But as that is too big a word for a two-year-old, I call my-self just BOY, and so do the others, most of the time. Then too, that big word is the same name as Man-man (his father) has. When

I hear it, I nev-er know if they are speak-ing him or to me, so there is a great mix-up.

Ah-ha! I have an idea. I will ask them to call me J-U-N-I-O-R, which means 'the son of

Gerald,' I be-lieve. — But there! I real-ly must begin my story.

I came to live with Ma-ma and Man-man in my home in this city (Washington, D. C.) just two years ago, on Jan-u-ary 8, 1915. I love Ma-ma and so much! Yes, I love ev-

to watch and pick b o w e r s yes, oh, I *thing!*

happy: beam.' I hap, and I? It is it is be-so?

of life — me. If a I gig-gle; and jolt or in my I laugh.



Man-man, oh, ery-one; I love the buh (bird) all the pret-ty (the flowers); just love every-

And I am so Ma-ma calls me her 'sun-al-ways laugh at a mis-hard-ly ev-er cry. Why should much nic-er be-ing hap-py than ing mis-er-able. Don't you think

Oh, I get a big lot of fun out most every-thing is fun-ny, to door bangs and makes me jump, when I get a sud-den sur-prise when I am riding in my car-riage go-cart, I think it a good joke and



When I do cry, it is when I let my tem-per get the up-per hand. Yes, I have a tem-per. Who has not; have n't you? Al-though Ma-ma says I am a dar-ling m-o-s-t of the time, still I have a will of my own. If I can't have what I want, I just yell and kick with all my might, *once in a while*. But I am sor-ry the very next min-ute, and I make up by lay-ing my face to Ma-ma's if I can, or a-gainst her hand, and I give her love pats.

Then, too, my Ma-ma is care-ful not to give Mr. Tem-per a chance to show him-self. If she sees him com-ing, she gent-ly calls my at-ten-tion to some-thing else, so I for-get all ab-out Mr. Tem-per and he goes away.

Ma-ma nev-er says "no" un-less she means it. In-stead of leav-ing things around that I must not touch, they are put out of my sight; there are no 'no-no' places in our house. But there are plenty of things for me to play with. I like to a-muse my-self. Best of all, I love to turn the pages of my pic-ture-boo (book) and find k-k-k (kitty-cat), da bi daw (that big dog), and the goo ow (good cow) that gives bi boy (big boy — himself) his mi (milk).

I like to go out with Ma-ma. I can awk (walk) now. But be-fore I could awk I rode. I al-ways stood up in the car-riage, as you see in the pic-ture.

As we go down the street I smile at all the ma-mas, man-mans, dirls (girls) and boys. And they smile at me, and some speak to me. Then I hold out a bow-er (flower). Oh, I love every-body! and they do me!

But do not think I play a-l-l the time. I am learn-ing to work Man-man's type-writ-er. My! what fun it is to push the keys, as you see me do-ing in the pic-ture. Some day I am go-ing to be Pa-pa's sec-re-tary. But I do not work very long. For, you know, "All work and no play makes of Jack a dull boy."

So af-ter I have work-ed a while, I go for a ride on my dear hor-sie. I love him best of all my play-things. Can't you see in the pic-ture what fun we are hav-ing? Then I think of my Moth-er Goose Book, where it says: "Ho, for a horse for Ban-bury Cross!"

When we go in, Ma-ma and I some-times play a count-ing game. She says One and I say Doo; she says, Buckle my, and I shout, Thoo! Then she asks, Now what? And I say, Wee, and then Waw! Three, four, Ma-ma repeats, and goes on, Shut the ——. But before she can say it, I yell, Daw! She adds, Five, and quick as a flash I say Wye, gi, and stop. Five, six, she re-peats, to en-cour-age me; Pick up —, and then she waits for me to finish, but all I can say is Gi, which is my way of say-ing six. That is as far as I can go as yet. The next time I write you, I hope to be able to play all this game with you.

No maw (no more) now. It is time for my nap. So goo'-by, with lots of love from

Your lit-tle friend, Br' Boy

THE STORY OF HALLY CLIVE



EAR TOTS OF LOMALAND: My name is Queenie. This is my truly picture. I live in a little village away up in Nova Scotia. That is a long way from Lomaland, but I'm a Râja-Yoga just the same. I have been telling my kittens about Dixie's letters in the RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER, and they all beg me to tell you *our* story. Only it isn't about *us*, for we have been always so happy and so kindly treated that we really haven't any story ourselves. But it is our story, for all that, as you will see. Best of all, it's really and truly TRUE. Every bit of it happened just as my master is writing it down.

Ever so long ago — so long that my grandmother told me that her grandmother could only just remember about it — there lived in this village a shipmaster whose name was Captain Clive. His vessel was named *The Foam*, and he used to sail away in it on long voy-voy-voyages. (Yes, that is the word.) Often he would be gone for many weeks.

Captain Clive had a dear little boy. His name was Hally. He had chubby, rosy cheeks, and golden curls, and big questioning eyes, and gentle hands; and he used to wear a little sailor hat, and play being a sailor like his papa. He was just four years old.

Wherever Hally went he carried with him his kitten — a darling little thing, snow-white. (And my master says I look just like her; that's why he's putting in *my* picture for you, as well as Hally's.)

One day Hally followed some of his playmates down to the wharf near his home. There they found an old boat, and soon they climbed into it to 'play sailor.' You may be sure that Hally and his little pet kitten climbed into it too. They felt all safe, because the boat was tied fast by a great big rope. So they played, and pretended to row, and pulled up the old sail, and gave very brisk orders, just as they had heard Hally's papa do. Such a good time as they had, you can't imagine!

They did not know that the big rope was in reality a very, very weak rope, and that their dancing about and rocking the old boat had made it weaker still. There's



a big Râja-Yoga lesson here. You see, the men who tied the boat with that old rope *didn't think ahead!*

By and by it grew towards suppertime and the children clambered out — all except little Hally, who had fallen fast asleep clear down in the bottom of the boat beside a pile of sail-cloth which nearly hid him. He was only four, you know, and the others were much older. Another lesson here, *responsibility*. How *could* they have forgotten Hally?

Anyway, they did forget, and went off, leaving him behind. Pretty soon the tide began to go out, and the clumsy old boat felt the pull of it more and more, until the tattered rope went — snap! And out the boat drifted, out and out — to sea!

Little Hally slept on, but the kitten knew something was wrong. She stopped purring and softly crept away from her little master's arms, and began to walk about on the very edge of the boat, and to mew and mew. She seemed to know that she must call for help.

Soon her mewing woke Hally up. He was so cold and hungry by that time that he cried. But he was only four, dear Tots, even younger than some of you! The boat was now out of the harbor and in the outer bay, where the wind blew harder and harder, and the water began to rise and fall.

Now at that time Hally's papa had been gone many weeks, on one of his long voyages. That very night he was returning home, and at that very time he was entering the bay. He saw the old boat, but felt that it was not worth saving and hardly large enough to do any harm to other boats if allowed to drift. Besides, it seemed to be empty. So he decided to pass it by.

Suddenly the mate (he is the captain's special helper, you know) said he thought he saw something on the boat that was moving. Captain Clive looked through his glass and there he saw — of course you know what he saw — the little white kitten. Now it would sit quietly on the railing, watching and watching, and then it would walk up and down.

Captain Clive must have learned many heart-lessons when he was a little boy. He loved everything that needed love and care, especially all little four-legs. And oh, how he loved his little Hally! There was one other time when — but I will tell you about that later.

Of course the good shipmaster said at once that the kitten must be rescued and taken on board. The mate came up and said it was foolish; it was growing late, and all along the horizon big storm-clouds were gathering, and the sun had gone down and the sky was getting dark.

But Captain Clive had just as much love in his heart for a little suffering animal as for anything else that might need love and help. So he told the mate that he couldn't think of leaving that little kitten to suffer

and die, and that ended the matter. Quick as a flash he ordered a boat to be lowered, and with four of his trustiest men he climbed down into it and they pulled off. Soon they came to the drifting boat, and you may be sure that little kitten was happy. (We suffer cruelly from loneliness and fear, dear Tots — a thing which few humans ever seem to understand.)

But where was Hally? Poor little mite! Half frozen with the cold, he had crept close under the edge of the big pile of sail-cloth and cried himself to sleep again. But the swish of the water and the sound of voices wakened him, and —

I'm sure I don't need to tell you what happened then. Your own hearts can tell you the rest, and how that noble brave captain felt when he suddenly saw — his own darling little boy!

Think, children, what might have happened if Captain Clive had not loved little helpless creatures enough to trouble himself about one. Suppose he had let the mate persuade him against his will to do a cruel thing! Or suppose he had thought of the dark night coming, and the gathering clouds, and of how homesick he was, and of the nice warm dinner waiting for him, and had said, "Oh well, it's *only a kitten!*"

Don't you see what a lesson there is in this? And do you wonder that we always tell this story to our own kittens and to every cat we can find who has been frightened or cruelly used? It keeps them from losing faith in human nature, and that's an awful thing, dear Tots. It's worse than being tied up like that boat with an old tattered rope. It's like not being fastened to anything at all — nothing to do but drift and drift!

This is why I cuddled up to my master last night, and rubbed his coat a little *specialy*, and purred it all out to him. And he understood — every single purr — and this is what he said:

"Why, of course, Queenie, I'll write it all out for the Tots."

I shall never see Lomaland, probably. I have many family cares, and besides that I really could not be spared by the humans who live with me. I make beaming thoughts for them — bright and shining ones like the sun, and soft and blue and tender ones like the sky, and gorgeous ones like the big Northern Lights, and all of them just c-r-a-m-m-e-d with LOVE. Then I leave them around in odd corners for humans to pick up. They do it, too; and they give them to other humans, sometimes, to take patterns from. I tell you, dear Tots, (though you know it already, of course) *it's the secret, if you want to fix over the world.*

But even if I cannot visit you, I can send you my sweetest purr-r-r-r, and Golden Thought-Boats filled with happy love. QUEENIE.

From the country of the Arctic
Current and the Northern Lights.

In December, 1916.

The Râja-Yoga College

(Non-Sectarian)

Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

KATHERINE TINGLEY, Foundress and General Directress



The Râja-Yoga system of education was originated by the Foundress as a result of her own experience and knowledge. Râja-Yoga is an ancient term: etymologically it means the "Royal Union." This term was selected as best expressing in its real meaning the purpose of true education, viz: the balance of all the faculties, physical, mental and moral.

The Building of Character

One of the most important features of this system is the development of character, the upbuilding of pure-minded and self-reliant manhood and womanhood, that each pupil may become prepared to take an honorable, self-reliant position in life.

In the younger as in the older pupils, the sense of individual responsibility and personal honor is aroused.

The Pupils

The Râja-Yoga College comprises two general departments of instruction: (1) The Râja-Yoga Preparatory School and Academy, for boys and girls respectively (separate buildings). (2) The College proper, for students following the collegiate courses.

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Headmaster of the Boys' Department

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MRS. W. A. DUNN

For information, address

THE SECRETARY, RÂJA-YOGA COLLEGE

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The truest and fairest thing of all, as regards education, is to attract the mind of the pupil to the fact that the immortal self is ever seeking to bring the whole being into a state of perfection. The real secret of the Rāja-Yoga system is rather to evolve the child's character than to overtax the child's mind; it is to bring out rather than to bring to, the faculties of the child. The grander part is from within.--- KATHERINE TINGLEY

RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

Vol. XIII

MARCH

No. 2

COURTESY

By JAMES THOMAS FIELDS

HOW sweet and gracious, even in common speech,
Is that fine sense which men call Courtesy!
Wholesome as air and genial as the light,
Welcome in every clime as breath of flowers, ---
It transmutes aliens into trusting friends,
And gives its owner passport round the globe.—*Selected*

BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL



RÂJA-YOGA teaches its students that each one has two natures: the Higher and the Lower. It teaches that our mind is like a musical instrument upon which either of these two natures can play. When the Real Self (the Higher Self) plays upon the mind, its music is expressed in deeds of unselfishness, in thought for others, in an effort to increase the happiness and lessen the pain and suffering of our fellows. When the Lower or False Self gains control of the instrument, it compels it to vibrate to the notes of selfishness, to the heartless discords of indifference to the welfare of others, to callousness to human suffering, and to the gratification of personal ends which can only bring a false and temporary satisfaction. Real and lasting happiness is the natural state of a human being in whom the intellect is the instrument of the Higher Self alone.

In the world there are all kinds of natures, and each nature experiences in its time many different conditions, from that in which the mind is illuminated by the light of the Higher Self through phases in which a fairly even interplay between the Higher and Lower is manifested, to that in which the Lower gains control. In the quotation, "The Mind is the great slayer of the Real," 'the mind' referred to is the lower mind or the mind under the control of the Lower Self. Hence the danger of allowing ourselves to devote all our attention to purely intellectual development without seeking to draw out and cultivate the heart-force in life is, that we may be cultivating this lower mind and so go on nourishing a demon in our life which will ultimately slay all that is real and lasting and beautiful

of our humanity. For we should realize that the *dis*-placement of the qualities of sympathy, mercy, compassion and brotherhood which spring from the heart of man is speedily followed by the substitution of their opposites — unbrotherliness, heartlessness, indifference to the suffering of others, and a readiness to inflict cruelty.

Sad to say, there are types of humanity today in which the intellect overshadows the heart-life. There are human beings in whom the Mind has so far slain the Real that they refuse to recognise their responsibility



IN THE RÂJA-YOGA SCHOOL CHILDREN ARE TAUGHT TO BE
KIND TO ALL CREATURES

and obligation to that order of creation which cannot speak for itself — the dumb creatures. Those holding this view countenance the terrible inhumanity of *vivisection*, in the pursuit of which helpless animals are put to the most cruel tortures for the supposed furtherance of the interests of science.

Could those who countenance and engage in this cruel practice get free from the tyranny of the intellect and allow other impulses and faculties to come into play, they would discover many serious mistakes in the practice of vivisection. Firstly, they would realize that the very act of inflicting wilful suffering upon helpless creatures for whatsoever purpose is a crime against their Higher Self, a denial of that part of their nature

which alone can be called 'human.' Secondly, they would see that the cruelty which cut them off from all sympathy for the suffering of these creatures also cut them off from the use of one of the greatest of their faculties — Intuition — which, springing from the Higher Self, is in all research essential and superior to cold reason. Thirdly, they would realize that with every stroke of the knife and with every application of pain-producing devices to his victim, the vivisector is fostering in himself the heartless brute nature, which sooner or later, if continually indulged, will rob him of every human attribute, and leave him poorer and more helplessly maimed morally than is the form of the helpless dumb thing under his knife. Wilful cruelty by man to any living thing is the crucifixion of his own Higher Nature. Brotherhood is the law of life, and we are a part of all that lives; we have a duty to perform to all existing things, if it be no more than to grant them the right to live and evolve. Wherever we wilfully inflict suffering upon a helpless creature we are breaking the Law of Life, and some time or another we shall be called upon to meet the results of our infringement of that law.

The Râja-Yoga students have many pets, and have always a feeling of kindness and sympathy for their dumb friends. It is with very sincere indignation that they hear of the horrors incident to the practice of vivisection. Their indignation grows at the talk (for it cannot be more than *talk*) of seizing stray animals collected in the city pounds of this State of California and turning them over to the vivisectionist for the furtherance of his researches! The mere proposal of such a movement is a terrible indication of the growing callousness and loss of the finer feelings of humanity and brotherhood among certain classes of humanity. That it could ever be legalized is an idea insulting to the dignity of human beings.

Furthermore: even could the interests of science be served by wholesale cruelty to animals, such cruelty would not be justifiable, since there will always be other and more humane methods for obtaining the same information. But there is ample evidence to show that such interests are not so served. This makes the practice of vivisection a crime against man's humanity. The intellect is a great and wonderful instrument: knowledge is a precious attainment; yet they are both but means. To be of true service to the Real Self of the race, the first must be rightly employed, the second honorably and humanely attained; for, as the *Voice of the Silence* tells us:

"Ignorance is better than head-learning with no Soul Wisdom to illuminate and guide it."

And Jesus, the great humanitarian, said: "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

Vivisection is merciless, and should be abolished!

M. M.

CALIFORNIA POPPIES

BY JOSEPHONE WALKER

*O, wondrous yellow poppies,
How you dance about and float;
You are like a sea of glory
Or an oriole's bright throat.*

*You can cheer the weariest traveler,
As you nod about and swing;
All because you caught the glimmer
Of your State's most brilliant thing.*

*When you captured all the sunbeams
That your velvet leaves could hold,
Mother Earth came up and took them—
That's the origin of gold.*



WHEN THE HOURS RUN AWAY LIKE A RIVER

AS I walked through the Râja-Yoga School grounds, I thought the children there were trying to let me into a wonderful secret that they really could no longer hold back. Not that a syllable was breathed, oh no! not that; but it seemed that their hearts were bursting with something they wished me to guess — something very sweet and dear, and ready to come true.

"What *is* it?" I asked myself. "Whatever *can* it be?"

If I only had remembered the language of the birds, those chatterers would have told me weeks ago. It was simply tantalizing, the way the tree-tops would nod as I passed, all saying: "We know what it is!" And the way the canes whispered, and the way the breezes mumbled! At last I began to think *hard*, and this morning when the sun was shining down on long lines of young Râja-Yoga students, I then found the right answer to my puzzle. I discovered the secret:



LITTLE PUPILS OF THE RÂJA-YOGA SCHOOL

THEY ARE ALL GROWING UP! Soon they will be men and women.

Those who were wee babies only a few years ago, have joined the Tiny

Tots and the Brownitos in their class-rooms and on the playgrounds. And where are the former Tiny Tots and Brownitos? They too have been growing up, because (have you not remarked this?) when little people begin to grow, they go on growing! The Tiny Tots who spelled out 'A-T-T-E-N-T-I-O-N' a year ago, can now find Madagascar on the map and say the 'three's' and they wear braids, and march with the big girls! Do you see that file of straight Brownitos? Every one of them was a little baby a few years ago! Whisper it very softly, for it is a subject they do not like noised about.

Growing up! Here also are boys and girls who have grown to manhood and womanhood in Râja-Yoga. This, then, is the beginning of the realization of the dream of H. P. Blavatsky, of William Quan Judge, and of Katherine Tingley—this sweet growing-up of little children. WINIFRED



A CALISTHENIC CLASS OF THE RÂJA-YOGA ACADEMY
MARCHING TO THE DRILL-GROUND

THE MOST DIFFICULT WORD

IN the English language there are many words which are difficult of pronunciation, and, to the average person, somewhat vague in meaning. But, aside from the action of the tongue and the intelligence, there is another trait that is the most important of all in our oral communication with each other. This is the character that lies in our speech.

Of all the words in the English language, and in fact practically all other languages, the word that is easiest for the tongue to enunciate and hardest for the character to decide to say, is the simple word "No."

There is, however, much virtue in the word "No." It enhances the force and value of the word of opposite meaning — "Yes."

AT A 'LOTUS GROUP'



NE Sunday morning Madame Tingley happened to pass through the Rotunda of the Râja-Yoga Academy as the younger pupils were assembling for a 'Lotus Group' meeting, and she could not resist their invitation to spend the hour with them. She is very fond of mingling with the young people, and they are always delighted whenever she does so.

On these happy occasions every one wants to hear from this dear teacher, and then it is that she sows many seeds in the fertile soil — the



RÂJA-YOGA STUDENTS OPENING A MORNING ASSEMBLY WITH A SONG
This picture was taken many years ago: that on the opposite page several years later.

receptive minds of the Râja-Yoga children. That these seeds germinate, mature and bear harvests of high resolves and new incentives to attain ideals in advance of yesterday's, is evidenced by the following thoughts selected at random from the impromptu responses by a few of the Junior Râja-Yoga boys following Madame Tingley's heart-to-heart talk on the above-mentioned occasion.

"We have noticed that whenever we hear Madame Tingley speak, we feel a firmer determination to do right. We know that this helps us very much at the time, but how much more would it help us and others if we tried to keep those helpful thoughts uppermost in our minds *all the time*, and if we strove harder to put what we hear into *real actions!*"

"After listening to Madame Tingley's helpful thoughts, I think we should try our utmost to do those fine things she spoke to us about. We should always try to remember all the things our teachers tell us, and then change them from words into actions."

"Every good thought and action helps to make some one else happier and better; so that we should always, not only *try*, but *do*. If we keep in mind the advice of our teachers and put it into action, we shall some day be able to help the whole world."

"Obedience is the first requirement of a Râja-Yoga boy and for all boys. We know that 'To be able to command, one must first learn how to obey.'"

"We know that the great ocean is made up of many little drops of water; likewise all the big things we do come from many little things, and it is these little things which we must think of most. How many of us obey and are respectful when our parents and teachers are around, yet are careless and do little acts of disobedience when we are alone! Then comes the test as to whether we are *real* or *sham*. Madame Tingley tells us that we can never hide anything really, that all our thoughts and actions leave their marks on our faces and characters."

"Madame Tingley has said that when we show good manners we are expressing our true nature, whether it be in tipping our hats, offering a chair, opening a door, or in doing little acts of kindness towards one another. How true it is, that the more gentle we are to our parents and elders, the more we come to love and respect them in the real way!"

"Katherine Tingley has said, 'Every moment is a golden moment.' Let us stop and think what that means. Every time we use a good thought to bring about a good action, we make that a golden moment. Every moment that we use for a good purpose and do not waste, is a golden moment."

"The best time to show our gratitude for the good that is done us is right now, and not after our opportunities have gone by. We also know that if we do not learn the lessons of life now, then some day we shall have to learn them by bitter experiences and even real pain and suffering."

"We can help one another very much by not sympathizing with another's bad thoughts and actions. Something happened a little while ago which, I think, proves this. A new boy, who had only been in the Râja-Yoga School a few days, was grumbling to another boy who had been here much longer, saying that he didn't like to follow the rules. The other boy, instead of sympathizing with him, turned to him and said: 'Please don't grumble to me, you can not affect me; I like the rules, for they help us to do right; and I know this school is the best place in the world for us. Why don't you get out your books and study your lessons?' This little speech changed everything for the new boy, and in a short time he became as happy as we all are."

It was selfishness in the new boy's mind that made him long to get away from anything that was not pleasant to him. He had not yet understood the meaning of co-operating with all the other boys in the class to bring about a unity of feeling that would help each to grow towards the ennobling, the true and the beautiful. The right way is the only way. To love knowledge and right-action is the duty of every boy and girl. If one loses sight of this, one is never happy.

THE CHILDREN'S FLOWER



THE common daisy, *Bellis perennis*, has been a symbol of purity, simplicity and modest virtue to young and old from time immemorial. Especially is it the friend of the children, as is shown by the fact that in some parts of England it is known as the 'bairnwort,' or children's flower.

The name daisy has a beautiful significance, for our Anglo-Saxon forefathers called it *doeges eage*, 'day's eye.' It was also called 'herb-margaret' in old English, thus connecting it with the French *marguerite*, derived from a Greek word meaning 'pearl,' and also from the Persian for 'Child of Light.' And a true child of light the daisy is, with its shining heart of gold and snowy pink-tipped petals unfolding to greet the morning sun.

The daisy has ever been dearly beloved by our poets, nearly all of whom have sung its praises or employed it in forming their beautiful word-pictures of the realm of fancy. Even as far back as Chaucer we find it alluded to as —

The dayes-eye, or elles the eye of day,
The emperice and flour of floures alle.

And again:

Now have I then eke this condicion,
That above all the floures in the mede
Then love I most these floures white and rede,
Soche that men callin daisies in our town.
To them I have so great affection,
As I said erst, when comin is the Maie,
That in my bed there dawith me no daie
That I am up and walking in the mede
To see this floure agenst the sunne sprede.

These lines tell us how much Chaucer loved the simple, homely roadside blossom, which was dearer to him than all the gay beauties of the garden.

Spenser loved the daisy too. In his *Prothalamion* he pictures a troop of nymphs going down to a river's bank to pluck wild flowers:

Of every sort, which in that Meadow grew,
They gathered some; the Violet, pallid blew,
The little Dazie, that at evening closes.

Then too, Shakespeare sings the praise of —
Daisies pied and violets blue.



While dear Bobby Burns, in his immortal song *Auld Lang Syne*, refers to the daisy, or *gowan*, as the Scotch call it. And in his touching little poem *To a Mountain Daisy* he thus expresses regret for having crushed so small and frail a thing as a daisy while plowing:

Wee, modest, crimson-tipp'd flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem.

Our women poets, too, have been inspired by the daisy. Jean Ingelow begins her inimitable *Songs of Seven* with these words:

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven.

And to Mrs. Browning, the daisy was the symbol of truth, as she expresses it in these lines:

Ah! the golden-hearted daisies
Witnessed there before my youth
To the truth of things, with praises
Of the beauty of the truth.

Tennyson likewise felt the sweet influence of the daisy. In his poem *The Daisy* he describes how he and a friend traveled far from their home, among the Alps and then into Italy, seeing the art treasures of Rome and Florence; then one day they climbed a mountain,

But ere we reach'd the highest summit,
I pluck'd a daisy, I gave it you.
It told of England then to me.

And last, but not least, Wordsworth, who found all his inspiration in the great out-of-doors, felt that the daisy is a thorough-going optimist:

In shoals and bands, a morrice train,
Thou greet'st the traveler in the lane;
Pleased at his greeting thee again;
Yet nothing daunted,
Nor grieved if thou be set at naught:
And oft alone in nooks remote
We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,
When such are wanted.

Fresh-smitten by the morning ray,
When thou art up, alert and gay,
Then, cheerful Flower! my spirits play
With kindred gladness;
And when at dusk by dews oppress
Thou sink'st, the image of thy rest
Hath often eased my pensive breast
Of careful sadness.

FRANCES S.



TWO AMERICANS

GEORGE WASHINGTON, THE LEADER

THE truly great man is not the product of his time; he is the *discovery* of his time. He was already the great character before the crisis brought him to the attention of the multitude to receive public endorsement of his inherent and original worth. In the case of our really greatest men it may be said that circumstances and environment serve merely to put finishing touches on their already developed genius, by bringing them into those scenes and in relation to those persons that will allow them to obtain experience in the exercise of those talents they will later be called upon to employ for the use of their fellows.

When the crisis comes and the hitherto unknown leader moves into public view, his relation to life undergoes in a sense a subtle change. Now, though carrying the entire initiative as regards the people he leads, his attitude as regards himself becomes far more one of resignation to some greater destiny than that of his own personal career. Hence he inevitably becomes pre-eminently the personification of the quality of Devotion. All his life he has been devoted to certain high principles of conduct: now that devotion is enlarged to the dedication to a certain sublime Law or Presence which he feels to be guiding his age and his destiny. One might almost say that the true test of the Leader is his capacity of appreciation for this unseen Power, and his ability to allow his actions to be entirely guided by it. The more he does this, the more he disappears from our thought merely as a personality, and the more he becomes for us a *symbol* of the Cause to which he is devoting his life. His supreme power tends to make him "seem as nothing in the eyes of his fellows." Such a Leader becomes, as it were, an open door through which the impulses of growth and liberation for his people and for humanity, coming from a higher source, can pour.

George Washington typifies the true Leader: a great intellect, a magnanimous heart, a pure motive, welded by a sublime devotion to a higher Power into a guiding force that governs and liberates.

For the means by which he was to accomplish this, des-



WASHINGTON'S HOME, MT. VERNON, VIRGINIA
Beautifully situated on a bluff overlooking the Potomac

tiny trained him from childhood. The man who was to execute the historic manoeuvre of crossing the Delaware, who was to keep hope alive at Valley Forge, and who was to receive the surrender of the British army in token of the recognition of American Independence, was born with a passion for military activity. The man who was to be subjected to the wearing misjudgment, duplicity and enmity of small minds, and to the severe test of exposure to all forms of hardship and privation, was prepared and strengthened physically and mentally by months of toil and sojourn amid the secret places of nature, in wild woods and lonely mountain lands. He who was to hold the highest office in the gift of the nation, acquired political wisdom during fifteen years of representation in the House of Burgesses. Through all of this training two features obtained: on the material plane, an ever-widening military activity; on the spiritual plane, an ever-deepening religious conviction and sincerity.

George Washington underwent his training and emerged from it when the hour called — the man for the time. He was capable of controlling the destiny of the nation because he was the ruler of his own heart and mind; capable of counselling his people because a wise judge in the tribunal of his own soul; capable of commanding honor and respect because obedient to the voice of the divinity within him; capable of keeping abreast of the rushing crisis because holding open the portals of his mind to an Intelligence more perfect and far-reaching than his own. George Washington discovered a purpose and pattern in the life of the universe: he allied himself with that purpose, which in his life was the creation of a new nation in a new land. He was prepared to aid in the carrying out of this great plan because throughout life he had diligently explored and conquered the country of his own soul. The battles which he led in the War of Independence he could only have led so wisely and successfully with the

strength and knowledge gained in the uncharted battles on unseen fields: the true Leader has led many an unseen and heroic struggle prior to the victories of the battlefield. If that old maxim of 'might makes right' could ever be interpreted as being a just one, it would be that the



WASHINGTON'S TOMB, MT. VERNON

This simple mausoleum is characteristic of the man.

might to conquer the foes within alone gives the right to lead an army against foes without.

The truly great Leaders are ever Liberators. And it should be born in mind that the suffering of the camp and battlefield is by no means the only suffering or the most terrible. The world has had and has today the sublime Leaders in the liberation of men's souls and consciences. To them has ever fallen the hardest task and the bitterest persecution. Let us take heed lest in seeking the thunder of the cannon and the flash of swords we pass by the Leader in the glorious struggle for soul-freedom. Be it the task of true manhood and womanhood not merely to pay homage to such a Leader, but to so speak and act that the force of their lives shall make way against the persecutor and lighten the burdens along the path of Liberation. The Father of his Country was instrumental in creating the American nation and achieving her freedom. There are yet other worlds to conquer, and today the world has its Liberators of conscience who are seeking the support, not of one nation, but of many, in making of the whole earth a Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave. All honor to the Leaders and Liberators of mankind!

LINCOLN, THE COMFORTER

THE heart is mightier than the intellect. "Where the heart rules, there spirituality is; for the heart is the seat of the Soul."

In Abraham Lincoln one sees superbly evinced the qualities of a great soul finding its fullest expression through a great heart. Leader, counsellor and comforter to his people, his memory comes to us in the latter capacity most vividly — he was the great Comforter to the soldier and civilian, to officials and to the people.

Like Washington, Lincoln was of a devoutly religious nature; his is but another example of that devotion to a Power greater and more wonderful than his own heart and mind could comprehend, but of which, certainly, he *knew* himself to be a part. For divinity shone forth from the rugged figure of this colossal man in all he said and thought and did. And in his case, as in that of Washington, whatever the terms in which he utters his beliefs, we may safely say that they were as large as the man himself, and quite overflowed and outspread any limits an orthodox creed could impose — the great Emancipator never allowed himself to be the slave of any dogma.

About this stately devout heart there played the sunlight of an intensely human appreciation of the 'smilable' side of life. Because his human sympathy was so huge, therefore he was granted an alleviating capacity for appreciating the whimsical vein of existence, an unfailing appreciation of the humor of a situation, without which, as he himself declares, "I should die."

Washington, the hero of a great War of Independence, Lincoln, the central figure of an awful Civil War, were both heart and soul for Peace. The agony undergone by each in the fearful struggles they led, one may consider proportionate to their clear-sighted and deep-seated preference for a peaceful settlement of the matter.

After all one can say about Lincoln, his fairest and most lasting tribute is the record of what he himself said and did: one or two examples from his letters and speeches will serve to bring us closer to the life of this great man than any amount of description could.

Here is a short characteristic letter written in 1861:

My dear Sir: The lady bearer of this says she has two sons who want to work. Wanting to work is so rare a want that it should be encouraged.

Yours truly, A. LINCOLN

Illustrative of Lincoln's tenderness of heart in pardoning condemned men is the following:

Some of our generals complain that I impair discipline and subordination in the army by my pardons and respites, but it makes me rested after a hard day's work if I can find some good excuse for saving a man's life, and I go to bed happy as I think how joyous the signing of my name will make him and his family and friends.

The heart of the comforter and the peace-maker surely speaks in these words of his:

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphans — to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations. M. M.



THE HOME IN JAPAN

THE Japanese home is an excellent training ground for discipline. All must obey the Head, but he is bound also by custom and many religious regulations. The atmosphere is almost always one of kindliness, gentleness, and good manners. Children are not allowed, in Japan, to go to school until the March or September after they are six, but when that important event takes place they are already disciplined little human beings, with great respect for learning and some thirst for knowledge. They have already done some small share of the work of the home, they have been taught something of the history and literature and religion of their country, they are expert in manners, and are keen little patriots. All this education has been given them in their home. A true conception of a Japanese home is necessary for any clear knowledge of the Japanese nation, and explains many things, *e. g.*, the fact that workhouses, old-age pensions, school-attendance officers, a cane in the school-room, and a truant school, are unnecessary and inexplicable to the Japanese people. --- *Exchange*

THE LITTLE MOON

*HOW like an opal brooch upon the amber folds
Of some rich robe, worn by a lovely queen,
The little moon glows through the glowing West;
And like a new sweet thought, that, from the inner holds
Of life's rich deeps, from strengths that once have been,
Appears and gleams and cheers the troubled breast.*

*How like the first brave bird that comes in wintry spring,
From some far bourne, from some far unknown land,
The little moon floats through the dark'ning sky;
And like a new sweet dream, that here comes fluttering,
From far-off times, from ancient purpose planned,
And drifts, a promise of the By-and-by. W. D.*

✱

A PEACH TREE IN BLOSSOM



HERE is color in the orchard. It came suddenly about the end of February. First a single peach tree lighted its softly-glowing torch and gave the signal that all had been waiting for; and in a few days the color had spread like a fire leaping from tree to tree. The sentinel was not wrong about blossoming-time, and now it seems not a tree but a color.

It must have so bloomed for the mere joy of creating beauty, for there is not strength or room enough to allow one-half of these blossoms to ripen into fruit.

The color is not always quite the same. A little while ago, in a quieter light, it had a bluish tinge; now with brighter light it is pink, and in the shadow a light rose. Some of the branches are in the shade of others, and when a wind breathes upon them they rock back and forth into the sunlight and out again, making a running shimmer and glistening of color. It is a color that is alive.

A little bird flew into the color and was lost in it; hopping from branch to branch it came into view and was hidden time after time; and then it flew away.

Even when you go near the tree it is hard to see the branches, and if there is any green, it must be underneath. The color becomes richer; you can see how it deepens at the middle of each flower, like rays of light leading to a deep red sun, and from all these centers it flows out in lighter and darker tints, mingling with the humming of bees.

Evening draws on, the orchard fades away in the gloom of the falling night, but the tree goes on shining with a light all its own. C. S.

MOSAICS



THE art of mosaics is very ancient, and is one of the most beautiful crafts known to man. It requires patience, skill and close attention to minute details. Above all things, it exemplifies the necessity for application, as in mosaic work the smallest flaw is apparent. This art originated in Asia, possibly in imitation of the rugs and carpets of the Orient, as one writer suggests. It was equally familiar to the Assyrians and the Persians. Some of the most ancient specimens preserved in the Louvre and the British Museum were found at Nineveh and in Egypt.

Among the works of art from the latter country are ivory carvings in low relief representing the Egyptian gods, the lotus flower and the papyrus plant. These figures were decorated by the insertion of tiny pieces of glass or lapis-lazuli or various colored stones, each piece separated from its neighbor by a very thin wall of ivory, thereby resembling *cloisonné* more than mosaic work proper. Somewhat similar ornamental designs on broken columns, wall-tiles, etc., were excavated at Tel al-Yâhudîya in Lower Egypt. A beautiful example of Egyptian mosaic work is preserved at Turin, being a fragment of a mummy case decorated with enamel mosaics, the varied hues of which depict "with wonderful precision and truth . . . the plumage of birds," says the *Museum of Antiquity*.

During the Ptolemaic or Roman period the Egyptians worked with still another kind of mosaic wholly of glass, an exquisite specimen of which may be seen in the British Museum. It is but three-eighths of an inch square, and represents the sacred hawk of the Egyptians. It was made by binding together long sticks of colored glass so arranged that their ends formed the figure of a bird on a blue background. This bundle of rods was heated and fused and drawn out to a very small diameter, until the flakes of glass in the finished product are so minute that a microscope is needed to distinguish the separate filaments, yet "every feather on the bird's wing being produced with a great number of colors and tints, each quite distinct," according to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. Many cross-sections of such a rod were cut off, and each of these showed the hawk design on both sides when polished.

This art of making pictures in stone was introduced into Greece from Asia, probably about the beginning of the third century B. C. The earliest Greek mosaic so far discovered is that which decorates the floor of the pro-naos of the temple of Zeus at Olympia. It cannot have been executed earlier than the first half of the fourth century B. C., and was probably done considerably later. The Hellenes decorated not only the pavements but also the walls and even the ceilings of their private and public buildings with mosaics done in marble, preferring to work in that material. First a bed of mortar was laid, on top of which a fine cement was spread, into

which the artist stuck the colored cubes of marble, copying a design which he had prepared beforehand. After the surface had thoroughly hardened, it was polished, though not too highly. According to the design, the materials, and the purpose for which the mosaic was to serve, the style and methods of the craft varied.

Such decorative stone work was extensively used for pavements likewise; indeed, the name itself, *pavimentum*, a derivative of *pavire* (to ram), signifies its origin and the method of laying the first paved floors, which were beaten down with rammers, as you have seen men paving a street.

Both the Greeks and the Romans had an elaborate classification for their different methods of executing mosaic work. The most celebrated artist in the kind of pavement called *lithostroton* was Sosus of Pergamum, who made the famous pavement known as *oikos asarotos* (unswept hall) about the third century B. C. In this, *tesserae* of different colors were so arranged as "to represent the crumbs and scraps that fell from the table, and such like things as are usually swept away, as if they were still left by negligence upon the pavement." It is described by Pliny (xxxvi, 184) and was, of course, designed for a dining-hall. Its name was later given to a certain class of mosaics.



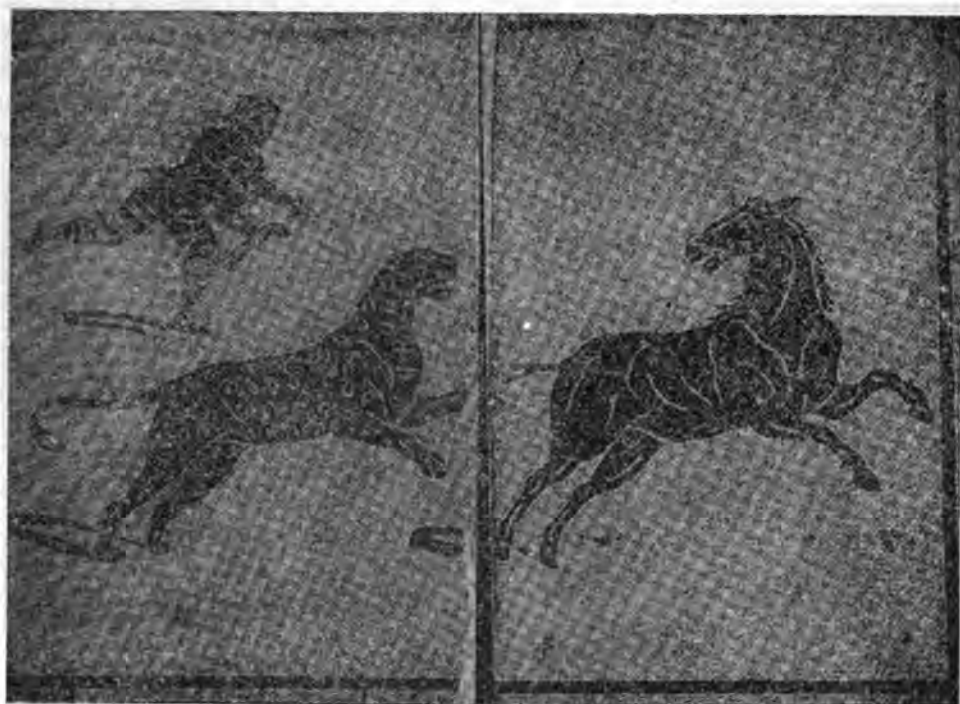
'PLINY'S DOVES': A MOSAIC PAVEMENT
FROM HADRIAN'S VILLA, TIVOLI, ROME

What was probably the finest creation of this master-workman in mosaics is now in the Capitoline Museum, Rome, and is known as 'Pliny's Doves' because it is mentioned by him. He says he saw it at Pergamum in Asia Minor, but it was found in modern times in Hadrian's villa at Tivoli, near Rome. This mosaic picture might be the same that Pliny saw and admired, for the Romans were in the habit of taking whatever they valued, even when it was as difficult to move as a mosaic which so easily falls to pieces. It represents a golden vessel filled with water, with doves perching on its rim, and is thus described in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*:

It is treated in a very realistic way: the light on the gold bowl, the plumage of the doves, and especially the reflection in the water of the drinking dove, are represented with wonderful skill. It is, in fact, far too pictorial, and . . . is more remarkable for its technical skill than for any real artistic spirit.

The care and skill in producing such an intricate piece of work must have been great indeed, for the execution is very delicate — truly, a painting done in stones! But it is probably a copy from some famous picture.

The Greeks handed on their knowledge of mosaic work to the Romans, who developed this art to a much higher degree of perfection than was



PART OF A MOSAIC PAVEMENT REPRESENTING AN AFRICAN HUNTING SCENE
Found at Castel Porziano, near Palermo, the ancient site of Laurentum
where Aeneas is supposed to have landed.

ever attained in Greece. But though they worked with marbles from the time of the Third Punic War (146 B. C.), it was not until Pliny's time, he says, that glass mosaics were used on walls.

Many mosaic pavements and mural decorations have been discovered among the ancient ruins in all parts of the Roman Empire, particularly at Pompeii, where the majority of the houses so far excavated have been found to be decorated with mosaics, particularly in the vestibules. Most Roman pavements were made of pieces of marble one-half to one-quarter of an inch across, and somewhat irregular in shape; sometimes glass was used, as at the Isola Farnese near Rome, where green glass tiles were found, and in a pavement on the Capitoline Hill, wrought in black, white and yellow glass of different shapes, neatly fitted together; while in a

pavement in the House of the Faun at Pompeii, glass has been found mixed with the marble to heighten the coloring effects.

In this same house was also found one of the most elaborate mosaic pavements yet discovered, far more complex in design and details than was usually attempted. It is about eighteen feet long by nine broad, and may be seen in the museum at Naples. The scene represented is the Battle of Issus at the moment when Alexander the Great is making his victorious charge against the Persian cavalry of Darius. The facial expression and the distinguishing dress of the contestants are particularly well executed, exceedingly small pieces of stones having been used in the faces, some being only one-tenth of an inch square. The *Museum of Antiquity* classes this as "perhaps the most beautiful and magnificent specimen of the art that has yet been found," and thus continues its description:

The Grecian leader, supposed to represent Alexander the Great, is drawn with great beauty and vigor. Charging, bareheaded, in the midst of the fight, he has transfixed with his lance one of the Persian leaders, whose horse wounded in the shoulder, had already fallen. The expression of physical agony in the countenance of the wounded man is admirably depicted. . . . Nothing can exceed the vigor with which both men and animals are depicted in this unequalled mosaic.



A MOSAIC FLOOR

Another Pompeiian mosaic represents a dramatic rehearsal in a Greek theater, with the chorus instructing the actors. The workmanship is exquisite, being composed of very small pieces of beautifully colored and shaded glass. "The hair, the small leaves which ornament the masks, and the eyebrows, are most delicately expressed." The value of this mosaic is furthermore enhanced by the fact that the artist's name, Dioscorides of Samos, appears on it.

The finest Roman mosaics so far found, however, were fashioned in the Roman settlements in North Africa, which abound in beautiful marbles of many colors and shades. Those found at Carthage were particularly fine, so soft and beautiful in their varied hues that large designs could be made without the use of other materials. The acanthus leaf, drawn boldly with a free hand and much originality, was a favorite design.

Wherever the Romans went, they carried with them this art. Even where all traces of the occupation have vanished, their mosaic pave-

ments still remain, silent testimonials of their artistic skill and thoroughness. Not only Northern Africa, but Asia Minor, Spain, France, Germany, and particularly England, are rich in these remains.

Medieval mosaics are especially gorgeous; gold and silver, brilliantly colored glass, ivory, and even jewels, having been used in the composition of the finest works of this period, when glass wall-mosaics became popular. The combined splendor of all these shining and brightly-colored materials is more than one can conceive unless he has seen the creations themselves. Byzantine in origin and characteristics, in point of coloring, and brilliance and grandeur of form, this style of wall-mosaics dates from the beginning of the fifth century to the introduction of fresco painting in the fourteenth century. Jacopo Turrini and Gaddo Gaddi were well-known mosaic artists; while Pietro Cavallini was one of the old school. Some fine examples of these medieval glass mosaics can still be seen at Rome, Ravenna, Palermo, Florence and Venice.

The art is still flourishing in Italy, and a large number of skilled mosaic workers are employed in making copies of the pictures of the great masters. While not quite as brilliant as the original oil paintings, they have the advantage of being unaffected by light, bad air, damp, or the other enemies which destroy pictures in oil, watercolor or tempera. In St. Peter's, Rome, there are a number of large copies of great paintings executed in modern times.

Inasmuch as glass mosaics have been developed to a high degree of excellence in Italy, an account of the manufacture of such will afford some conception possibly of the labor and extreme skill involved in their production. The *Encyclopedia Americana* says:

In the most costly mosaics precious stones have been cut to furnish materials; but in common works of this art enamels of different colors, manufactured for the purpose, are the material employed. Roman enamels are made of small rods of opaque colored glass. In the first place cakes of glass are made of every variety of shade likely to be required. As many as 10,000 shades are said to be in use. These cakes are drawn out into rods thicker or thinner, according as they are to be used for finer or for coarser work, a great number being mere threads. They are kept in bundles, and arranged in sets corresponding to their colors. For a work of moderate size a piece of dark slate or marble is prepared by being hollowed out like a box and filled with plaster of Paris; upon this plaster the artist draws the design or pattern, and the workman proceeds with his work by removing small squares of the plaster, and filling in these with pieces cut from the glass rods, the pieces being fixed in their places by a cement. Gradually, in this manner, all the plaster is removed, and a picture is formed by the ends of the pieces of colored glass. It will be easily understood that this is a very slow process, and there are large pictures that have taken as many as from twelve to twenty years to produce.

K. H.

ONE OF NATURE'S MASTERPIECES



IN the northwestern corner of New York State one of the scenic spots of America is to be found: the beautiful Falls of Niagara. The volume of water that flows from Lake Erie into Lake Ontario passes over two great falls — the American Fall and the famous Horseshoe Fall, which are divided by Goat Island.

In mid-winter, when Niagara is draped in snow, the roaring torrent is transformed into a motionless mass of glittering ice. Many a traveler to these falls has marveled at the sight of this ice-bejeweled wonder; but as the warmth of the spring sun succeeds the winter's frost, Niagara's



THE 'AMERICAN' AND 'HORSESHOE' FALLS OF NIAGARA IN WINTER

ice-bound cataract is once more melted into a dashing torrent. There is something majestic in the never-changing mass of ice in the winter, and a reminder of our restless life in the ever-changing torrent of water in summer.

The Niagara Falls are awe-inspiring to tourists who visit them for the first time. The deafening roar and the blinding mist of seething waters far below bespeak greater things than mere facts and fancies of everyday life; they conjure up thoughts of this stupendous mass of water from old Niagara for countless centuries rolling over this fall of falls on pleasure or destruction bent; and of countless more to come in which it will continue, though in part pressed into the service of man.

It may be a fact that with greater facilities for travel, the one-time

famous trip to Niagara, which meant as much as a continental trip does today, has somewhat lost its fascination for Americans, but one must remember that other attractions, such as the Grand Canyon of the Colorado and the Yellowstone National Park, have loomed into prominence.

Again, some of Niagara's former renown has been swept away by Livingstone's discovery, in 1855, of the great Victoria Falls in the heart of Africa — a rival worthy of Niagara's greatness. In a latitude so far



'GOAT ISLAND,' NIAGARA FALLS, IN ITS WINTER DRESS

south, where the Victoria Falls hold sway, snow does not fall; and even though they surpass in luxuriant tropical vegetation, breadth and depth of fall and mass of water, yet Niagara's supremacy rests in her beautiful winter garb of snow and ice.

In passing it is worthy of note, as an evidence of public opinion to preserve the natural beauty-spots of the country, that great attention is being given at present to the unique Horseshoe Fall of Niagara. Whatever the reason may be — diversion of water for power-development or natural causes — the fact is, that a smaller quantity of water is being discharged at the sides of the shoe than formerly, thus depreciating the scenic effect.

That public opinion will be strong enough to protect the beauty of the Falls for future generations from the inroads of a commercialism which pays little heed to the heritage of the future, is the ardent hope of all who have a love for America's beauty-spots.

H. G.

ONLY A DOG, BUT —

THE following account of a homeless dog's human-like pity for some all-but-drowned sparrows is vouched for by the manager of the National Hotel, Washington, D. C. It first appeared in the *Washington Times*, was republished in *The Open Door* (National Anti-Vivisection and Animal Magazine, New York: edited by Diana Belais), and is here published again in full.

Somewhere between the corner of Sixth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue and the azure firmament, seven tiny sparrows are thanking their lucky stars today that they survived the storm of early Thursday morning after they were rescued from certain death by a homeless, shaggy cur.

Somewhere between the same corner and the countless back gates and byways known to the canine sort, the same nameless, homeless 'purp' pauses in his solitary quest for bones, to cock an ear, lest he be surprised by the heavy-soled oxford of the hated genus Man.

When the rainfall was beating its most resounding tattoo and the wind was literally tearing the trees limb from limb, the serried ranks of the huddled few gathered for refuge in the hotel lobby were broken by the entry of this shaggy, wet-nosed creature, that men would call a veritable derelict of dogdom.

In his protecting jaws as he came sauntering in, he carried a live sparrow. Jaunty and wag-tailed, though dripping wet, he carried his prize to the center of the lobby and deposited it tenderly on the flagging. The little creature thus liberated tweaked and fluttered but could not fly. The rain had nearly claimed its grim toll.

Spectators of this strange incident were amazed and interested. They looked for Towzer, but he had gone. Shortly he returned bearing another live sparrow in his mouth. He deposited this carefully beside its mate.

When he again went out into the storm many pairs of eyes that had followed him saw that he attempted rescue only where he saw the flutter of life. There were hundreds of birds, victims of the storm, lying dead in the street.

He repeated his sally and return, each time bearing a live bird in his jaws until he had deposited seven of them side by side in the warmth of the sheltering lobby. After his seventh rescue Towzer disappeared.

And what became of the birds, you ask? They were unmolested, and when the rain had stopped and their wet bodies were partially dry, they instantly flew away out of the open door as though by signal. Nothing was heard, but a 'tweak-tweak,' which in the bird tongue, translated by those who heard, meant farewell.

And the moral of this strange tale is that Towzer, though nothing but a brute of a dog, must have been a true philosopher if nothing-but-dog can be accredited with such a stupendous appellation. The little wag-tailed brat offered all he had to give, that other breathing things might not perish — and he offered it willingly.

✱

Teaching humanity to animals must always imply the teaching of humanity to men. — *Countess Cesoresco*.

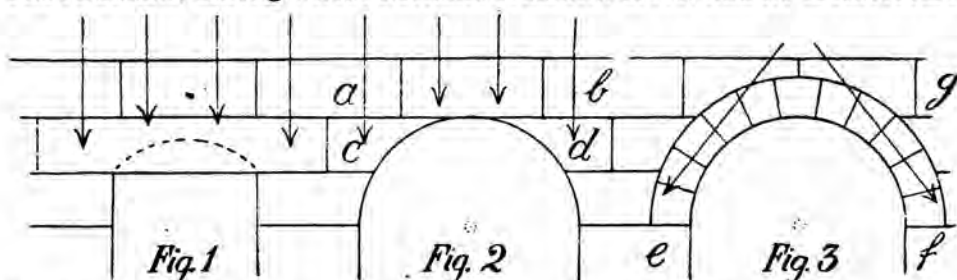
Gentle kindness to all beings — *Helena P. Blavatsky*.

ARCHITECTURAL STYLES AND THEIR MEANING

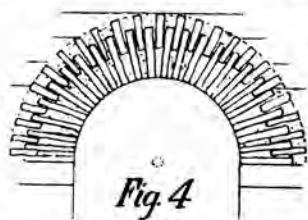
XXV — MOHAMMEDAN

IT is now in place to study the most interesting and beautiful style which arose from the spread of the religion of the great reformer Mohammed (A. D. 622). In Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Persia, India and Spain we find this architecture well developed, and, though each country displays its own local peculiarities, there is a general likeness which marks the Moslem as distinct from all other styles.

As one country after another was subjugated to the faith of Islam, the native builders adopted the general principles of mosque-building required by the new religion, while utilizing as much as possible of their own style. The Arabians, among whom Mohammedanism arose, had no architecture,

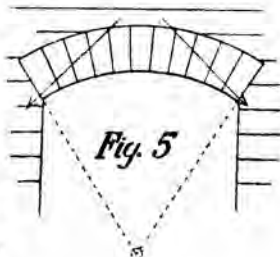


for they were nomads and lived in tents. Mohammed's original mosque was a very primitive affair, and if his religious reform had not spread to lands where permanent architecture existed — even though in a decrepit state — we should not have had the splendid mosques and other buildings that are the glory of Moslem art. The inhabitants of the converted countries welcomed Islam with joy, and gave their wealth and their talents to the creation of the finest temples in its honor. During the centuries that witnessed the high civilization of the Mohammedan empires, Western Europe — except Moslem Spain — was in the Dark Ages, and architecture was practically at a standstill. The corruption of the expiring Christian Empire of the East permitted the rapid success of the Mohammedan conquests, which were recognised as a means of



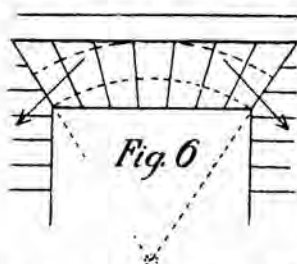
rescue from barbarism.

Styles in architecture were never invented by persons who sat down deliberately to produce something new

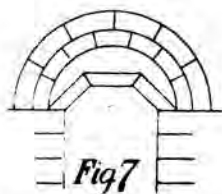


in this line. They always came stealing in unexpectedly, and grew into perfection unconsciously. The builders always clung to the old ways as long as they could, and the improvements arose from the needs of the day.

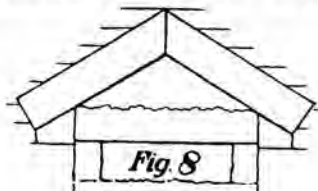
They were not invented for the sake of novelty. The Arabian conquests being made for the purpose of spreading the new religion, it would be



rightly supposed that the development of the new architecture would be strongly marked by the restrictions and needs of the faith of Islam. The Koran, the sacred book of Mohammed, discourages the representation of human figures or other living



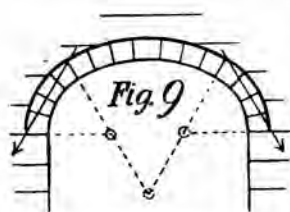
forms, and so we find no carvings such as are the glory of the Greek, Egyptian or Medieval buildings. The Mohammedan worship being extremely simple — consisting of little more than prayer — complicated buildings with aisles for processions, chapels and reserved places, were not needed. There was no altar for sacrifice, no choir of singers, and no regular body of priests or ministers. A large open court with a fountain, a covered prayer-



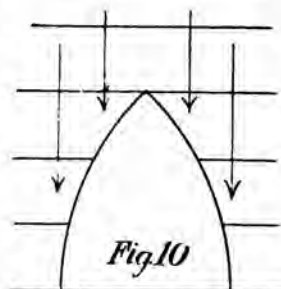
hall, a pulpit for an occasional preacher, and a niche or recess marking the direction of Mecca, the Holy City, were the only necessities. Sometimes, in addition, there would be a tall tower, living and class-rooms for students, and the tomb of the founder placed in a special

chamber with a dome. In our examination of various mosques we shall see how many beautiful variations could be made with these simple elements.

The carving or painting of living forms being discouraged, the Moslems took refuge in all kinds of beautiful patterns for the decoration of their buildings. The Arabians were passionately fond of color-patterns, and they understood something of inlay work and weaving; the Persians had a marvelous genius for color as displayed in tiles and carpets, and as they were not so rigid in the avoidance of natural forms

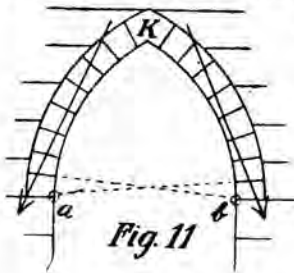


as other Mohammedans, their influence on the new style was marked. Elaborately carved texts from the Koran are a favorite method of decoration in the mosques.



A little study of Mohammedan architecture makes it perfectly clear that its characteristic features are simplicity and boldness in the general design, combined with more or less decoration by flat patterns, usually colored in brilliant hues,

employed with great skill and taste. One practically new architectural feature immediately attracts our attention — new in the sense of having hardly ever been used on a large scale before. This is the pointed arch.



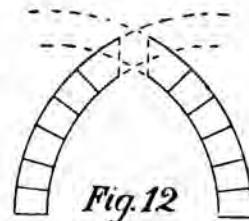
Although we commonly think of it only in connection with Gothic church architecture, it is really a very ancient invention. Thousands of years before the Christian era the Egyptians and Assyrians used it, and they used it in the true scientific manner and not in the form of the 'false arch.' Now what does this mean?

As we cannot go much farther in our study of architecture without a clear understanding of the principles of the arch, this is a good opportunity to consider the subject. A reference to the accompanying illustrations showing the various kinds of arches will make the explanation plainer.

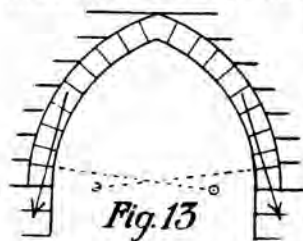
A true arch is not simply the upper part of a hole cut through the level courses of stone in a wall, as shown in Figures 2 and 10; it is a mechanical device for diverting the weight or pressure of the stones above an opening so that it will be thrown *obliquely* towards the right and left to the supporting walls ('abutments') or pillars. The use of the round or pointed arch permits the construction of larger openings than are possible with flat stone lintels. To be of service, the plain lintel must be strong enough to bear the direct weight of all that is above it, and so a lintel to span a very wide opening would have to be extremely ponderous. Such a stone is troublesome to handle and very costly.

Figure 1 is the plain square window or door with the flat lintel; the direction of force pressing directly upon it is shown by the arrows. Cutting a curved piece out of the lintel (marked with a dotted line) does not make it a true arch; the stone is merely weakened.

Neither is Figure 2 a real arch, although it is semicircular in shape. The upper wall is only prevented from crushing it by means of the *vertical* pressure on the stones at the sides. Take away *a* and *b*, which hold *c* and *d* in place, and the whole thing would soon collapse. When, however, we come to Figure 3, we discover the fundamental principle of the arch. The entire pressure from above is not borne by the arch, but is now *diverted obliquely* toward the abutments *e* and *f* in the direction of the arrows, and even if the stones *b* and *g* were removed the arch would stand firmly, because the pressure — the 'thrust', as it is called — is concentrated at the sides. Arches built on this scientific principle may be as large as you please; they will sustain enormous weights

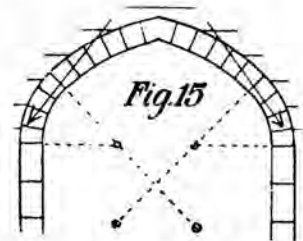
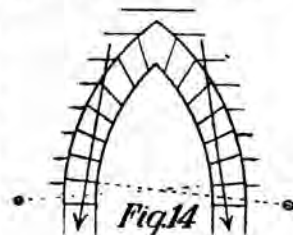


if the abutments are strong enough to bear the outward thrust. Being made of small stones, they are easily put up at moderate cost. The only objectionable feature of the arch is that its thrust is always trying to push down the walls or pillars on which it stands: there is an Eastern saying that "an arch never sleeps." To balance this the supports must be weighty in themselves or be strengthened by special contrivances. Later on we shall see some interesting examples of these devices.



All the rest of the arches shown in the illustrations, except Figure 10, display the principle just explained. The radiating stones or bricks forming an arch are called 'voussoirs,' and are nearly always wedge-shaped. Occasionally, as in Figure 4, the voussoirs are thin and straight, but the mortar between them is wedge-shaped, and extra pieces are often inserted between the ends of the voussoirs, so that the principle of the arch is preserved.

Figure 5 is called the 'segmental' arch because it is made of a segment of a semicircular arch; it is obviously not very strong. Figure 6 is called a 'flat' arch! Although at first sight it looks like a plain lintel, a close examination reveals the arch principle in a limited degree, for its wedge-shape causes some weight to be thrown obliquely on the abutments. It does not rest upon its ends in the manner of the lintel in Figure 1. As it largely depends for its usefulness upon being solidly bound together into one piece by strong mortar, it partakes in some measure of the nature of a lintel, but a study of the dotted lines and a comparison with Figure 5 will prove that it has some right to be considered an imperfect form of arch. The flat arch is commonly used in brick construction and other lighter work.



upside down on the table.

Figure 7 is from an extremely ancient Egyptian tomb; it proves that the Egyptians were perfectly acquainted with the principle of the arch, though they seldom used it. Figure 8 is from the Great Pyramid; it surmounts the highest of the interior chambers, and is the simplest possible

It is in place to say here that a solid arch — round or pointed — made of concrete or of irregular stones cemented into a solid piece, would have no oblique thrust; it would simply stand on the abutments like an ordinary lintel. Many domes are made in this manner, and they stand with no more outward thrust than a cup turned

form of a true arch. Figure 9 is the 'elliptic' or 'three-centered' arch. The centers from which the curves are struck are marked. Figure 10 is a very ancient form of false pointed arch; it is, of course, only a variety of Figure 2. It is found in Greece, Etruria and elsewhere. Though such constructions are hardly ever used in modern times, for small openings they are strong enough. The next, Figure 11, is the equilateral pointed arch; the curve is struck from the centers *a* and *b*. The two separated portions in the next figure show that a pointed arch may be regarded as being composed of segments of a semicircular arch leaning one against the other. There is no absolute necessity for a stone at the top, but it is generally found, as in Figure 11, at *k*. It is called the 'keystone,' for it locks the two sides together. The three lowest figures are the obtuse, the acute, and the four-centered pointed arches. They explain themselves.

In later chapters we shall see what these various forms of arches have to teach us, but for the present it is sufficient to understand the difference between the true and the false arch, and to know that the Moslems were the first to use the true pointed arch as a characteristic feature of architecture, though it had been known and used to a limited degree for thousands of years.

R.



THE COLORED CEILING



HERE were once some people who lived beneath a beautifully colored ceiling. The ceiling never remained the same color very long, but was always changing. Both tints and patterns varied every hour, and even from moment to moment. Sometimes invisible artists dappled it over with white bars upon a background of deep blue; sometimes they streaked the arch of blue with long-drawn wisps of what appeared to be snowy gossamer. At other times they painted it with gray, shading in places to an inky blue, but always soft and restful to the eye and ever varied by perpetual change.

At early dawn and when evening fell the unseen painters were especially busy, and at such times the whole dome was fairly ablaze with crimson and gold. Rich purples paled by imperceptible degrees to faintest lilac. Patches of rosy-pink glowed like a brightly-burning fire, while here and there were stretches of a delicate sea-green. As evening fell the colors lost their brilliancy and slowly faded, giving place to somber gray or indigo that later changed to almost black, but spangled over with a multitude of shining points of light. During the darker hours a lamp, shaped like a globe, and shining with a silver light, glided by slow degrees across the dome, and often gave sufficient light for those beneath to see to read.

The painted patterns of the sunny hours were always undergoing change. Never twice was the same design exactly repeated, and the variety in color, shade and marking was endless and always beautiful. Coarse and vulgar people who wrapped themselves up in the thought of their own pleasure and cared little for helping others, seldom glanced upward except when the evening displays were unusually startling; but the pure and helpful seemed to have their eyes more open to the beauties overhead and often would they gaze with wonder and delight at the enchanting color-schemes that formed upon the surface of the overhanging vault.

Some declared that the glorious, colored dome was only a clever illusion, and was nothing more than an airy covering beyond which lay the fields of space in which the stars and planets float and spin.

This much was certain at all events: that the wonderful ceiling was no protection from the rain, though it looked so beautifully built and free from holes. Neither did it shut out the sunshine, which streamed through with no more dimming nor obstruction than if it had been the glass roof of a conservatory. What is the meaning of the many-patterned ceiling, this delightful colored roof, which lets the sunshine through and gives free passage for the falling rain? A clue for puzzled readers may be found in the French dictionary under the word *ciel*. P. L.



NAMES OF ROMANCE

BY BURTON BRALEY

| | |
|--|---|
| <i>Around the good world's wide expanse Are places great and small, Whose names fair tingle with romance— And I would see them all: There's Cairo, Fez, and Ispahan, Bangkok and Singapore, And Trebizond and Cagayan, And Rio and Lahore.</i> | <i>There's Sarawak and Callao, Algiers and Kandabar, Khartum, Rangoon, and Tokyo, Bombay and Zanzibar; About the name of each there clings Enchantment's golden veil, The wonder of strange folk and things, The glamor of the trail!</i> |
|--|---|

*For some are north and some are south
And some are east and west,
And some are curst with heat and drought
And some with balm are blest;
But Capetown, Rhodes or Disco Bay,
Shanghai, Seville or Rome,
Their names come singing down the way
To tempt me forth from home.
Their magic's ringing down the way,
To lure me forth from home! — Selected*

A GEOGRAPHY GAME

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS: Do you ever look at that most interesting picture, the map of the world? If you will stand for five minutes each day before this picture, trying to find something in it that you had not seen before (such as an unfamiliar sea, bay, island, river or place) you will soon find yourselves spending a longer time studying it, until you begin to feel yourselves a part of the big world in which you live, as members of that great family — the human race. You will become interested in all people, wherever they may live, just as you are in the case of your relatives and friends who are close and dear to you.

How many places, mentioned in the poem above, are you acquainted with, and what could you tell about the story of each, if you should be asked? Here is a suggestion: Why not get up a Game of Geography? You will find it both interesting and profitable.

A LOMALAND CANYON



DO not know what makes this canyon so Greek, but I think it is the wild blue larkspurs that grow here. It is very old: the face of the cliff is wrinkled with rain and sun and ages of watching. It is also very peaceful and quiet except when a breeze floats up from the ocean and thrills the flowers with rumors of the sea. Or when Pan himself comes piping up in a gust of wind, making the purple hyacinths dance like a troop of fairies.

The songs of the birds that live here have the brightness of clear water. You will not often find linnets or operatic mocking-birds, but shy little songsters who like the shady underside of the bushes, where it looks tropical. Their green-brown color is a good disguise, so it may be a long time before you discover what makes the canyon so cool and bright. There is especially one kind of bird, the bush-wren, I think, who trills on a very high note and then ends up with six even notes in three-four time, sung an octave lower.

About half-way down the water gathers and remains clear for weeks after the rains have stopped. This little pool is the heart of the canyon. This is the only place where English ferns grow wild on Point Loma, but there are also maidenhairs and the more common kinds of ferns.

In this canyon last spring there was a bush that looked like an altar draped with wild clematis; at the foot of it a wild red poppy stood out brightly against the dark green. The bush is only half-covered with clematis now, but I know that with the return of spring the little wild poppy will again nod her prayers at the foot of the altar. M. D.



for Little folk

THE HAPPY ELF

BY MARY TATE

A *FUNNY, happy little elf
Went sailing o'er the sea.
"I'll find the very Happy Isle
Where Laughter lives," said he.*

*He sailed his ship for days and days,
And chuckled to himself,
"I'll surely find where Laughter lives,
For I'm a happy elf."*

*His ship sailed bravely o'er the sea,
And little waves ran after
The happy little elf's good ship
Just bubbling with laughter.*

*The big waves galloped up and down
And sparkled in the sun.
The sails of little elfin's ship
Were bursting big with fun.*

*"Ha, ha, ho, ho!" laughed little elf,
"I do indeed declare
That Laughter lives no special place,
But visits everywhere.*

*"I thought perhaps that Laughter had
A castle, fair and high,
With towers tall that touched the clouds
As they went sailing by.*

*"But no, dear Laughter lives within
Each heart that loves, and gives
Its sunshine to all other hearts.
Yes, that's where Laughter lives.*

*"So I will turn my ship about;
I need no longer roam;
For Laughter lives with me and mine
In loving hearts at home."*

—Selected

HOW THE BROWNIES WORKED FOR PEACE

SHAKESPEARE says, in one of his lovely dramas:

How far that little candle throws its beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

"Shakespeare!" I hear some grown-up exclaim. "What do the Tiny Tots know about Shakespeare?"

Very much, thank you, good friend. At least the Tiny Tots of Lomaland do. And this is why. We are all Peace-makers, you know; Peace-makers first and foremost and all the time. And one of the first things we did after the Brownies' Peace League was formed was to invite Mr. William Shakespeare to become a member!

Inner peace is the secret, you know. Our Teacher, Katherine Tingley, says that before nations can ever be at peace with each other, they will have to find peace within themselves. And she has shown us how happiness and beauty, and music and art, and kindness and gentleness, and helping and sharing, and brotherhood and love, and many of the things we find in Shakespeare's great dramas, are what go to make true Peace. So that is why we study Shakespeare, and give the sad world glimpses of happiness and love by just *being fairies* — dear, prankish, jolly fairies, such as he put into so many of his plays.

First of all we were fairies in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and how we tripped and fluttered and rollicked and danced and sang!

Then came *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, where we wood-fairies joined with the Merry Wives in teasing poor, deluded old Falstaff, out in the moonlight there, at Herne's oak.

Then we studied *As You Like It*, with its forest-sweetness and bird-songs, and wee pink flowerets, and music and royal goodness and jolly fun! Perhaps you don't remember about fairies in the Forest of Arden. Well, the good Shakespeare lived so close to fairyland secrets that he never chose a forest for his best-beloved characters unless it were fairy-haunted. So the Forest of Arden *must* be — *and it is*. And we are the fairies dancing in it!

Peace-making, this? Surely, and of the wisest kind; for we make people happy. Did you ever see a happy person quarrel or fight? It *can't be done*. Now see why Shakespeare and Tiny Tots and fairies all belong together by rights — at least in Lomaland.

BROWNIE FRITZ



Oh! what a happy world this will be when all the children begin to grow up like beautiful flowers and send their golden boats full of happy thoughts to make the whole world glad.

THE KING'S CHIEF MINISTER

A FAIRY STORY BY ELWIN

*"Johnny, Johnny, whither away?
Listen a moment to my lay!"*

So sang a funny-looking old Irish woman standing at her garden gate.

"Well, old dame, what can I do for you," said a bright-faced happy boy carrying a bat and ball.

*"Look, here is a garden full of weeds;
Some one to pull them is what it needs,"*

she said.

"I wish I could help you, my good woman, but I am going off for a game of ball and must not keep the others waiting. If I am not mistaken there is a chap who is not so busy as I am," indicating a boy sauntering along the road, and he lifted his cap and passed on.

*"Johnny, Johnny, run away;
You have lost your chance today!"*

muttered the old woman.

The boy pointed out was stopping every now and then to look into the hedgerow. As he came up the dame addressed him:

*"Johnny, Johnny, whither away?
Listen a moment to my lay!"*

"Are you not happy this beautiful day, old woman?" asked the boy.

*"Alas! my garden is full of weeds;
Some one to pull them is what it needs,"*

she answered.

"I wish I could help you, my old woman," he said; "but this is such a good opportunity for catching butterflies! They are all on the wing today; the most gorgeous blues and yellows and peacocks you ever saw. Take a peep!" and he opened a small box to show her his treasures.

"I'm sorry about your weeds, but you want a gardener at work here. Good day!" And he turned lightly away with no more thought for the old woman, or he might have heard her mutter —

*"Johnny, Johnny, run away;
You have lost your chance today!"*

Coming down the hill next was a youth, with a book open, reading as he walked, and other volumes tucked under his arm.

The old Irish woman stepped up to him with —

*"Lift your eyes a moment, lad.
Would you help to make me glad?"*



"What do you say? Make you glad. How can that be, good woman?" he asked.

*"See, my garden full of weeds;
Some one to pull them is what it needs,"*

she sang.

"I wish I had time to help you, old woman, but all the lore of the ancients is waiting for me in these precious volumes. It is seldom I can get the time and the books to dig for some of this wisdom. Surely you see it is of more consequence than pulling weeds. Any little urchin will do that for a few pence. Good day!" And he was soon far too absorbed to hear the old woman utter her refrain —

*"One and all now run away,
Losing every chance today!"*

She turned into her garden and was closing the gate with a disappointed sigh when up came a bright boy whistling *The Merry Peasant*, with some new gardening tools over his shoulder.

*"Look, my garden is full of weeds;
Some one to pull them is what it needs!"*

she said to him.

"Why, I'm the very man you want; I've just been weeding my own garden and I know what hard work it is. My father gave me these new tools today, and they shall see their first service in your little plot."

He threw off his coat and took up the hoe with quick resolution. When he turned round to speak to the old woman, she was gone.

"Well, that is strange, but it makes no difference. I know what to do, and now I'll see how much I can get done before she comes back."

"Happy boy, full of joy,"

sang the birds all around him.

He worked with a will and quickly cleared off much of the struggling vines; but soon he found the ground was hard, and it almost needed a pick to set free the weeds that had been firmly rooted for many years. Oh, how hot it grew! He stopped to rest for a while, leaning on his spade. Just then an ugly toad croaked from the rubbish —

*"Gwach, gwone!
Let me alone
Behind my stone."*

But he chased the toad away until he could hear his croak no more. Two rooks flew over his head, saying —

"Well done, well done!"

Just then he heard the click of the gate. The old Irish woman was certainly coming back, and would expect to see the garden cleared, thought he. But, looking up, he stood amazed: there was no old Irish woman before him, but a lovely princess crowned with gold and glittering with gems.

"Come," she said, as she smiled upon him, *"the King has long desired to find someone who should be worthy to put in authority in the land; so we have taken this means of discovering the true heart who, as he grew up, would understand the people's needs and work to remove all evil from our land. Come, enter the path we have prepared for you, that you may fulfill your destiny and that our people may be truly prosperous!"*



CHILDREN who love flowers and have sunshine in their hearts are the sunbeams that brighten humanity's life.

HAPPY TIMES IN LOMALAND



HAPPY times, dear little readers of the MESSENGER! Happy times! And you can have them, I assure you, if your own hearts are always ready to *make* happiness. May all the happy times be as full of joy as the spring-time thoughts of the merry children at play in Lomaland.

Here is our faithful, gentle playfellow Exile, and little Miss Rider: both off for a happy time out of doors.

Someone is calling: "Where are you going, Miss Rider?"

And the smiling little girl is saying: "Oh, not very far! I shall

be back again soon, and tell you all about our ride. Good-bye!"

Exile stops now and then to take a sweet nibble at the tempting tufts of young grass, and then walks sedately on around the playground paths, until at the command "Whoa!" he stops. Then another child takes his or her turn to journey into the pleasant land of happy times, on dear old Exile's back.

And so it goes, until the play-hour is over; and then comes another kind of happy times in Lomaland, which have lessons for little children and resting hours for Exile.

YETTA

THE KEYBOARD

BY WILLIAM WATSON

FIVE and thirty black slaves,
Half a hundred white,
All their duty but to sing
For their Queen's delight,
Now with throats of thunder,
Now with dulcet lips,
While she rules them royally
With her finger-tips!

When she quits her palace
All the slaves are dumb—
Dumb with dolor till the Queen
Back to Court is come:
Dumb the throats of thunder,
Dumb the dulcet lips,
Lacking all the sovereignty
Of her finger-tips!

Dusky slaves and pallid,
Ebon slaves and white,
When the Queen was on her throne
How you sang tonight!
Ah, the throats of thunder!
Ah, the dulcet lips!
Ah, the gracious tyrannies
Of her finger-tips!

Silent, silent, silent,
All your voices now;
Was it then her life alone
Did your life endow?
Waken, throats of thunder!
Waken, dulcet lips!
Touched to immortality
By her finger-tips.—Selected



I LOVE PICTURES! DON'T YOU?

Picture-books are, oh! so dear to us little boys and girls. They are our first Readers, before we learn our A B C's. They tell us ever, ever so much. They show us the faces of our playmates — our flower, animal and human friends.

✽

FLY, LITTLE BIRD!

(SELECTED)

FLY, little Birdie, fly, fly, fly;
Fly up in the air so high;
Fly up in the clouds so white,
Till you are quite out of sight.

Then fly down in yonder tree,
Where your little birdies three
Are sweetly sleeping in their nest,
And sing the song that you like best.

THE LITTLE CLOCK

(ANONYMOUS)

THERE'S a neat little clock,
On its high shelf it stands,
And it points to the time
With its two little hands.

May we, like the clock,
Keep a face ever bright,
With hands ever ready
To do what is right.

THE BIRDS' BANQUET



It is gratifying to notice how the wild creatures of Point Loma feel the spirit of Brotherhood that prevails at Lomaland. They do not shy away or run for their dear lives at the sight or approach of the Lomaland students: they have learned that no harm will be done to them. Consequently one may see, in the course of an early morning walk, perhaps a dozen rabbits sitting at the roadside or beside the path, nibbling at or munching the verdure. On the approach of one of the students, the nearest of these otherwise timid wild folk will simply step aside and let him pass; others, not in his way, will not even look up, but attend to their meal, knowing that they are perfectly safe. The same is true of the Lomaland birds — quail, sparrows, linnets



thrushes, towhees, finches, and many others. They seem to sense the feeling of peace that is so strong here, and so they remain with us.

Two of the Lomaland residents who have several acres in trees, vines shrubs and flower gardens, have invited the birds to make their home in these beautiful grounds, and to take their meals at a large table set on a post just outside the window near which their own dining-room table stands. The birds' table is always set first, and is supplied with food to suit the tastes of each class of birds; some is served on the ground, to suit the ground birds. While this out-of-doors table is being set by the host, he calls each kind of bird in accordance with its own vocabulary.

This call to dinner generally attracts a crowd of yellow and gray finches, which perch on the limbs of nearby trees and shrubbery, as well as on the telephone wire overhead. These finches do not eat while the others are

enjoying their meal, but form the orchestra; for they unselfishly take it upon themselves to furnish the music while the other birds eat. And this they do with all their might, for it seems as though they would split their throats with their sweet singing. While eating, the other birds carry on a lively, noisy conversation with their twitter and chatter, which occasions a constant fortissimo on the part of the orchestra. During the intermissions the birds of the orchestra come down to the water-dish and, as it were, sip a cup of tea, out of sociability, and then go back to their places.

While this bird feast is going on outside the dining-room window, the birds' host and hostess eat their meal on the inside where they can see the whole performance, and it is certainly a charming sight. The towhees' table manners are not what they should be, I am sorry to say; they quarrel with each other constantly, and the big sickle-billed thrasher has the task of separating them. The beautiful valley quail and the ground squirrels always come last, and finish eating what is left by the other birds. The cotton-tail rabbits sometimes eat a little grain, but they usually prefer to eat on the lawn.

The result of this kind treatment and hospitality on the part of the humans is, that the birds and animals make their homes near the house — in the shrubbery, among the trees, and underground. This gives rise to new and vociferous activities each mating season, such as the building of nests, and, later, the feeding of the young birdlings. The nest material is furnished, and is eagerly made use of by these little feathered architects.

All this kindness attracts large flocks of birds, and they show their appreciation and gratitude, I can assure you; their song-notes ring out in great profuseness from dawn till night. Which proves the saying true, that "Divided joy is double joy"; for we are very happy to watch these little creatures enjoying themselves, and they are always glad to see us.

Kindness to animals develops kindness and brotherly feeling for humanity, and the whole world is made brighter, better and more joyous thereby. Here we have a great truth stated, dear Boys and Girls: think well over those words. When a kind thought is sent out for man or animals, the whole world comes under the influence of its magic power. Like a stone thrown into a pond, disturbing every drop of water in it, so a kind act or thought sends its ripples equally in every direction and in ever-widening circles. Yes, it does even more: as the ripples caused by the stone thrown into the pond reach the farthestmost shores and return to the place of origin, so do the ripples of our thoughts and acts return to us with an added blessing. In a wise and helpful book, *The Voice of the Silence*, we are told:

Sow kindly acts and thou shalt reap their fruition. Inaction in a deed of mercy becomes an action in a deadly sin.

G. F. M.

The Râja-Yoga College

(Non-Sectarian)

Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

KATHERINE TINGLEY, Foundress and General Directress



The Râja-Yoga system of education was originated by the Foundress as a result of her own experience and knowledge. Râja-Yoga is an ancient term: etymologically it means the "Royal Union." This term was selected as best expressing in its real meaning the purpose of true education, viz: the balance of all the faculties, physical, mental and moral.

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One of the most important features of this system is the development of character, the upbuilding of pure-minded and self-reliant manhood and womanhood, that each pupil may become prepared to take an honorable, self-reliant position in life.

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MRS. W. A. DUNN

For information, address

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RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

Vol. XIII

MAY

No. 3

AMONG the noblest in the land —
Though he may count himself the least —
That man I honor and revere,
Who, without favor, without fear,
In the great city dares to stand,
The friend of every friendless beast.
— *Longfellow*

THE GLORY OF EVERYTHING NATURAL



THE glory of everything natural, everything God-made!

The sky on a cold winter night: the myriads of suns, vibrant with life; the Galaxy in infinite vastness, high road of the Gods; Orion; the Pleiades; and brighter than all, Sirius, that mighty sun — the glory of the sky on a cold night in winter!

The heath in full bloom: a wealth of purple as far as the eye reaches; the sweet scent of heather and erica; far, far off, where purple and blue meet, a flock of sheep, like faint white flowers; the drowsy buzzing of bees; the joyful chirping of crickets, and the silver tinkling of the wether's bell, carried over now and then on the breeze — the glory of a heath in full bloom!

Sunset on the frozen lake: the black mirror-like ice; the east where night already reigns; the west where the sun in splendor of flaming gold sinks behind a dark pine-forest, threatening in its blackness; on the ice a lonely skater watching it all; the silence absolute — the glory of sunset on the frozen lake!

The autumn storm on the river: the angry splash of the waves against the bank; the moaning of the willows in the pitiless grip of the wind; the fierce cloud legions which the storm hurls forth in endless procession; and the man with the great sorrow in his heart, who fled from the crowd to find peace in the weird wild grandeur of the night — the glory of an autumn storm on the river! Peace, sublime peace! P. B.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE LITTLE TEACHER IN THE HEART

We do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. — *Merchant of Venice*, IV, 1.



SHAKESPEARE never misses an opportunity to help men find their better selves. That is one of the signs by which we know him. He never argues a point, though, or rarely: he simply paints a picture, and then people can see the truth for themselves. Sometimes the picture is full of joy and sunshine, and again it is gloomy and dark; sometimes it is wise and serious, and again it is ridiculous and silly; but, depend upon it, there is always a special message for the better self in man.

Shakespeare IS — you say! All these present tenses, when he lived and worked three whole centuries ago! Nevertheless, Shakespeare IS — just as much alive today, in reality, as when he walked beside the sweet and shady Avon, or slaved and worried and acted and wrote at the old Globe Theater in London-town. For the Real Man is what the mind says to us and what the heart feels for us, is it not? Then let us see if this royal lover of humanity and all creatures is not living and loving still in the immortal word-pictures that he painted, his heart still beating in time and tune with all great gentle impulses.

He is an artist, this Shakespeare, which is the same as saying that he has the power to create another world — in truth, he did create many others — into which you and I may go, and come out never quite the same. Our hearts are just a little warmer; our brains are clearer — more in tune than before with the brotherly keynote in life, and more out of tune with what is unbrotherly and bad.

Some of his pictures stir us through their black and terrible shadows, as Richard III, the wicked Claudius in *Hamlet*, Iago the fearful destroyer of happiness, Goneril and Regan (King Lear's unnatural daughters) and many others. And sometimes he moves us through tender pity, as in his pictures of the good and persecuted Hermione, beautiful weak Ophelia, pure and lovely Desdemona, strong sweet Cordelia, and the rest. And then again he turns on the floods of inside laughter — that always seem to be gathering inside our souls, in some strange way, and leave us so much cleaner when they have washed over us, rush-and-pour, pell-mell! So he did when he created Falstaff in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* (not just the same Falstaff we know in *Henry IV* and *V*, by the way) and the stupid Dogberry, and that rogue of rogues, Autolycus, and Bottom the Weaver with Flute and Snout and Starveling, in their play of 'Pyramus and Thisbe,' and the two Dromios, and —

but the list is a long one! Shakespeare believed in wholesome laughter.

"I had rather have a fool to make me merry," he makes the gentle Rosalind say, in *As You Like It*, "than experience to make me sad."



Which brings us right to the heart of our subject — *As You Like It*, and the tender human lessons in that play, which is filled with pictures that are great lessons in kindness and brotherly good-will. There is Celia's sweet tenderness for Rosalind, whose father's unjust banishment made her sad. There is Rosalind's unselfish thought for Celia when the two girls are wandering with good Touchstone in the forest, lest Celia lose heart should she know of Rosalind's fatigue. There is the warm-hearted unselfishness of Touchstone himself, a fool wearing a motley garb, but a king at heart. There is Adam the faithful servant who goes out into the world with penniless Orlando when he might have re-

"WAS THAT MY MISTRESS' VOICE?"

mained with Orlando's wicked brother in comfort. No wonder Orlando tells him that he is not "for the fashion of these times," when none toil but for promotion or some gain,

O good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!

What a beautiful lesson, too, in the picture of the good Duke who, robbed of his noble rights and his estate by a wicked brother, lives, with only a few faithful followers, in privation in the wilds of the Forest of Arden, and yet is grateful for the sweet uses of adversity,

Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;

rejoicing in the open, sincere life of Nature that

Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Amiens, too, is there, generously making them forget, with his echo-

ing songs, their discomfort in their forest exile, when subjected to —

The season's difference; as, the icy fang,
And churlish biting of the winter's wind.

Nor must we overlook "the melancholy Jacques!" Even he has a place in the play, which seems so out of all tune with his obstinate grump and gloom — a right appropriate place, too, because of his compassion for the wounded deer.

This picture stands out with a special pathos and beauty, for the good Duke and his men, although dependent on the forest for their daily food, grieve that they have to take the life even of a few of the four-footed creatures that live beside them. But let Shakespeare tell us about it, first in the words of the Duke himself:

Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools —
Being native burghers of this desert city —
Should in their own confines, with forkèd heads
Have their round haunches gor'd.

To this one of the Duke's loyal followers makes reply:

Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jacques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
Today, my lord of Amiens, and myself,
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting: and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much markèd of the melancholy Jacques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

DUKE: But what said Jacques?

Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1st LORD: O, yes, into a thousand similes.

... swearing that we

Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse

To fright the animals, and to kill them up,

In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

How can such a picture fail to wake up in our hearts a still more tender love for these dumb brothers of ours, who should have our love to speak for them, since they cannot speak for themselves! Ten hours

of sermonizing could never drive into our hearts the simple truth that 'brotherhood is a fact in Nature' as Shakespeare does in just a few lines. That is the artist's way. Instead of talking *about* an idea, he creates you one. There it is before you, a new world for you to live in, if it is new, or a widening of the old one, if it is not. And you? You weigh



DEMONSTRATING THAT 'BROTHERHOOD IS A FACT IN NATURE'

heavier in the scale-pan on the side of humanity and the heart, from that time on: on the side of all that makes life tender and true. And how it ever happens, you do not know — only, *it does*. That shows what Shakespeare is.

There are many references throughout Shakespeare's plays to our brothers of the earth and air. Birds, in particular, are always fluttering through them, like petals shaken earthward by a breeze: from the lark, "who is the herald of the morn," to the shrieking owl, "the fatal bellman," who startled Macbeth's guilty soul.

The cock that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day,

is in several of these royal dramas, while the "snowy dove," and the mother swan with her "downy cygnets" fly in, bringing with them delicate thoughts of home-building, peace and tender mother-care.

The little wren, "the most diminutive of birds," is quoted in *Macbeth* as a model of devotion and courage in protecting her helpless young from danger; the raven flies down with hoarse warning in the same play.

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements,

as also does the owl. And there, too,

This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his lov'd mansionry that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here. . . .

It is as though Shakespeare sought to accentuate by contrast the bloody, dark ambitions that haunt this play, the cruelty and the ingratitude under Macbeth's towers, by sweet touches of tenderness in pictures of happy birds. That makes the high lights sing out, however, and a great painter would do just so.

Robin, hawk and swallow — there they are — and wild geese, too, and the proud but kindly eagle who, in *Titus Andronicus*,

. . . suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby.

But more than all, I think, does Shakespeare love the lark. In one of his poems is this little picture, a whole vista of morning-dewiness and sunrise-brightness and silver song in four simple lines:

Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty.

And who does not love that Song in *Cymbeline*, beginning:

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies!

This is one way of teaching, and Katherine Tingley has said that it is one of the noblest ways, perhaps the very noblest of all. For to paint a picture is to set an example, you see, only in another way — the only possible way in many things. This is why the Râja-Yoga children in Lomaland all study Shakespeare and love him, too.

A great many very large books have been written about Shakespeare and his plays, and some very learned men have spent the best part of their lives in trying to find out his secret. Some say his real secret will never be found. But Râja-Yoga students throughout the world do not agree with this, for they know *the secret lies in the heart*. Love is king there — love for everyone and for all of God's creatures. G. K.

A MAN OF MANY TALENTS



Head of David
by Michelangelo

TALY has been peculiarly blessed with men of genius, and pre-eminent among her great artists stands Michelangelo Buonarroti, famous as a poet, painter, architect and sculptor. He was born in 1475, of an honorable though poor family, and was entrusted very early to the care of a stonecutter's wife, so that from his tenderest years the love of chisel and stone was fostered in him.

When young Buonarroti went to school, his longing for painters and their workshops was his strongest desire. His father at first opposed his son's inclination towards an artistic career, but finally apprenticed him to Domencio del Ghirlandajo. This master showed him the shops of the other painters, gave him models to copy, and grounded him in the principles of his art.

After a time the boy surpassed his master. Michelangelo had copied one of the latter's pictures, that of St. Angelo, in which some fish were depicted. In his ardor the boy-artist went to the fish-market to study the scales of fish. The result was that his copy was a great improvement upon the original, so that Ghirlandajo refused to give his pupil any more of his drawings to copy, being in fear of his own reputation.

When Michelangelo was sixteen he left his master's shop, and our next picture of him discloses him wandering through the gardens of Lorenzo de' Medici in Florence, where was placed that art-patron's collection of antiquities. The story of how he met Lorenzo in these gardens is worth repeating.

Some workmen were there, clumsily cutting some new beautiful marble. Michelangelo watched them and longed to try his hand too. Finally a rather large piece of stone was cut off and he asked for it. Procuring a chisel and mallet, he took his stand in front of a marble fawn that had pleased him. His future patron happened to pass as the work was being completed, and was attracted by the intense seriousness of the young artist. He suggested some slight improvement, and on returning was so pleased to find that Michelangelo had corrected the error pointed out to him that he took him into his own household. There the great art-master of the future had every opportunity for study and improvement, for his patron gathered men of genius of every stamp at his court, and there Michelangelo became acquainted with Greek philosophy and poetry, of which he was so fond in later life, and there he was associated with the greatest men of his day in the domain of art, literature and science.

His work now commenced in earnest. At first he worked as a sculptor, producing his masterpieces — *David*, *Moses* and *Madonna and Child*. As a painter he was also a master, as is testified by the wonderful frescos on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel in Rome, the most important mural paintings of the modern world. Therein are depicted scenes illustrating Biblical characters and stories, such as the *Creation*, the *Flood* and the *Last Judgment*. There are also figures taken from Greek and Roman mythology. As the Chapel is very large, 133 feet long and 45 feet wide, the painting of the ceiling was a gigantic task, as it forms an unbroken composition containing hundreds of figures, either life-size or colossal in stature.

Michelangelo led a very solitary life. The greater part of his time was naturally spent in his workshop, but he never cared for society and merrymaking. He found his greatest joy in creating his marble master-pieces and in reading the great poets. His entire career was marked by a love of all noble things, and his high ideals made his life pure and worthy.

He was a tireless worker, taking a world of pains with the smallest details, working late at night alone in his shop, and yet never satisfied with the work of his hands.

One of the most beautiful chapters in the life of the great master was his friendship with Vittoria Colonna. This beautiful and virtuous lady was the center of a group of many persons of genius, and she and the great sculptor were the closest and truest friends. They both wrote poetry and read their sonnets to each other, sitting at the close of day at the feet of one of the all-but-speaking figures that he had called forth from stone. His portrait of her now hangs in the Casa Buonarroti, in Florence.



MICHELANGELO BUONARROTI

All of Michelangelo's work is stamped with his own powerful and large ideals of grandeur and strength: nothing that he did is petty or mean. He was large-hearted, and his great mind expressed itself most easily in



THE ISLAND AND CASTLE OF ISCHIA, HOME OF VITTORIA COLONNA
MICHELANGELO'S FRIEND

works of large size and impressive character. When one looks at his masterpieces, whether done with chisel or brush, one cannot help but bow one's head in reverence to the genius and in respect to the man. Two sayings of the Master are indexes of his character; they are:

Perfection is made up of trifles, but perfection itself is no trifle.

Nothing makes the soul so pure, so holy, so religious as the desire to create something perfect.



PUT THIS AWAY ON ONE OF THE SHELVES OF MEMORY'S STOREHOUSE

Pray let each moment ring out in a song of gladness to the world, because you are moving on an upward path.

Self-conquest is your goal. Try to live nobly, and learn to love all the world's children. Thus you can serve them and find sweet peace.

KATHERINE TINGLEY

GLOOSCAAP — AN INDIAN LEGEND

Where is Glooscaap? There's a legend of that savior of the West,
The benign one, whose all-wisdom loved beasts well, though men the best,
Whom the tribes of Minas leaned on, and their villages had rest.



THE northern countries of both the Old and the New World have many legends of great heroes, kings and helpers, who, when their work among men was done, bade their followers farewell and sailed away alone in their boats, leaving their sorrowing people on the shore to watch the sails until they vanished. You all know about Hiawatha, I am sure; but how many of you have heard of Glooscaap?

Glooscaap was the teacher and protector of the tribes of Indians who dwelt near Minas Basin in Nova Scotia, not far from the place which long after was the home of Evangeline, the Acadian maiden. Glooscaap watched over his people, and in times of need would come forth from a magic forest with his wonder-working bow and save them from every danger.

One summer night, when all the strong men of a village were away on a hunting trip, a band of enemies approached stealthily. The helpless women and children were stricken with terror, for though they were warned that foes were near, they could not defend themselves against the fierce warriors. They ran to their canoes, hoping to escape. Just as the canoes were being pushed off from the shore, Glooscaap appeared among them, bearing his magic bow. He soothed them and bade them return to their homes.

When the enemies drew near the forest on their way to attack the village, they felt a stupor stealing over them and lay down to sleep, thinking to surprise the village at dawn. But, as they slept, Glooscaap stood near. With a wave of his bow he brought down upon the war-band a heavy frost, so severe that they were frozen stiff.

In the morning when Glooscaap went out to look over the camp, he found them so, but he found something else. The warriors had carried with them a captive — a woman, with a little child. Such was the magic of Glooscaap's bow that the mother and child had slept all night unharmed, untouched by the biting frost. The hero's weapon, the wonder-bow, had no power to hurt the innocent.

Another legend of Glooscaap has to do with the draining of Minas Basin. In earliest times the whole country about there was a great pond, dammed up by a powerful beaver. It is told that Glooscaap threw five islands at the beaver and broke his dam and made an opening to the sea. Certainly the Five Islands are there to this day, just where he is said to have thrown them. You can see them for yourself.

An evil day came at last, when the people no longer listened to Glooscaap, when both men and beasts turned from the good old ways.

Then one day Glooscaap made a feast on the shore. No men were bidden to the feast; but bears and wolves, birds and hares, all animals, wild and harmless alike, were gathered there and were fed by Glooscaap himself. No strife marked that meeting; but Glooscaap told them that he must leave them that very day.

At sunset he set forth in his canoe. The wind was still, but his sail was spread and the canoe moved away to the West. Glooscaap stood, singing, at the mast. When he had vanished and his voice was heard no more, there was still a track of light on the water.

The beasts on the shore looked to one another for comfort and consolation, but none came; for, strange to say, not one of them could understand the other's speech, nor have they to this day been able to do this as before.

Such are the legends of Glooscaap, told by the poets of the country where he dwelt, who "loved beasts well, though men the best." B. N.

THE ORIGIN OF THE TOMATO

THERE is no doubt that the tomato is indigenous to America. Exactly where it originated is a mooted question. The name seems to be of Aztec origin, given by some as *tomatl* and by others as *xitomate*. The word still exists in names of Mexican towns, such as Tomatlan, Tomatepec, etc. Humboldt states that the plant was cultivated for its fruit by Mexican natives long before the Spanish conquest, while Alphonse de Candolle, in his *Origin of Cultivated Plants*, arrives at the conclusion that the plant and its culture for edible purposes originated in Peru, and thence spread to other sections of the Americas. At any rate, it had been known and cultivated extensively in these countries for centuries before the Columbian discovery, and there is little doubt that many of the plants seen and described by the European invaders as wild species were really cultivated varieties originated by the Indians by crossing of selected species. Botanically the common tomato belongs to the order *Solanaceae* and the genus *Lycopersicon*, the species which is usually cultivated for food purposes being named *esculentum*. The designation of the genus, derived from *lykos*, a wolf, and *perisca*, a peach, had its origin in the supposed aphrodisiacal qualities and in the real beauty of the fruit of the vegetable.— *Bulletin of the Pan-American Union* (Washington, D. C.)

STRANGE FLOWERS AT HOME AND ABROAD

FLOWERS are among the loveliest and the most generously given of Nature's gifts. Think what a dreary place the earth would be without flowers. They grow all over the world, in every land, and it is a most fascinating study to learn about them, and to investigate the various kinds that are found in different countries far and near.

Let us look at some little-known representatives of the botanical kingdom. We shall begin at home and then take a look at one or two other countries.

FLOWERS OF MOUNT RAINIER, STATE OF WASHINGTON

In 1912 *The Geographical Magazine* published an article about Mount Rainier (also called Mount Tacoma) of the Cascade Range in the State of Washington, which rises to an elevation of 14,526 feet. The description of the flowers to be found on the slopes of this mountain is most interesting. Heather grows plentifully. Some of it is white, with delicate bell-like blossoms, red sepals and green foliage. It is much like the Scotch heather. Another variety is rose-colored, or, as some people call it, purple. Its flowers are large and make a beautiful contrast against the green verdure all around. A curious thing about this variety is the pollen, which turns gray at one period.

Cowslips are also found there, but are rare. They are pale yellow, with deep-colored stamens. They are among the first flowers to appear.

The gentian is one of the dearest flowers of Mount Rainier. It is so blue! The petals shade from a light cobalt blue at the edges to a deeper, more purple blue toward the base. The stems are often wine-colored. Sometimes fifteen or twenty flowers will grow on one stalk.

Anemones are also found in great abundance. They are fairly large and a delicate cream in color, with a purple shade coming in as they grow old. The stamens are yellow.

Asters and avalanche lilies are very abundant and cover the hillsides



AVALANCHE LILIES

The accompanying illustrations, including the full-page picture, are from photos by Prof. J. B. Flett.

like great masses of snow. The aster is a beautiful golden-hearted blossom with purple petals, and is delicately perfumed.



ALPINE PHLOX ON MT. RAINIER

The valerian and phlox are two other delicate flowers common in this region. Both bear dainty white blossoms, the latter sometimes appearing in shades of lilac, however.

Among the shrubs found upon Mount Rainier, the mountain-rhododendron is conspicuous. Its leaves are light green, bright and glossy, making charming backgrounds for the wax-like white or pale lemon-colored flowers, which are bell-shaped.

The Indian paint-brush is very attractive with its bright shades of pink and red, and is conspicuous among the other flowers.

One of the strange plants of this region is the basket-lily, which grows to a height of four feet. During the flowering season the stock bears scores of white creamy flowers like little tubes. The Indians weave its leaves into various articles of ornament and utility.

SOME PLANT-CURIOSITIES OF AFRICA

Africa is a country of strange plants. Many rare and beautiful species of orchids are found there, and some of the most curious trees in the world are natives of this continent. For instance, there are trees that produce sugar, chocolate, wine, bread, butter and cheese, each its own particular speciality. The *karite* or butter-tree has a seed which furnishes the natives with butter; its fruit resembles a peach, and is so sweet that candy is made of it. The *baobab* or monkey-bread tree has large white flowers five inches in diameter. A certain tree is called the 'flour-tree,' for its large pods contain a yellow flour. The bark of another tree is used as cloth.

Among the showy trees of Africa may be mentioned the tree-heathers, which grow to a height of twelve to fifteen feet, and are of many colors, though red is the commonest. The golden laburnum flourishes luxuriantly in Africa; likewise orchids, maidenhair ferns and mosses, one of the latter being a deep rose or orange in hue. Then too, many of our well-known

flowers are to be seen in Africa, such as the daisy, buttercup, daffodil, iris, myrtle and arbutus. Luxuriant ferns are likewise abundant, and the swamps are often covered with papyrus; while clove trees with their bright red flowers are a common sight.

IN 'THE LAND OF THE CHERRY-BLOSSOM'

Japan might rightly be called the 'Paradise of Flowers'—not that its flora is any more beautiful than that of some other countries, but because of the reverence paid flowers by the Japanese. This poetic people love flowers, and they plan the most charming festivals in the world for their favorites. The cherry blossom is their most beloved flower, and this tree is planted everywhere; when long avenues lined with them burst into bloom, it is truly a sight to behold. There are, indeed, delicate pink clouds in view on every side, and the national parks and palace grounds are particularly beautiful during cherry-blossom time.

The wisteria is like a purple haze when it blooms. Seen hanging in yards of filmy beauty over pools of quiet water in those inimitable Japanese gardens, it makes one glad to know there is a people who still have time to love Nature as a whole nation.

The Japanese iris is another beautiful flower, being often as much as a foot across. It blooms in various colors, such as white, red, blue, yellow and purple, or else in variegated effects that are fascinating.

But the lotus is, perhaps, the greatest favorite with the Japanese, who regard it as an emblem of purity, chastity and inspiration.

THE QUEEN OF SOUTH AMERICAN FLOWERS

We will consider but one flower from South America; that is, the *Victoria Regia*, the largest lily that grows. Its blossoms are sometimes two feet across, white and fragrant when they first open, but turning to a rose and then a deep red until they close and withdraw under the water. Sometimes the flowers have both red and white petals, and then the effect is most beautiful. They are nocturnal and open but twice, on successive evenings. But the leaves of this gigantic waterlily are perhaps the most wonderful feature of this plant. They are circular in shape, with an up-turned rim several inches in height, and are from six to twelve feet in diameter. The tissue is full of air-spaces and canals, thus rendering the leaf very buoyant, so that it will support from one to two hundred pounds.

This magnificent waterlily was discovered by Haenke in Bolivia in 1801. The first flower that bloomed in England was presented to Queen Victoria, in whose honor the plant was appropriately named. KATE

ARCHITECTURAL STYLES AND THEIR MEANING

XXVI — MOSLEM SYRIA AND EGYPT



VERY soon after the rise of the Mohammedan religion mosques were built in Syria, of which the covered part resembled the Christian basilica churches. The arcades of pointed arches gave these buildings a distinct likeness to Gothic churches of six hundred years later. The pointed arch,

as we have already learned, was known for ages in the Orient, though seldom used before the Mohammedans appropriated it. The great mosque at Jerusalem, built by Abd-el-maschud in A. D. 691, the Mohammedan equivalent of the Christian basilica, has many pointed arches, but the whole is of little architectural interest. The principal feature in a mosque is not presented. In fact it is merely a copy of the churches of the day to the change in

It should be noted that the Mohammedans were so very just that they did not destroy the Christian churches of Jerusalem. They built their own mosques for themselves. Throughout nearly all of Egypt have been distinct degrees of toleration

beliefs of conquered peoples. It is a well-known fact that in Egypt they have always permitted the Coptic Christians to worship in their own churches, even during the time the Crusaders were trying to destroy the faith of Islam.

When we examine Moslem architecture in Egypt we find that the great mosques of Cairo stand high in rank amongst the most beautiful and stately buildings in the world. For several hundred years there was a true reincarnation of the ancient greatness of Egyptian architecture. Why may not some of the famous master-builders of the Pharaohs have returned to the scene of their former triumphs to revive the splendor of art and architecture under the Mohammedan Caliphs?



MOSQUE OF SENGAR EL
GAWALY, CAIRO

learned, was known in the Orient, though seldom used before the Mohammedans appropriated it. The great mosque at Jerusalem, built by Abd-el-maschud in A. D. 691, the Mohammedan equivalent of the Christian basilica, has many pointed arches, but the whole is of little architectural interest. The principal feature in a mosque is not presented. In fact it is merely a copy of the churches of the day to the change in

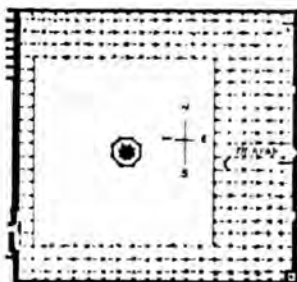
We may divide the Mosque Architecture of Egypt into the early (seventh to twelfth century) and the late (twelfth to fifteenth century).



GENERAL VIEW OF MOSQUE OF IBN TULÛN, CAIRO

After the fifteenth century there was a sad falling off, and the modern work is very poor indeed.

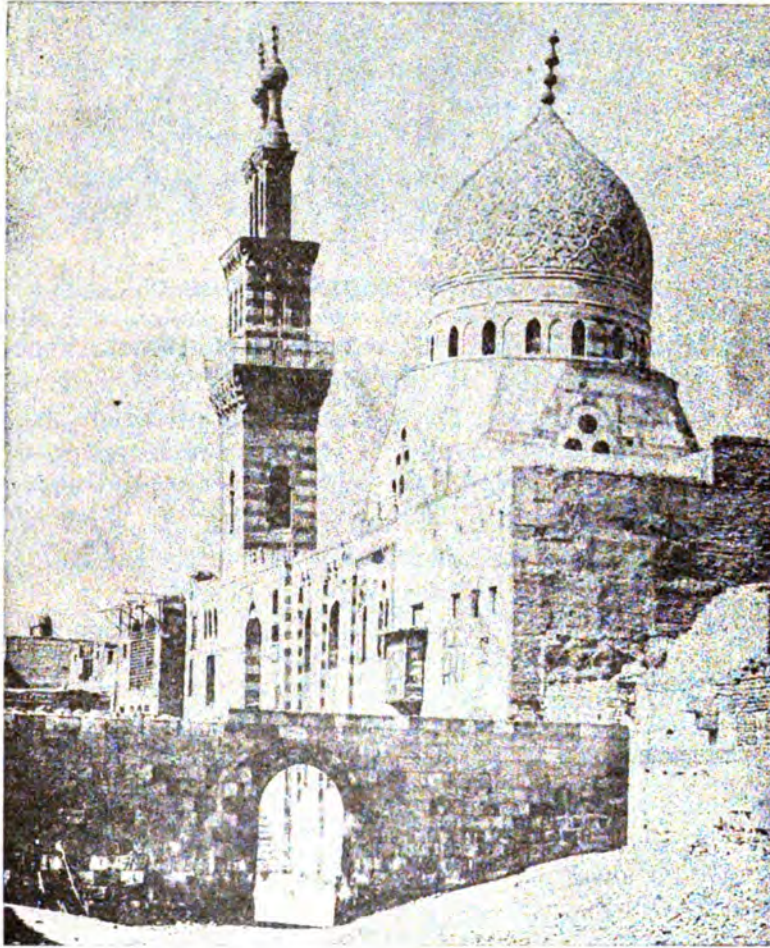
The early mosques consist of an open square court, surrounded by low buildings of one story in height. A fountain of purification stands in or near the middle of the open court. The buildings on the side towards the holy city of Mecca always cover more room than those on the other three sides. They form a spacious prayer-hall and contain the preaching pulpit and the niche (*mihrab*) which marks the direction of Mecca so that worshippers can turn that way. The general view of the mosque of Ibn Tulûn shows the courtyard (a very large one in cases of pointed arches and a small tower, called clearly seen in the far plain one and is probably the earliest of these structures still in existence. The Coptic architect of the mosque wanted to rob the ancient temples of the 600



Plan of Mosque of 'Amr

fortunately for posterity, Sultan Ibn Tulûn was a man of culture and had a true scholar's reverence for the great works of antiquity, so he forbade the vandalism. A bright idea thereupon struck the architect, who substituted brick piers covered with the marvelous Arabian cement which is as indestructible as stone. The result was a success, and the mosque is original in design and beautiful in detail; its windows display remarkable elegance and originality of design. It was built about A. D. 879.

An earlier mosque at Cairo, that of 'Amr, is built upon the same general plan, the chief difference being that instead of the arches resting on solid, more or less square piers, they are supported by 245 columns taken from Roman and Byzantine buildings. The arches of this very



MOSQUE OF EMIR AKHÛR, CAIRO

early mosque (seventh and eighth century) show the 'horseshoe' shape, afterwards such a prominent feature in Moslem architecture.

The low, single-storied early Egyptian mosques have nothing to attract attention outside; their beauty is confined to the interior decoration of the arcades. But when we approach the twelfth century a great difference is seen. High buildings, often of several stories, stately domes, great vaulted halls, and tall, elegant minarets dominate the open court with its purification fountain; and all these architectural

features are richly decorated in colored patterns and raised ornaments. The mosque of Emir Akhûr, illustrates several of these features.

In late the tomb of er is placed ate chapel, dome being nal mark of burial place. as in the Sultan Bar- are two mor- pels, the se- for the Sul-

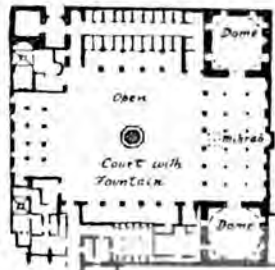


MOSQUE OF BARKÛK, CAIRO

other members of the family. The plan and elevation of the mosque of Sultan Barkûk, illustrated on this page, and the view of part of the interior will make clear the general principles of design on which the finest mosques of the later period of Egyptian architecture were built. The change from the simple, early type is very apparent when this plan is compared with that of the mosque of 'Amr. In some of the later mosques — such as the magnificent one of Sultan Hassan (1356), the absence of columns in the courtyard is noticeable.

In the mosque of Has- open in each face of the is covered with tunnel- about 90 feet high. The are more than 100 feet in did dome; and one of the the largest in Cairo, per-

Probably no towers of have ever been built than Cairo. The minaret of



Plan of same

san four enormous niches square court; each niche vaults of pointed form, walls of this open court height; there is a splen- minarets is 280 feet high, haps in the world.

greater beauty of design the finest minarets of Kalaun's mosque, a pic- ture of the upper part of which was given in the RĀJA-YOGA MES- SENDER for March, is generally admitted to be the most beautiful in the Moslem East. A system of ornament called bracketing is shown in this picture; it is made of brick and cement and is used to pass from the square to the circle and to carry the projecting upper parts. The same bracketing (called 'stalactite' ornament) is used inside domed cham- bers for the purpose of passing from the square shape of the hall to the circle of the base of the dome. It forms a 'pendentive' (see Chapter XXII for the explanation of the pendentive of a dome) or filling for the corners where the dome is unsupported by the side walls, as in St. Sophia.

er mosques the Found- in a separ- a towering the exter- his revered Sometimes, mosque of kûk, there tuary cha- cond being tana or the

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT RUSSIA



WRITER in *Machinery* (New York) for November last has something interesting to say about the commercial awakening of Russia, that great country which comprises one-seventh of the earth's land-surface.

Her foreign markets having been cut off by the war, Russia has been compelled to turn to her practically undeveloped natural resources, which are very great. In consequence of this, a great industrial development has begun in the land of the Russ.

The following, from the article in question, indicates the possibilities of such development as already attained in one field alone — the mining industries.

In Natural resources Russia is perhaps one of the richest countries in the world. The Ural mountains are said to contain about every known metal; while the Altai and Caucasian mountains, as well as other parts of the Empire, are veritable storehouses of minerals. . . . so great is the mineral wealth of the country that in 1911 Russia ranked first in the production of platinum; second in the production of petroleum, asbestos and manganese ores; fifth in the production of gold; seventh in the production of copper and asphalt; and eighth in the production of iron. It produced nearly all of the world's supply of platinum and approximately one-fifth of the supply of petroleum. The iron ores from South Russia are said to be the finest in Europe; some of the ore analyzing seventy per cent iron. The gold ores found in the Urals also supply much of the wolframite, osmium, tantalum and iridium used in the manufacture of electric lamps.

The lack of railroads is Russia's one great need for the adequate development of her immense resources. On the other hand, her system of artificial waterways is amazing. This was developed early in the last century and comprises 'canalized' rivers and 1125 miles of artificial canals. By means of this system of waterways the Baltic and Black Seas, as well as the Caspian, Baltic and White Seas are connected. To rightly understand what that means, get your geographies out, boys and girls, and look on the map of Russia for those bodies of water; then you will appreciate better what this system of waterways means to the country. Then too, in addition to this network of canals in European Russia, there is in Siberia the great Ob-Yenisei waterway system, which is 3650 miles in length.

Another interesting thing about Russia is the great number of fairs which are held annually, it being estimated that as many as 16,000 take place each year. At such fairs all the buying and selling is done for the twelvemonth, as it is too difficult for the people to gather oftener, because of the sparsely settled state of the country, the poverty of the majority of the population, and the lack of communication. It has been calculated that as much as \$500,000,000 is the total amount of the sales made at these 16,000 fairs, of which there are some that have attained national importance and are attended by hundreds of thousands of persons. R.

A RÂJA-YOGA PLAYGROUND



DEAR Boys and Girls: All Point Loma is one vast playground, and Nature has arranged it most conveniently. Whether you wish to play on the hills, in the canyons, on the 'mesas' (as level or gently sloping country is called in the Southwest), or on the beach at the seaside, you can reach any of these by a short walk from the school buildings; or you can go to a distant spot for an afternoon outing. Would you like to hear about 'Cojita and the Brownies' playground'?

During the winter rains large quantities of sand are washed down the canyons of Lomaland. At the foot of these the sand has formed a convenient playground for both the young folk and the wild creatures. Indeed, there seems to be a perfect understanding between the Râja-Yoga children and Mother Nature's wee shy folk that this is common property and is for the use of all. In the morning it is populous with quails and rabbits, which may be seen there from sunrise until early afternoon. Then the 'Brownies' (as we like to call the youngest Râja-Yoga children, after Palmer Cox's Brownies) take their places and play in the warm, clean sand. In the evening, if you are very still and patient, you may see the cottontails at their dancing.

Shall I tell you about one of the most frequent visitors, a quail? We named her 'Cojita' on account of an unfortunate limp which hindered her walking. One day we met her with her brood of little ones, which we judged to be only a few days old. The minute they saw us the little birds hid under a sage bush, and Cojita flew to a distant one and kept calling and trying to attract our attention away from her babies. But we had seen them go into the bush, so we decided to watch until they came out. After waiting about fifteen minutes we noticed that the mother quail was keeping very quiet, and we wondered why. As the young quails had not come from their hiding-place, we decided to search the bush. This we did thoroughly, but without results. The cunning mother must have taken her babies away so quietly that we had not heard them.



A few days later we met them again on the hillside, but this time she treated us rather indifferently. Can you guess why? Because now her young ones could fly and take

care of themselves. We had great respect for Cojita on account of the way she kept with her flock in spite of her limp. She was a brave little bird and could have taught many humans how to carry a burden cheerfully.

In the springtime this sandy open spot is surrounded by wild flowers and tall weeds very convenient to hide little fluffy quails and hoppity bunnies in, when suspicious humans come in sight suddenly. For Mamma Quail will not trust even Râja-Yogas with her precious ones, and will let you get only just so close. Even the rabbits are timid at first, but if you do not molest them, they soon lose their shyness and in time become almost too bold, and try one's patience, especially when they come into the garden and nibble the young shoots just appearing above the ground. But how can we blame them when we stop to think that is their nature?

In the winter months this playground looks deserted and uninteresting, as compared with the spring and summer days. But on the return of spring we meet again our furred and feathered friends, who afford us much pleasure and many an hour of interesting study.

Well, good-bye, boys and girls; I must be going. Your friend, M.

THE ALBATROSSES OF LAYSAN ISLAND



Of the fifty or more of our wild bird refuges, Laysan Island Reservation is one of the largest and most important. It was established by President Roosevelt in 1909, and consists of a number of small islands, reefs and shoals that stretch westward from the Hawaiian Islands for a distance of about 1500 miles towards Japan. Laysan Island itself is three miles long by one and a half broad, and is nowhere more than thirty feet above the level of the sea. In the center there is a lagoon.

It is reckoned that a million sea-birds and waders used to resort to this reservation annually to raise their young or to rest while migrating, but a few years ago feather-hunters began to land and destroy the birds; in 1909 some 200,000 were killed, mainly albatrosses. Twenty-three poachers and their plunder, consisting of more than 250,000 birds, were captured by the U. S. revenue cutter *Thetis* in 1910. Great efforts have since been made to prevent further destruction, but the difficulties have been very great.

Several kinds of sea-birds make their home at Laysan Island, but the

albatross is the most numerous. This is the largest of all sea-birds, sometimes being four feet long, with a wing-expanse of seventeen feet, and a weight of twenty-five pounds. It frequently accompanies a ship for days, so great is its strength, and it never alights on the water during these long flights. It is said to sleep while flying, but this is doubtful. It belongs to the order Natatores, and is closely allied to the Gulls and Petrels. The natives of Kamchatka eat its flesh, but it is hard and unsavory. Sailors have a peculiar affection for the albatross and object to killing it. Everyone knows *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* by Coleridge, which fancifully treats of the ill-luck that pursued the man who killed an albatross with his crossbow.

The albatrosses that nest on Laysan indulge in a most curious dance to while away their leisure hours. The following extract from an article by Mr. W. K. Fisher, a naturalist who visited Laysan Island and carefully studied these birds, gives some extraordinary facts about their intelligence. He says:

At first two birds approach one another, bowing profoundly and treading heavily. They swagger about each other, nodding and courtseying solemnly, then suddenly begin to fence a little, crossing bills and whetting them together, sometimes with a whistling sound, meanwhile pecking and dropping stiff little bows. Then the first bird bows once and, pointing its beak upward, utters a prolonged nasal *Ah-h-h*. When this song is being uttered the companion loudly and rapidly snaps its bill. Then both birds raise their heads in air, and emit their ridiculous groans, this figure representing in some cases the finale to several dances. When they have finished they begin bowing to each other again, rapidly and alternately, and presently repeat the performance, the birds often reversing their rôle. The movements are executed in perfect unison, with a sort of military precision, and this fact much enhances the extraordinary effect. I have counted as many as twenty-five couples dancing at once.

Sometimes when a number were busily engaged in their antics I have walked carefully among them, and have begun to bow very low, imitating as nearly as possible their movements. They would stop and gaze at me in astonishment, but recovering their usual equanimity almost at once, would gravely return a few bows, and walk around me in a puzzled manner, as if wondering what sort of creature I was.

Even at night, when the moon was bright, these strange creatures continued their dance, which seems to be their expression of joy in living.

The albatrosses spend about ten months of the year at Laysan Island, to which they flock just before the winter storms set in; in July the most venturesome of the young birds follow their parents on short journeys to sea, fishing for squids, on which they chiefly live. By August the birds have scattered far and wide over the expanse of the Pacific Ocean. J. R.



JOY is the mainspring in the whole round of everlasting nature; joy moves the wheels of the great time-piece of the world; she it is that loosens flowers from their buds, suns from firmaments, rolling spheres in distant space seen not by the glass of the astronomer.—Schiller

THE DOG

(Man's Faithful Friend)

I 'VE never known a dog to wag
His tail in glee he didn't feel.
Nor quit his old-time friend to tag
At some more influential heel.
The yellowest cur I ever knew.
Was, to the boy who loved him,
true.

I've never known a dog to show
Halfway devotion to his friend.
To seek a kinder man to know,
Or richer, but unto the end
The humblest dog I ever knew
Was, to the man that loved him,
true.

I've never known a dog to fake
Affection for a present gain,
A false display of love to make,
Some little favor to attain.
I've never known a Prince or Spot
That seemed to be what he was not.

But I have known a dog to fight
With all his strength to shield
a friend,
And whether wrong or whether right,
To stick with him until the end.
And I have known a dog to lick
The hand of him that men would kick.

And I have known a dog to bear
Starvation's pangs from day to
day
With him who had been glad to share
His bread and meat along the way.
No dog, however mean or rude,
Is guilty of ingratitude.

The dog is listed with the dumb,
No voice has he to speak his creed,
His messages to humans come
By faithful conduct and by deed.
He shows, as seldom mortals do,
A high ideal of being true.—*Selected*

ICE-FLOWERS OF THE ANTARCTIC



APTAIN ROBERT F. SCOTT, in his book *The Voyage of 'The Discovery,'* describing the wonders of that mysterious land at the 'bottom of the globe'—the ice-clad continent of Antarctica, tells of the appearance of ice-flowers on Easter morning in the neighborhood of the South Pole.

Think what Easter would be without flowers! Then we can better realize the feelings of these explorers in that far-away, desolate land when, by a strange coincidence, they awoke on Easter morning to find themselves in what appeared to be a field of most gorgeous flowers. —But let Captain Scott tell his own story:

March 30 (Easter Sunday) . . . This is a season of flowers, and behold! they have sprung up about us as by magic — very beautiful ice-flowers, waxen white in the shadow, but radiant with prismatic colors, where the sun rays light on their delicate petals. It was a phenomenon

to be expected in the newly-frozen sea, but it is curious that they should come to their greatest perfection on this particular day. The ice is about five inches thick and free from snow; consequently the ice-flowers stand up clear-cut and perfect in form. In some places they occur thickly, with broad, delicate, feathery leaves; in others the dark, clear ice surface is visible, with only an occasional plant on it; in others, again, the plants assume a spiky appearance, being formed of innumerable small spicules.

It is now established that on the freezing of salt water much of the brine is mechanically excluded. Sea-ice is much less salt than the sea itself, and what salt remains is supposed only to be entangled in the frozen water. The amount of salt excluded seems to depend on the rate at which the ice is formed, and while some is excluded below the ice-surface, some is also pushed out above, and it is this that forms the ice-flowers.

THE TEACHING OF HISTORY



HEADMASTER, who was also a classical scholar, recently expressed his opinion that any classical scholar could teach history after a week's notice. A similar opinion was once given by an undergraduate, who said that the great thing about history was that it required no thinking. From these two ideas it seems quite possible, according to the opinions of these experts, that a classical scholar could teach history if he were given a week's notice.

Perhaps the extreme ignorance of history shown by some students could be explained by the fact that they have been taught by some classical scholars teaching history after a week's notice.

No doubt the kind of history meant by the headmaster could be taught in the above manner, because that kind of history does not require thinking. He evidently considers history as nothing more than a series of dates and facts to be learned by heart. It would take any scholar much longer than a week if he had to find out the causes for the different events which have occurred. One week would hardly enable him to explain the difficulties which confronted Oliver Cromwell, and the reasons for his comparative success and failure, and many other historical problems.

Every student is called upon to answer the questions where, when, how and why. Of these, 'when' is the most elementary. Dates are almost useless, unless one knows the rest of the particulars. The question 'where' is more important; but the question 'why' is the most profound, as it causes the student to think and think, and to gain knowledge. F. C.



LORD CHESTERFIELD'S ADVICE

KNOW the value of time; snatch, seize, and enjoy every moment of it. Let there be no idleness, no laziness, no procrastination: never put off till tomorrow what you can do today.

"THE LIVES OF GREAT MEN ALL REMIND US"

THE following, gleaned from "High Lights in the Lives of Great Masters," in the January *Étude*, enables us to form some idea of the greatness of Beethoven's character.

As a boy he was very timid and docile, and cared nothing for boy's games.

He was a hard taskmaster to himself, and seems to have practised unrelentingly self-criticism and revision of his ideas: 'Polish, polish, polish' appearing to have been his constant endeavor. He was seldom satisfied with his work; four separate settings of Goethe's *Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt* were written, and even then he did not know which was best. He made eighteen beginnings of one of his arias before he was satisfied. His first work did not appear until he was twenty-four.

Beethoven was a believer in self-help and independence. On one occasion when Moscheles had arranged Beethoven's opera *Fidelio* for the pianoforte and had written at the end *Finis — with God's help*, Beethoven added these words underneath: *O Man, help thyself*. Yet he was not irreligious.

He detested war.

He was a passionate lover of nature, and walked for hours daily, irrespective of the weather. "No man on earth can love the country as I do," he said.

He was an early riser, always being up by half-past five, and it is reported that he was in the habit of jumping out of bed humming, whistling and singing, at the same time beating time with his hands and feet.

His mind was so occupied constantly with great thoughts that he was awkward and bungling. Consequently he often spilled the ink over the piano keys, much to his discomfiture. For the same reason he was apt to be very absent-minded, sometimes throwing precious manuscripts on the floor to be picked up as waste paper. Once his cook used the MS of the *Mass* in D to wrap up some kitchen utensils, but fortunately it was discovered.

Like many another genius, he was exceedingly careless in his handwriting and his proofreading. He drove his copyists and publishers almost frantic trying to decipher his illegible writing.

He was indifferent to praise and cared nothing for fame. "I never thought of writing for fame and honor," he said. "What I have in my heart must come out when I write." He never expected applause; indeed, he was so deaf that he did not hear it. On the occasion of the first rendition of his *Ninth Symphony* in 1824 Fraülein Unger had to turn him around to see the enthusiasm of the audience, as he could not hear it.

it is easy to perceive in this a likeness to the camel. They are not, as a rule, found in any place but South Ecuador, Central Bolivia and Peru. The female gives birth to but one fawn in February, for which reason they do not increase as rapidly as some other animals.

The other wild species is the guanaco. It is of greater weight and larger than its relative the vicuña; a male is often four feet in height at his shoulder, and even seven or eight feet in length. The hair of the guanaco is light red, shading to almost white on the under parts. They are more widely spread over South America, inhabiting all the territory from Ecuador and Peru to Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego. In the mountains they often appear in herds of from 100 to 500 animals, and are wild and wary. Frequently their presence is revealed to the hunter only after they have seen him and uttered their loud neighing alarm-cry, which can be heard at a great distance.

A most astonishing fact to travelers is that on the banks of the Santa Cruz River, in certain places, great quantities of llama bones are seen under the bushes and even in the open. Darwin noted the fact without offering an explanation. "On one such spot," he says, "I counted between ten and twenty heads. I particularly examined the bones; they did not appear, as some scattered ones which I had seen, gnawed or broken, as if dragged together by beasts of prey. The animals in most cases must have crawled before dying beneath and amongst the bushes." An explanation of this has, however, been attempted by many students of animal life, but not until recently has anybody been able to give a satisfactory reason for this strange cemetery. The explanation is, that it is due to an inherited memory of a time when, under stress of exceptionally cold weather, the animals were compelled to shelter beneath the bushes growing in protected river-valleys and so when sickness assails one it withdraws from the herd, seeks out these remembered places of refuge, in many cases to die there.

The next species to be considered is the true llama, which, having been in the service of man for many centuries, is thoroughly domesticated. When the early Spanish conquerors came over, they found these animals used by the natives all over the continent — one of these early settlers relates that the natives employed the males in carrying silver ingots from the mine of Potosí, while the females were kept for their wool and fine flesh. No other animal could, at that time, be used, as none could traverse the slippery mountain roads or leap over dizzy precipices as well as the llama. Nowadays the donkey is being used as much as the llama for carrying purposes, since where the dangerous precipices used to be, man has spanned bridges, and instead of slippery bridle-paths on the sides of the mountain, there are now, in the more frequented parts, fine highways.

Of the four divisions of llamas, the alpaca is perhaps the best known.

It is not used as a beast of burden, but has been domesticated on account of its fine silky wool, which is frequently seen reaching almost to the ground. The usual color of the alpaca is dark brown or black, more often the latter color, which enables them to be seen from a great distance. It has been the common belief that the alpaca is descended from the wild vicuña; but this cannot be so, since in many features the alpaca is more like the guanaco than the vicuña. The alpacas are herded high up on the plateaus of Bolivia and Peru, and are not driven down to the villages until the time for shearing, which is done at regular intervals. STAFFAN K.

THE HILLS OF LOMALAND IN MAY

IN California most of the spring flowers are dead by the end of April, but the shrubs have just come into bloom, and there is brightness still on the hills. For yellow there are patches of the small dry yarrow; for red, the indian paint-brush; for purple, the wild four-o'clocks; and then there are the white, purple and orange forgetmenots that hide the dry ground. Evening primroses and the black-eyed-susan bushes are dying; but out of the dry grass come the lilac mariposa tulips, and once in a while the yellow ones, mottled like butterfly wings.



Whole hillsides are covered with green buckwheat budding out in pink. Then there are the patches of yellow broom and the heavy-scented bladder-pod; and there are likewise plots and plots of wholesome sage and yerba santa, also in bloom. Then there are the dark green manzanitas that grow thick in the canyons, covered with bitter berries; and about them clematis and the brick-red sticky-monkey-flower, handsome enough for a better name.

You can scarcely go anywhere without seeing a cottontail that scudders away or a long-eared jackrabbit leaping over the bushes; and there are birds and bees innumerable. Brown birds go stumbling about the dead leaves under the shrubs; thrashers, towhees,

bushtits, and what not; and goldfinches twitter in the tall bushtops.

Dead rattle-weeds lie strewn along the edges of the pathway, and the long brown grass is full of barbed and sticky seed-cases that cling to your clothes as you pass. Here and there are patches of red and green and orange upon the ground; they are pricker-plants that turn brown later, and love to find their way into your shoes.

There are yellow-brown hayfields, some with stacks of hay, and some with only stubble; and there are red-brown fields where only the iceplant comes to harvest. Beyond, there are rows of hardy eucalyptus and dwarfed cypress leaning landward; and between the trees and the seashore there is more red iceplant with shining white flowers, and clumps of withered sea-dahlias as well. Thornbushes, with projecting roots half exposed, grow on the edges of the cliff, hanging above the shiny wet rocks and the tide many feet below. A. S.



THE PELICANS

BY ENRIQUE COLOMBIÉ, a Junior Râja-Yoga Student

WHERE the sun dapples the frothy foam with gold,
The pelicans go skimming the crests of the waves,
Low-wingéd they wind and play o'er the sea,
And their play is as noiseless as the sleep of the sea.

Far away in the distance the sky is all gleaming,
With rose and amethyst a-dreaming;
But where the sun dapples the frothy foam with gold,
The pelicans are listening to the moan of the waves,

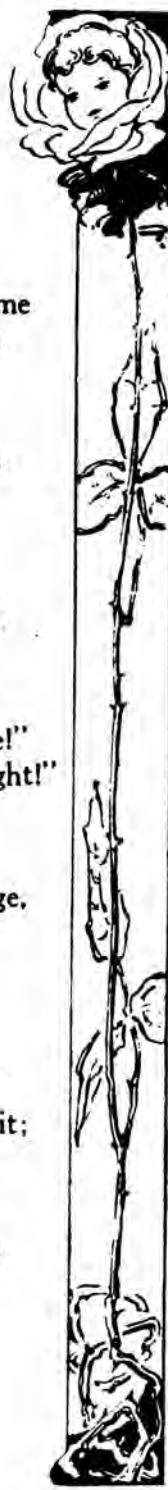
I would I were there, in that field of foam,
Where the pelicans, low-wingéd go skimming the waves,
And listening to what they say in their meandering play,
Listening to what they tell the folk of the sea.

Young folk's Department

THE FLOWERS' MESSAGES

as delivered by

BROWNIE TAM



THE flowers once held a Symposium.
It was down by the Temple palm
Where the bees and the butterflies always come
With their sweetmeats of pollen and balm.

Madame Rose was the Hostess, fair and tall,
Sir Lotus was Host, so wise,
And they sipped the sunbeams from loving cups
Which the fairies made, just fairy size.

Each flower waved gaily its pretty head
When the banquet was over and done,
And this is to tell you what each of them said,
As they whispered it, one by one.

Dear Lily unfolded her petals white,
"Live the heart-life, the love-life; be pure!"
Sweet Jessamine answered, "Look up to the Light!"
And Larkspur whispered "Endure!"

Aunt Hollyhock nodded, "It's well to go slow
When you aren't quite sure." Master Sage,
All buttoned so snugly, piped up from below,
"For every new day's a clean page."

Baby's Breath, smiling and sweet and pure,
Said, "*My motto's: Never be late!*"
And Columbine beckoned "On time; be sure!"
While Forget-me-not murmured, "Don't wait;

For waiting's forgetting, and then *all's* gone!"
"LIFE IS JOY!" laughed out Bee Balm,
"So make the hours counsel!" Thus one by one,
'Neath the leaves of the Temple palm,

The flowers held their Symposium, clear
As fairy-songs, caroling true,
And asked me to send you this letter, dear,
To bring their sweet sayings to you.

THE BIRDS' SLEEPING-PLACE



WHEN the shadowy night-time comes creeping on and you grow weary and put away your pretty toys and wondrous story-books and little tasks and lessons; when the quiet moments come and you go softly down the silent paths of thought toward the far-off place of sleep and the happy land of dreams, do you know, dear child, that all Nature goes along with you? The radiant sun you greeted at dawn has gone out in darkness; the wide-awake blossoms that smiled back into your merry eyes this morning are now drooping and drowsily nodding; grasses and leaves are slumberously folded; the breeze is singing a sleepy-time song; animals lie warm in shed and barn, and the birds — where do you think the birds are sleeping?

In nests? Oh! but don't you know that nests are only cradles in which to rock the baby birdlings and keep them safe and warm until they are big enough to fly away and find shelter for themselves? Don't you know how soon the young birds outgrow their dainty homes?


The chilly dews fall and the air grows cold at night, and the songsters might suffer if they had not intelligence to direct them to protect themselves. In Central Park in New York City the winter birds seek nightly comfort between snow-laden branches of the trees, preferably near an electric lamp, where, under the white downy blanket, they cluster in hundreds.

In Lomaland, where thoughtfulness for all creatures is the rule of daily life, birds have special privileges which they appreciate, bringing each year new friends to share the joys of this place of peace. Here there are plenty of comfortable sleeping apartments for birds, but the favorite dormitory seems to be a cypress hedge close to the Râja-Yoga Academy. Two dogs, scampering one morning too close to one of these hedges, aroused the slumbering birds, who were seen to fly from little gaps in countless numbers. All the birds in Lomaland seemed to have congregated in this coziest of all birds' sleeping-places. ZELLA



BEAUTY IS ALL AROUND US

It unfolds in the numberless flowers of the spring. It waves in the branches of the trees and the green blades of the grass. And not only these minute objects, but the ocean, the mountains, the clouds, the heavens, the stars, . . . all overflow with beauty. —Channing



WE SAW A BLACK DOGGIE
ASLEEP IN THE SHADE:

WE FLEW BACK TO MOTHER—

WE WERE SO AFRAID!

SHE TWITTERED ABOVE US

"OH, NEVER YOU MIND!

THAT DOGGIE WON'T HURT YOU—

HE'S GENTLE AND KIND."

AGAIN WE WENT FLYING

AWAY FROM THE NEST,

UNTIL WE WERE WEARY

AND READY FOR REST.

THEN MOTHER SANG, "BIRDIES,

IT'S TIME NOW FOR SLEEP."

SO BACK WE FLEW, CHIRPING,

"PEEP-PEEP!" AND "PEEP-PEEP!"

Jetty Cahill

A LETTER FROM THE CLOUDS



EAR TOTS: Can you imagine what it is like to sail up close to the clouds? If you can't, I'll tell you: it is like beaming thoughts and golden boats and sparkle-drops and rose petals and soft pretty sound-colors and sunrise-gold — all put together in a garland, as they put roses and jasmine and baby's breath and maiden-hair fern, when the children make garlands in Lomaland.

I am one of the sea-gulls who fly across Lomaland every morning from quiet Silver Gate Harbor to the ocean — which is quiet, also, most of the time. If you should ever live where I do, and should get up at sunrise time, you would see some of us flying across, ever so high — hungry birds we are, too, at that hour.

We belong to a special bird-group called the 'long-winged swimmers,' and they do say that we have the most beautiful wings in the world. They are long and slender and pearl-lined and satiny, and so graceful that artists often come down to the shore just to study us.

Now, I'm going to tell you a secret: our wings are beautiful because *we are happy!* Being happy makes tiny tots beautiful, too.

There is another big ocean, far away from here (I think it is called *At-lan-tic*) where they sometimes have dreadful storms. And there, in order to guide the boats safely into harbor and to enable them to steer clear of rocks and shoals, they put up beacon lights and also bells. The bells ring and thus warn boats of danger and show them the path. For oceans have paths the same as land has, you know.

Sometimes the storms roar so loudly that the sailors cannot hear the bells at all, and sometimes the fog is so dense and the night so dark that the beacon lights can't pierce through the blackness. Oh, how busy we are at such times! We fly through the dense fog with our sharp wild cries, down close to the boats so that the sailors can see our long pearly wings and hear our shrill voices. And then they always know just what to do, for we tell them that the land is close by, with its dangerous rocks; and how quickly they must act to avoid shipwreck. Many and many a shipwreck have we saved on dark, foggy nights. It is no wonder that sailors love us and wouldn't harm us for the world.

The humans say: "Cleanliness is next to Godliness." We believe in that, and we keep the beaches clean of refuse. That is so that people will not get fevers and other dreadful things, and so that they will always find the beach a beautiful place to come to. You see we believe in brotherhood and *co-op-er-a-tion!*

I wanted to tell you about our home-life, but I really must see about that boat over by the kelpie bed: it may need my help. Now, good-bye for this time.

Your affectionate SHIRO.

HOW THE JASMINE GOT ITS STARS



WHEN the world was young an old king had a garden famous for its beauty, in an obscure corner of which grew a small tree, a frail and slender thing. Every night, when the sun had set, a clear white star came out and the tree thought: "Oh, if I could only reach that star I should be happy."

One spring a terrific storm swept over the land, playing havoc in the old king's garden, pulling the trees up by the roots, parching their leaves and drying up their sap, until there was hardly a living thing left. But there *was* one; the small tree stood its ground, and wondered if it should ever see its shining star again.

Suddenly it heard a faint voice at its feet. "Help, help, I am dying!"

Looking down, it saw a tiny white lily, more adventurous than her sisters, swaying in the clutches of the storm. The tree felt a strange warmth stirring in its veins.

"You poor helpless little creature," it said, "I will protect you." Forgetting its own longings, it stretched out its arms, no longer frail, but firm and strong, with the leaves clustered thickly upon them, shielding the pale flower from the cruel wind.

After seven days and nights the storm ended, and the garden-folk gradually recovered from its effects. Then summer came, and it was time for the lily to go. Reluctantly she parted from her friend, and then, to the tree, the world was much the same as it had been before.

Summer deepened into autumn, and autumn lost itself in winter's snows; and then came spring, and with it came that rare Blossom-Day, that comes but once in a hundred years, when Queen Erda, the Mother of all the flowers, comes to visit her children.

Great was the excitement in the king's garden, and the little tree wondered what it could all mean. Suddenly a queenly form stood before her. — It was Erda, pansy-crowned, and winged with sunbeams.

"As for you," a silvery voice was saying, "I ordain that henceforth you shall be a graceful vine and bear myriads of starry blossoms, gleaming like your own silver star, spotless as the lily whose life you saved, and fragrant as the sweet compassion which wells up in your heart; and men shall call you Jasmine, the Perfumed One." —

She vanished, but the Jasmine was happy, for it had found its star. F.







To teach the babes, the little children, their divine nature, to impress this fact upon them is to lay the cornerstone of a helpful and happy manhood and womanhood.

— Katherine Tingley


on the floor and he cries and says "No! No!" just like some-body grown up bad !!!


And the fun-ni-est part is that near-ly ev-ery-bod-y thinks that there is on-ly one lit-tle boy here and that his name is Jim-mie Jun-i-or. But they don't know all!

These two lit-tle boys are nev-er in the  at the same time When Mr Boo-ful Boy comes. Old Bad-dums 'slips out of sight, and, let me tell you, my dear, we are all glad that he is gone.

Then when Old Bad-dums puts his cross  in-side the  a-gain, our dear, sweet lit-tle Mr. Boo-ful Boy has to run a-way and hide him-self—I don't know where, un-less it is in Jim-mie Jun-i-or's , and some-times Old Bad-dums won't let Mr. Boo-ful Boy come back for long, long, long hours Once it was a whole long sum-mer day!

And what do you think? Both these lit-tle fel-lows sit in Jim-mie Jun-i-or's

 eat his food, wear his dress-es and
sleep in his lit-tle  and ev-en ans-wer
when Jim-mie is called.

May-be this is not an odd stor-y to you, dear
lit-tle child, you who are read-ing these words.
May-be there is a lit-tle La-dy Beau-ti-ful in
your  whom cross Miss Naught-i-ness
won't have a-round some-times! And what
a-bout your frowns and tears, lit-tle man? Which
child is at home to-day in your house?

Well; here's our hap-py Mr. Boo-ful Boy,
say-ing "Good morn-ing!" Can't you al-most hear
his pret-ty, hap-py voice call-ing out to you?

MOTHER HEART.

THE FLOWER'S REFRAIN

"That is my flower!" the little girl cried.
Then the flower drooped and tried to hide
Its beautiful face for very shame,
And sighed to itself, "For *all* I came."

— F. M. P.

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(Non-Sectarian)

Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

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RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

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JULY


WHEN the scarlet cardinal tells
Her dream to the dragon fly,
And the lazy breeze makes a nest in the trees,
And murmurs a lullaby,
It is July.

When the tangled cobweb pulls
The cornflower's cap awry,
And the lilies tall lean over the wall
To bow to the butterfly,
It is July.

When the heat like a mist-veil floats,
And poppies flame in the rye,
And the silver note in the streamlet's throat
Has softened almost to a sigh,
It is July.

When the hours are so still that time
Forgets them, and lets them lie
'Neath petals pink till the night stars wink
At the sunset in the sky,
It is July. —*Selected*

HAPPINESS

 APPINESS is natural to every child. What changes this feeling, and why do children so often grow up miserable? If they were taught the fundamental laws of Life, they would know they have a dual nature — the immortal and the animal; that it is through the feeding of the animal self, and the gratification of its desires, that they lose this happiness, and through the strengthening and development of the immortal self that they retain it.

Real happiness does not depend for its source on exterior things. Nevertheless it does depend largely on those around us. We help to fashion their lives as they do ours. Can an unselfish person be glad

of his gain when it is robbed from another? No. If we are the cause of another's unhappiness, we must suffer for it some time, though perhaps not at the moment. For example, a man may amass great wealth through wrong means, and think himself happy in his riches and the figure he cuts in the world; but when this bubble bursts, what is left? Nothing. Where is the happiness he boasted of? Gone. Where? There wasn't any to go. Selfishness never brings happiness. It is an attribute of the animal self. Why do people then feel miserable? They have not yet become a part of the Brotherhood of Man.

Some wonder why they have so much misery and sorrow, and others have good fortune or luck as they call it. There is no such thing as luck in life. Everything is ruled by the law of Karma, which is "As ye sow, so shall ye also reap." Still they may think, they have never caused another's unhappiness, and why should it be their Karma to feel misfortune. Here comes in the doctrine of Reincarnation. Perhaps there were seeds sown in some past life which did not have a chance to manifest themselves until now.

People often suffer because they have not an understanding of life in its deeper sense, nor a wide human sympathy, and they need sorrow to develop and broaden their characters. Probably their natures were not big enough or strong enough to have been given the chance to struggle with a great misfortune. When a storm comes, all the little plants and flowers die, but the strong oak may be blown back and forth and almost destroyed, but it remains firm, and after the storm has subsided, it feels mightier than before, because its strength has been tested. So it is with great natures. They rise above misfortune; they grow stronger in it. Through sorrow their natures become more beautiful. A Theosophist meets suffering courageously because he knows that through it he is growing and being purged by the cleansing fires.

When the potter molds his clay into a vase, every time he scrapes off here, or adds on there, it is to make the vase more perfect. And we are like these vases; molded and shaped through different experiences to become better fitted to meet the duties of life with confidence.

Young people often mistake sensual pleasures for true happiness; but the delight soon passes and leaves nothing that will make their later years a rich harvest and their old age beautiful.

No one can be really happy who does not work in consonance with the Law. One who is conscious of having done repeated wrong and can still call himself happy, has shut the doors of his soul, and blinded his eyes to the Truth. Not until he opens them to let in the Light once more, can he know true happiness or Spiritual Joy.

If we would help our children to retain their inborn happiness, let

us teach them to live rightly, think unselfishly, act unselfishly, for,

Who is the happiest of men? He who values the merits of others
And in their pleasure takes joy, as though 'twere his own,

and true happiness comes in serving others.

If thou workest at that which is before thee, following right reason seriously, vigorously, calmly, without allowing anything else to distract thee, but keeping thy divine part pure, as if thou shouldst be bound to give it back immediately; if thou holdest to this, expecting nothing, fearing nothing, but satisfied with thy present activity . . . and with heroic truth in every word and sound which thou utterest, thou wilt live happy. And there is no man who will be able to prevent this. —*Marcus Aurelius*

FRANCES H.

JUSTICE

BY CHARLES FRANCIS RICHARDSON

A HUNDRED noble wishes fill my heart:
I long to help each soul in need of aid;
In all good works my zeal would have its part,
Before no weight of toil it stands afraid.
But noble wishes are not noble deeds,
And he does least who seeks to do the whole:
Who works the best, his simplest duties heeds;
Who moves the world, first moves a single soul.
Then go, my heart, thy plainest work begin;
Do first not what thou canst, but what thou must;
Build not upon a corner-stone of sin,
Nor seek great works until thou first be just.—*Selected*

THE MAGIC OF RIGHT ACTION



RIGHT action, done against the temptation to do a wrong one, instantly strings up the entire nature, sweeps clouds out of the whole mind, tones up the body, makes Satan of a sudden get behind us.

That is magic, and there is no other way to get for ourselves those results. They are very pleasurable; we are tempted to repeat the process. Imagine having a nature that continually tempted you to do — right! We are familiar with the other kind of temptation; this one would be a novelty.

If men would only learn how easy it is to get the habit of right action! The pleasure of it! The tonic of it!

You have to be careful about a right action; you will certainly be

tempted to do another, and you may at last get so infatuated with this kind of work that no other will satisfy you for a moment. It rouses a good many little imps in the lower nature, and if you go back on your tracks and yield to any of these as you used to so easily and constantly, you will feel peculiarly mean and small and out of tune. And there is no way of getting rid of these feelings except by returning to the new and charming policy of right action. All the people who have thoroughly tried the policy agree about all this.

But let us think: Why didn't we try this before as a steady principle? Because something in our nature tempted us and we yielded. And that something said: "Right action is difficult and painful; leave it and try my pleasant way." We believed it and acted accordingly. But if we gave the matter a thorough trial we should find we had been lied to; the pleasure is the other way. Let us now try it and a surprising thing will become obvious. The pleasure in wrong action is not ours at all; it is the lower fellow, the little imp, who gets that pleasure; but he asserts so positively that *we* get the pleasure, that we are deceived and come to take his pleasure for our own.

All the while we secretly loved right action without knowing it, and the pleasure of it is ours. We have a right to it; why not get it oftener? The pleasure is the approval of the soul, the only real and lasting pleasure without a reaction, productive of health of mind and body, productive of wisdom and knowledge of spiritual things. It is a pleasure altogether peculiar to itself. It endows the possessor with a magic touch, a magic something which causes all those who are distressed and in need of help to come instinctively to him; to all who see him it gives a sense of protection which they cannot explain; all who are trying to do right are encouraged in his neighborhood; all who are in doubt are encouraged to select the right by infection from him.

Right action is the easiest way out of wrong action. To be continually examining oneself — have I done wrong? — is apt to be morbid and to breed that fear of consequences here or hereafter which paralyses all action whatever. If the steady principle is to do right, wrong will soon go of itself, and there will be no need for morbid heart-searching.

A man need not be worried about right action *tomorrow* or look forward wearily to months or years of it. His concern is only with the next action on his list; in the path of right action you live from hand to mouth, healthily and cheerfully doing the next thing that turns up.

In constant right action we can come to know our immortality. We come to know the soul, the very principle of immortality. STUDENT

THOREAU

BY AMOS BRONSON ALCOTT

WHO nearer Nature's life would come
Must nearest come to him of whom I speak;
He all kinds knew, — the vocal and the dumb;
Masterful in genius was he, and unique,
Patient, sagacious, tender, frolicsome.
This Concord Pan would oft his whistle take,
And forth from wood and fen, field, hill, and lake,
Trooping around him, in their several guise,
The shy inhabitants their haunts forsake:
Then he, like Aesop, man would satirize,
Hold up the image wild to clearest view
Of undiscerning manhood's puzzled eyes,
And mocking say, "Lo! mirrors here for you:
Be true as these, if ye would be more wise."—*Selected*

THE SAGE OF WALDEN POND



NE of the strong notes in the talks that Mme. Katherine Tingley has lately been giving to the soldiers and sailors at the International Brotherhood League Hall in Balboa Park has been this: that the real battle of life is within oneself, between the higher and the lower nature; that we do not appreciate at full value the essential divinity of our own being, and thus lose our confidence in our divine power to help others. Thoreau, the well-known philosopher and naturalist of New England of the first half of the nineteenth century, writes thus in his *Walden*:

If you would learn to speak all tongues and conform to the customs of all nations, if you would travel farther than all travelers, be naturalized to all climes . . . obey the precept of the old philosopher, and explore thyself. Herein are demanded the eye and the nerve. . . . Every man is the lord of a realm beside which the earthly empire of the Czar is but a petty state, a hummock left by the ice.

In his life work Thoreau was closely linked by karmic ties with such New Englanders as Emerson, the Allcotts, Margaret Fuller, Channing and Nathaniel Hawthorne: his religion was broad and unsectarian. He had a good college education by which he acquired a love of classical literature and of the great Elizabethans. From the ancient Greeks he learned to lead a life of a high stoic simplicity; and his writings have

many allusions to the philosophy and religion of the ancient Hindus.

Emerson, who wrote a short biographical sketch to preface Thoreau's *Excursions*, i.e. nature talks, says of him:

Thoreau was sincerity itself, and might fortify the convictions of prophets in the ethical laws by his holy living. It was an affirmative experience which refused to be set aside. A truth-speaker he, capable of the most deep and strict conversation; a physician to the wounds of any soul; a friend, knowing not only the secret of friendship, but almost worshipped by those few persons who resorted to him as their confessor and prophet, and knew the deep value of his mind and great heart. He thought that without religion or devotion of some kind nothing great was ever accomplished: and he thought that the bigoted sectarian had better bear this in mind.

Though Thoreau set his hand to many trades at odd times, from that of pencil-maker and farmer to essayist, what he cared for most of all was to conduct his life in such a manner that he would be a constant living example of one whose chief care was to have "his time to himself for the proper business of the mind and soul." For this latter purpose he lived two years alone, from 1845-47, in the woods on the shore of Walden Pond, Concord, Massachusetts. His *Walden* is a memoir of his daily experiences during these two years, the message of which was, — quite Theosophical — that the modern world wastes too much energy on the mere show of things, houses, lands, luxuries, and forgets that the true worth of every commodity of life is "its true exchange value in spiritual independence and sweetness of life." Like many of the European thinkers such as Rousseau and Tolstoi, his remedy for the selfishness of our day was the accentuation of the simple spiritual life, a life of renunciation to the Higher Self.

In his outlook upon social problems, Thoreau was a great idealist. He stood for the abolition of slavery, of the tariffs, almost for the abolition of government; but at the same time he found himself opposed to every class of reformers, although he did at one time, on the spur of the moment, deliver a lecture to a crowded house in behalf of John Brown and the abolitionists. Thoreau wished first of all, as have our Theosophical Leaders, that every individual should first bring peace and reformation to himself, before trying to remold the world.

In one chapter in *Walden* he suggests the idea of reincarnation. He says therein, speaking of the reasons of his leaving his solitary life in the woods at the end of two years:

I left the woods for as good a reason as I went there. Perhaps it seemed to me that I had several more lives to live, and could not spare any more time for that one.

He goes on to say about his life in the woods:

I learned this at least, by my experiment; that if one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours. He will put some things behind, will pass an invi-

ble boundary; new, universal, and more liberal laws will begin to establish themselves around and within him; or the old laws be expanded, and interpreted in his favor in a more liberal sense, and he will live with the license of a higher order of beings. In proportion as he simplifies his life, the laws of the universe will appear less complex, and solitude will not be solitude, nor poverty poverty, nor weakness weakness. If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them.

This passage shows how clear was Thoreau's intuition of the powers of the Soul, if evolved properly and along Theosophical lines. Surely Thoreau must have been one of those pioneers of American thought who helped to make possible the establishment of our Theosophical life and institutions at Lomaland.

V. M.

ORIGINS OF OUR NATIONAL NICKNAMES



NOT many of our young readers who live in the United States know the origin and meaning of 'Uncle Sam,' 'Yankee Doodle,' 'Brother Jonathan.' We use these expressions all the time, yet very few of us fully comprehend them.

'Uncle Sam' refers to our Government. By many it is considered simply as a jesting extension of the initials U. S. But here is another theory. During the Civil War the Government arranged for certain supplies from a manufacturer and the U. S. inspector who examined them was Samuel Wilson. Upon each box or package which was accepted he wrote 'U. S.', meaning that it had been investigated and accepted by the United States. Now the inspector was known as 'Uncle Sam Wilson,' and the inquisitive were informed that 'U. S.' stood for 'Uncle Sam.' Naturally the inspector enjoyed this bit of fiction and let it pass, declaring that at least 'Uncle Sam' represented the United States.

'Brother Jonathan' is perhaps less frequently used and understood. This is a popular name for the American people. Jonathan Trumbull, Governor of Connecticut during the Revolution, was the original of this nickname. General Washington placed great trust and confidence in him during every crisis. Washington turned to him for aid in many of the emergencies of that time and frequently used the expression, "We must consult with Brother Jonathan." The phrase became known all over the country, and is now the counterpart of the British 'John Bull.'

Many have pondered over the word 'Yankee,' and there are so many different hypotheses that it is a very unsatisfactory word. The term was first applied, so far as is known, to a few ingenious manufacturers of Massachusetts by the people of that state. Now it has spread, so

that 'Yankee' designates any citizen of the United States, and even the nation itself.

In a history of the War of Independence one finds that 'Yankee' was a word in use as early as 1713 in the larger towns of Massachusetts. It denoted something having extraordinary excellence and worth, as Yankee shrewdness.

It also had a derisive meaning. In this sense it was first employed by the Virginians to designate the people of New England, because the latter would not leave their poorly-protected homes to assist the former in a struggle with the Cherokee Indians. Used in this connexion it meant that the New Englanders were cowards, such being the purport of the Cherokee word 'Eankke.'

Another origin also given is, that Yankee is a variation of 'Yenkees' or 'Yengees,' a name given to the colonists of Massachusetts by the Indians, this being an Indian corruption of 'English.'

Until the beginning of the War of the Rebellion only New England people were known as Yankees, just as Ohioans were 'Buckeyes,' Louisianians 'Creoles,' etc. But when the South took its stand against the North, the Southern papers applied the word to the whole North and even to those in Maryland, Missouri, Kentucky and Delaware. Now, however, the term is applied chiefly by foreign writers to our entire nation.

Perhaps some of you know that the national tune *Yankee Doodle* was an old English melody, but do you know that even the verses were the composition of an English physician of the British army in America in 1755? Old Fort Crailo, where *Yankee Doodle* was composed, still stands on the Hudson near Albany. Here it was that Dr. Shuckburgh, inspired by the variety of clothing and the queer equipment of the soldiers, wrote those words. The melody is very old, having been sung even as far back as the reign of Charles I of England.



THE brotherhood of nations represents an ideal which is becoming ever more intelligible and more desirable to humanity. Hence the progress of mankind from the old outworn opinion to the new must inevitably take place. This progression is as inevitable as the falling in the spring of the last dry leaves and the appearance of the new from swollen buds. —*Tolstoi*

UNFAMILIAR STORIES OF EVERYDAY WORDS

Let us use with care those living messengers called words.

—WILLIAM QUAN JUDGE



ALL the Râja-Yoga children take great interest in the history and meanings of words, and they send this lesson from the Word Story-book for all English-speaking and English-learning children, wherever they may be.

1. *Stationary* and *stationery*.

These are not twins, but an older and younger brother. Our familiar Latin acquaintance, Mr. Sto-Stare, is the father, and *stand* and *stay* are members of the same family. *Stationary* describes that which remains always in the same place. The story of the way in which writing materials came to have the name *stationery* is that pens, ink and paper were first sold from a small stand in London City marketplace. He who *stood* selling them was the *stander*, the *stationer*; hence we call his wares to this day *stationery*.

2. *Luxury*.

Do you know the true meaning of this familiar word? Having more than enough, and of better quality than necessary, you say. The Latin *luxē* means 'dislocated'! I think you will agree that the times are bound to be 'out of joint' when people indulge themselves in luxuries.

3. *Rivals*.

This word suggests two or more persons contending for a prize, of favor, money or lands. Once it had the very opposite meaning to suggest: the friendly ownership by several persons in neighboring property. This great change grew out of the fact that *rivers* and *rivulets* having been always the natural dividing places between estates, the owners living on opposite sides were called *rivals* — that is, friends; but as these liquid fences shifted from year to year, the neighboring proprietors found cause for yearly disputes about boundaries. So many and so violent have these quarrels been throughout the centuries that now-a-days we dare not use this neighborly word in any but its unfriendly sense. W.

✱

THE heaviest charged words in our language are those briefest ones 'Yes' and 'No'. One stands for the surrender of the will, the other for denial; one stands for gratification, the other for character. A stout 'No' means a stout character, the ready 'Yes' a weak one, gild it as we may. — *Munger*



CEANOTHUS: ONE OF OUR CALIFORNIA NATIVE SHRUBS



HE was a landscape architect, at work on a park for a growing metropolis in the most northerly of our western states. He was a master craftsman and had traveled much. His work in many states had made him familiar with the names of the plants, as well as with the plants themselves, which might be expected to take kindly to the climate and the soil of whatever place he was trying to beautify. These, companions, upon which so much all parts of the world, and numerous he had come to regard them as a musician is always alert an artist for new and beautiful he ever alert for whatever of new material for his con-

This was many when the work of the from the haunts of men unaided nature. It certain what clothed mountains to which unsinging. Each week among the hills revealed the undergrowth. And drove us home to where haunts of men more learn of all the new had brought. And so would often find us and shrubs and of the



his necessary working depended, came from as they appeared to be, as but few. And just for new harmonies, or ful landscapes, so was might serve in the way structive work.

years ago, at a time writer led him afar amid the landscapes of was, in part, a work to as- the rugged hills and far-off charted streams were ever within the seasons spent a- new trees and members of when the snows of winter my friend was making the beautiful, he was eager to coveries the summer days the leisure hours of winter talking of the native trees wealth of flowers.

The bloom of dogwood trees, which comes before the leaves, was putting forth along the lower streams; and the distant white of mountain snows was once more turning gray before the summer green, when with

it came another day of preparation for the life outdoors, of poring over scanty maps and bidding friends adieu. "So you're to get acquainted with the country south! Now, in your travels, look out for a *ceanothus* with blue flowers. I've heard that to the south of us, in Oregon, or farther on, there grows a *ceanothus* with blue flowers." Thus, another of the rumors of the wild things glorious in the distant southland. This was many years ago. They are better known now, but yet not near so well as they deserve to be.

Ceanothus is one of a small group of low, slender trees and ever-green shrubs belonging to the Myrtles. One of the eastern shrubby species is called 'New Jersey tea,' and is sometimes known as 'redroot,' while the western species are more commonly known as 'lilacs,' or 'myrtles.' The one familiar to mountaineers of the north is known as 'sticky laurel' and is not a particularly attractive member of the family; one would hardly associate it with the ones we have in Southern California. The more beautiful of these western shrubs begin to appear about where the Cascade Mountains end in southern Oregon, and from there extend throughout the length of California and far into Mexico. Some thirty or forty varieties are known, and many of them have blue flowers. A hillside densely clothed with *ceanothus* in bloom is a sight never to be forgotten. The bloom of some of them is lilac-like, in shape, in color and in fragrance, and hence they have come to be commonly known as 'wild lilac.' All through the chaparral districts of California one sees patches of *ceanothus*. It is one of the very earliest of spring flowers, and these may be snow white, cream-colored or any shade of blue. Like the California poppy, they are all lovers of the sun and are the keen delight of bees in blooming time. As one journeys on down through the coast counties there is a deepening of their color, from the faintest robin's egg to the deepest blue. The bluest of the blue varieties is found near the coast in San Diego County, while out on Catalina Island, a hundred miles away, sequestered with the blues of sea and sky, is the earliest blooming of all the blue kinds. It is called *Ceanothus arboreus*, on account of its distinctly tree-like character; the other is known to botanists as *Ceanothus thysiflorus*, on account of its flowers being arranged in panicles or tufts at the ends of the branches. Both of these are to be seen in our Lomaland gardens on the way to the children's playgrounds.

Those who have seen these in their native surroundings have gone into raptures over their beauty, and one and all have wished and wished that they might have some of them in their gardens at home. Of course this would be altogether out of the question for those whose homes are in the East. And even for Californians, where climate and soil has

admitted of the bringing together of an almost endless collection of trees and shrubs and flowers, there have been serious difficulties in the way. Some, to whom their beauty and grace has strongly appealed, have had them dug up and carefully transplanted, but the results were too often discouraging; for although hardy, they do not bear transplanting, be one ever so careful. Year after year, professional gardeners and nurserymen tried to rear the plants from seed, and many of them gave it up entirely. Those whose love for the beautiful led them to persist in their endeavor discovered that the little seedlings were, more often than not, literally 'killed with kindness.' Were the soil the least bit richer than that in which they grew on the hillsides, they perished. Then, too, it was found too much water. Wet feet, deadly to them, even after first anxious weeks, which is the life history of all evergreen of Nature's little darlings endure any sort of coddling of California native shrubs. Again, excessive kindness them, even after they leave they are still very young. why one finds our native ed in California landscape



It would be a mistake, this that all of our beautiful things are equally difficult to raise. There are some varieties that have been under cultivation with us for many years, and these are as readily grown as any of the thousands of exotics that have taken so kindly to California. Just why it is that some of the native things are easier to raise than others is not clear. It may be owing to the fact that seed is now generally taken from plants whose parents and grandparents have been under cultivation. And it may be that after a few years of cultivation the seed from many of these lesser known varieties now being set out may give better results than the seed taken from the wild plants. However, if we are to make our landscapes the dreams of beauty they are capable of becoming, we must use more freely the trees, shrubs and flowers out of the vast wealth of the native flora at hand. In the whole realm of plant life there are none which lend themselves so harmoniously to the landscape as does the ceanothus. G.

that they invariably got for but a few hours, proves having passed through the is the critical time in the seedlings. Like so many of the wild, they will not and this is characteristic during their babyhood. does away with many of the nurseries and while This is one of the reasons plants so poorly represent-gardening.

however, to infer from ful things are equally dif-some varieties that have with us for many years,

THE USE OF FLOWERS

BY MARY HOWITT

GOD might have bade the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all.

We might have had enough, enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night:

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness
Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not,
Then wherefore had they birth? —
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth;

To comfort man — to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim,
For who so careth for the flowers
Will care much more for him!—*Selected*

THE TWO LIGHTS

AN OLD GERMAN STORY



HE shining soul took some of the finest particles from its own living form and made a little mind with them and gave the mind some of its own electric life. And the little new-born mind became a living shining thing on its own account and was pulsating and thrilling all through with excitement.

The soul said, "Go down there and make a place for me. I will come along presently when the nest is ready."

So the mind went down and housed itself in a little infant form,

new-born, making the brain its headquarters. For it found it could look out from there through the eyes and get all the delightful knowledge about the world that came through that and the other senses. Little by little it began to arrange all this knowledge and to arrange the sensitive live brain-stuff to do the new thinking with. This life in the body and brain and senses, and the new world outside, and the internal arrangements necessary to get along and understand everything with, took up all its delighted attention for a long time. And though it did not know it, the soul had followed close after, not at first getting *into* the body but just watching from without and giving a touch of its own to the arrangements.

But at last things seemed to be ready and the soul came right in, making the heart its headquarters. But its light shone all over, up into the brain and even — if anybody had eyesight enough to see — out around the body too.

And the mind felt that something had happened, though it did not know what. It found that it could now think of *itself*, think '*I*', instead of merely the body and the world outside. And it found that when it did some things its happiness seemed to cloud over and it became somehow uncomfortable about the heart; and that when it did some other things its happiness became greater and the heart was warm as if a light were there. It heard people call the first sort of things 'wrong' or 'selfish' and the other sort of things 'good'; and it could understand in a way when its teachers spoke of an 'inner light' in the heart, and how good it was to get more and more aware of that light and to live by it. Sometimes it wanted to, and sometimes it wanted very much not to, and wished that that something in the heart would stop bothering and interfering with its pleasures. But on the whole it attended, and attended more and more, finding that that was the only way to keep real happiness and health.

So it thought more and more of the light as the years went on until at last it could almost see it in its heart, and it got more and more guidance. And the soul gave it more and more of its own joy and as much teaching in the shape of great ideas and flashes of truth as the mind could understand. Its understanding got always clearer and it could feel the heart-light better, and therefore made more efforts to live closer to it and get its thoughts illumined by it.

And then came one great day when it suddenly remembered and knew and came right into its parent heart-light and became one with it. "Thou and I," said the light; "we are twain and one. Let us go forth and help and spread our light in the world. Thou it will be who shalt give our spoken message to men." And so it was.

ARCHITECTURAL STYLES AND THEIR MEANING

XXVII — MOHAMMEDAN ARCHITECTURE; PERSIA AND INDIA



EVERY boy and girl who has read the *Arabian Nights* has heard of the famous Haroun el-Raschid and his magnificent and enlightened reign at Bagdad between the years 786 and 809 A. D., and we should naturally expect to find stately mosques and enormous palaces showing forth the greatness of his power and that of the other sovereigns during the five or six centuries following the conquest of Persia by the Arabs in 641 A. D. But the architecture of that period has practically disappeared, and it is impossible to trace the origin and development of the Persian Mohammedan buildings which were put up after the eleventh century and which still remain.

From the twelfth century to the beginning of the eighteenth Persia possessed a distinctly original and highly interesting style, in which we find some traces of the building methods used in the ancient palaces of Babylon and Nineveh. We learned when studying Mesopotamian architecture that stone was rare in the marshy lands of the Euphrates and Tigris, and that brick was necessarily the chief building material. Ornamental tiles were also greatly used. The Mohammedan Persians largely adopted the same materials but treated them differently. They covered their brick walls with plaster, in which were set glazed tiles of very brilliant colors forming a mosaic of intricate patterns of exquisite beauty. "The Persian designers of the Middle Ages produced color decoration with a faultless good taste and on a scale which the other nations of the world have never approached." Not only did the Persians use their enamel and burnt brick tiles in designs which included Arabic words from the Koran and conventional patterns, but they ventured to copy living things such as flowers and leaves. In doing this they showed a less rigid orthodoxy than most of the Mohammedan races.

The Cupola was native to Mesopotamia; we find it represented in early carvings from Assyria (see Vol. IX, No. 11, Nov. 1913), and the later Sassanians used it freely. The Mohammedan Persians developed a curious kind of dome in the shape of an onion, and other nations copied it. Not all the Persian cupolas are of this form, however, for some rise in the more simple and beautiful curve of an inverted cup.

Next to the glory of the brilliant glazed tiles the most striking feature of Mohammedan Persian architecture is the enormous entrance portal, which they carried to great perfection. The door to a building must necessarily be reasonably small, and the best method of giving dignity to such an important feature is always a puzzling problem. The Persians placed the entrance at the back of a lofty and deeply-recessed portal covered by a half-dome and enclosed in a large gatehouse, the

whole being decorated with gorgeous patterns in colored tiles. Other races have tried various methods of giving dignity to their doorways, particularly the French in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, but nothing finer than the Persian system has been invented. It seems to have been a development of the great hall of audience, open in front, found at the entrances of Sassanian Palaces.

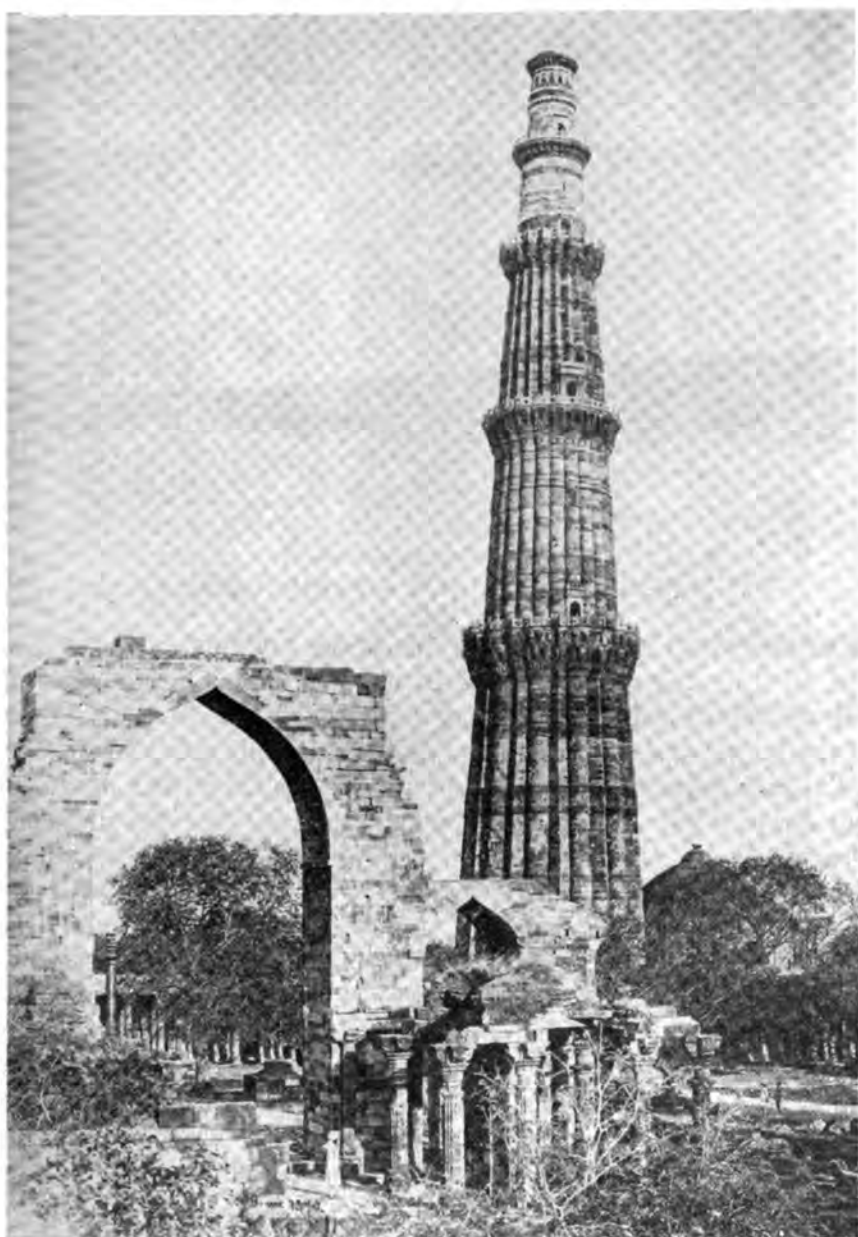
The Persian form of the pointed arch is peculiar, the curve being very slight and in part almost a straight line. It was widely used in India after the Mohammedan Conquest.

MOHAMMEDAN INDIAN ARCHITECTURE

India was invaded from the west by the Mohammedans many times, but the final conquest began about the thirteenth century, and soon the northern part of the peninsula passed under the control of Mohammedan rulers; the south was never fully conquered, and all the important Mohammedan buildings are in the upper part of India. The invaded territories were controlled by Afghan, Tartar, Mahratta and Rajput rulers, each with his own ideas, and there is, consequently, no very definite Moslem style which can be called Indian. Broadly speaking, we may say that the Mohammedan invaders from Persia and the west took over the Hindu and Jaina styles native to the country and modified them according to their own taste. The Persian style is the one that was generally dominant in Indian Mohammedan architecture; in places it practically replaced the older forms. The pointed arch was introduced into India from Persia; and the great gateways with huge portals and the bulbous domes of Persian design became popular in large districts of northern India.

After the smaller Mohammedan states were absorbed in the great Mogul Empire, Agra and Delhi, two of the oldest cities in the world, became important centers of Mohammedan rule, and in those places we find some of the grandest buildings to be seen anywhere. The Kutab Minar, the minaret of the Emperor Kutab's mosque at Delhi, erected about A. D. 1190 as a tower of victory, is the finest Oriental round tower in existence. The Persians, though they often tried, never succeeded in creating such a magnificent and perfectly-proportioned structure. Although the cap has been thrown down by an earthquake, the minaret is still two hundred and thirty-eight feet high.

The famous Jumna Musjid or Great Mosque of Shah Jehan (about 1640) is the finest building in Delhi and one of the finest in India. It has three domes of white marble, the walls and roof are lined with the same material within, and it is approached by a magnificent flight of



THE KUTAB MINAR, DELHI

stone steps. The mosque itself is two hundred and sixty-one feet in length, and the front courtyard, surrounded by a cloister open on both sides, is four hundred and fifty feet square.

The exquisite Pearl Mosque and the world-famed Taj Mahal, both built by Shah Jehan, are at Agra. The Taj Mahal, the most beautiful



TAJ MAHAL. GENERAL VIEW FROM JUMNA RIVER

tomb in the world and the most remarkable building in India, was begun in 1630 by the great emperor in memory of his adored wife and is closely connected with the romance and tragedy of his life. It has little of the Hindu style, but is almost a direct descendant from the Persian. The Taj and other large tomb buildings of the kings and nobles of the Mogul Empire were used, during the lifetime of their future occupant, as pleasure resorts; it was only after the death that they became silent and deserted by all but the caretakers. For this reason it will be seen that the design of the Taj Mahal includes more than the main building which covers the vault; the great entrance gateways, the walls, the gardens, and the pools of water were all essential parts of the architect's composition. The garden court is eight hundred and eighty feet square, and there is a yet larger outer court, entered by three gateways of great splendor; another grand gateway leads into the inner court. The entire combination is unmatched for beauty in any other place in India, and perhaps in the world. Everything is subordinated to the central Tomb Building which in plan is a square of one hundred and eighty-five feet with the corners taken off, forming an octagon with four long and four short sides. The largest arch is sixty-four feet high and forty feet wide. Sturgis says:

All the arches are of Persian form and the whole building is a complete surrender of the massive and stately Indian system of design to the easy and lightsome grace of Iran (Persia).

The material of the Taj is pure white marble which stands out in brilliant contrast to the deep blue Indian sky. The buildings are lavish-

ly decorated with inlaid marbles and other stones of the most precious materials and rich colors. It is believed that Italian artists were employed in the inlaying, which somewhat resembles in appearance the floral decorations of the Persian enamel tiles but is a far more permanent method. There is no sculpture or relief carving, but many thin, semi-transparent slabs of white marble forming a screen round the central chamber are perforated with holes which form a lacelike trellis-work pattern of great delicacy and beauty. This exquisitely designed marble trellis-work tempers the glare of the Indian sunshine and produces a soft gloom which adds immensely to the magical beauty of the central chamber.

WHAT NATURE MEANS TO A JAPANESE



HE Japanese, as a people, possess a most vivid imagination, and attach an inner significance to most natural objects. Thus their surroundings, being alive with associations, play an important part in their lives. For instance, on beholding a pine, plum or bamboo tree, or a crane, deer or tortoise, the Japanese is reminded that happiness is conducive to longevity, since he has evident proof in the symbols before him.

If all of us were ready to take to heart the gentle hints of how to live that Nature imparts to us, we could not live from day to day merely observing the outward aspect of her work and remain satisfied. Interest and a desire to work in a co-operative manner with her would urge us to sound her simplest works.

Look at the lesson depicted to the Japanese by the simple but perfect lotus. To him that flower silently tells of the power of a pure and stainless heart to triumph over its lowly surroundings. It also imparts to him the need of self-control, renunciation and conquest over self. It calls from him prayers and meditations whenever he visits the ponds in the blooming season, and reveals to him the fleeting nature of earthly beauty and life by its own frailness.

The chrysanthemum's beauty and gorgeousness does not wholly absorb his attention, but its symbolism of rank draws forth a deeper admiration. This sixteen-petalled one sets vibrating the sensitive chords of devotion and reverence, for it is the sign of royalty and reminds him of his beloved Mikado. The love for it is so strong that exhaustless

patience and labor is devoted to its cultivation and special training. An eye-witness tells the way some of these lovers of the Chrysanthemum trained their plants. One had put it in a light bamboo frame and had trained it into this shape so artfully that the plant grew in successive rings of diminishing size and of fewer blossoms, until a single bloom formed the apex. Another worshipper of this flower had made his plant produce a single stout stem bearing over twelve hundred perfect blossoms.

Other objects which are pleasing to the Japanese, because of their associations are: the fish, which symbolizes courage, perseverance and divinity; the rabbit which is to them a heavenly messenger; the fox, which represents the goddess of rice, their staple food; the *ho-o*, a legendary bird, which is emblematic of mercy; the monkey, which is used in good-omen symbols; fire, which is their symbol of divinity and wisdom; and the *Torii*, a kind of gate-way, inseparably associated with Shinto shrines.

All these symbols are used either within or around the precincts of the temples. In the sacred grounds are found the bamboo, plum and maple trees, the carp, the sparrow, the fox, and the lotus, both in an artificial and their natural state. These objects, though so common, lose none of their attraction or homage; they rather sway over the minds of these imaginative and reverential people because of their sacred connexions.

In speaking of this connexion of natural objects with their religion, it is interesting to relate here that some of their temple porches have what they call the 'nightingale floors.' These floors are so loosely constructed out of a special native wood, that as they are walked upon they emit a most fascinating and musical harmony.

The Japanese 'flower festivals' are interesting observances. These are held at the blooming season of their most beloved flowers. When these are being held, a peaceful and brotherly harmony prevails among these people. They all become so absorbed in the beauty and grandeur of their natural surroundings that the baser qualities of human nature are altogether absent. Where else have we heard of a people being stirred to the highest pitch of rapture and enthusiasm by the blooming of a favorite flower? Though admirers of Nature ourselves, we cannot help but think that after all we are merely on the threshold as lovers of Nature, when compared to the Japanese.

M. C.

THE GOOD FORTUNE OF TOMOKICHI



IN the village of Kashima, on the east shore of Lake Biwa, in old Japan, there lived a widow named Shizu, with her son Tomokichi.

Shizu's husband had died a few years before, and left her two or three acres of rice-fields, and an old boat for fishing on the lake. She was industrious, and things had gone well with her: although they might have gone better if Tomokichi had helped her with the work in the fields and in the house.

Tomokichi was a handsome boy, but very lazy. "I want to be a doctor," he said; and would take plants and herbs, make a mixture



of them, and call it medicine. He would go for long walks in the pine forest on this side of the lake, and bring back some little wood-creature that was hurt, and keep it till it was well.

Shizu would often scold her son, and tell him that if he did not help her, she would send him out into the world to earn his own living. But she never carried out her threat, because Tomokichi was a kind-hearted and affectionate boy and never really gave her trouble.

One day an imperial herald rode through the village, and told the people that the Emperor was very sick, and near death; but that if any one cured him, that person should be made rich for life.

Tomokichi went to his mother. "You see, if I had only learned to be a doctor, I would go and cure the Emperor; then we should be rich for life."

But Shizu said: "Take the boat and bring back fish, as your father used to; in that way we may save the money."

Tomokichi thought it was a good idea, and got the nets and rowed out into the lake. He had often fished with his father in former years,



so that he knew how to manage the boat, as well as the best ways of catching the fish.

Something very strange was happening, for he soon caught all the fish that his mother could possibly want, with plenty over to sell to the neighbors.

"There is yet time for a good nap before I go home," thought Tomokichi. He leaned on the seat of the boat and thought of the legend of Urashima, who was once out fishing, and had the good luck to catch a sea princess in the form of a turtle, and lived with her in the palace of the Dragon King, her father.

Just then he thought he heard a rustling of wind through trees, and looking around and above him, found that he was lying under a shady cypress. "Where am I?" he wondered; and discovered himself in a beautiful garden. Through the trees he caught glimpses of a large palace,

like those in the story of Urashima. He saw two men dressed in rich silks and wearing jewelled swords, talking together by a lotus fountain; walking up to them, he asked very respectfully if they could tell him where he was. They looked at him with a strange smile and in their turn asked him where he came from. Tomokichi told them how he was fishing on the lake, and had suddenly found himself lying under the cypress. The men laughed and said they would take him before the Emperor.

"The Emperor is sick in bed, and nearly dying," answered Tomokichi.

"This is not Japan," said the men; "follow us to the audience hall."

They went through rooms more magnificent than Tomokichi had ever dreamed of; surely Urashima's adventure was less wonderful than this, and the chambers of his palace less gorgeous. They stopped at the entrance of a bigger hall than any they had yet passed; one of the men went in, and presently came back and told Tomokichi that the Emperor would see him.

They led him up the hall, which was crowded with people all richly dressed and smiling very strangely, to where the Emperor sat on a golden dragon-throne.

"Tomokichi," said the Emperor in a kindly voice, "for your kindnesses shown to the little wood creatures, who were really only some of my subjects in disguise, great luck is to fall to you. Take this medicine, and with it cure the Emperor of Japan; one of my people will take you to his capital."

Before Tomokichi could say a word, one of his guides led him away. At the palace door they found two cranes saddled and bridled; they mounted these, and shot into the air at a terrific speed —

Suddenly the cranes swooped downwards and alighted on a high tower in the midst of a great city. Tomokichi's guide pointed with his finger to where a flight of steps led to a door, and said; "Go down there and knock; you will be asked who you are and what you desire; say that you are a doctor come to cure the Emperor. When the Emperor has taken the medicine he will instantly be well, and then he will ask you your name and where you came from. These questions you must answer, but not another word; then come up to me."

Tomokichi promised to obey his commands, and went down the steps. Everything happened just as his guide told him. After he had answered the Emperor's questions, he turned about and walked out of the room, and mounted his crane again, and went soaring, soaring, over mountains, over pine groves, over temples and rice-fields, through the blue dimness, the blue dimness.

The lights of the village were twinkling on the edge of the lake when Tomokichi awoke. He rubbed his eyes and wondered whether he was

still dreaming. His mother would be feeling anxious about him, he thought; and rowed home as quickly as he could.

Shizu was very pleased with the fish. While she was cooking some of it for his supper, Tomokichi told her the strange dream he had dreamed on the lake.

"Strange things happen to fisherman at certain times of the year," she said; "perhaps you went to the Dragon King's palace; I have heard it is somewhere in this region."

Three days afterwards a herald rode into the village with large gifts of gold and rich clothing. They were for "Tomokichi of the village of Kashima on the eastern shore of Lake Biwa, who saved the Emperor's life."

Joaquin N.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS OF MYTHOLOGY

(From *The Étude*)

THE antiquity of certain musical instruments is so great that their origin is lost in the wilderness of mythology. Thus, for instance, the flute, according to Ovid, is the invention of Minerva, daughter of Zeus (Jupiter), and goddess of arts and crafts. She seems to have had the novice's usual difficulty in controlling the lips, much to the amusement of Juno. As Longfellow tells us in his poem, she —

"Flung it aside, when she her face surveyed
Distorted in a fountain as she played."

The instrument was afterwards discovered by Marsyas, who quickly learned to play it. He subsequently became so enamored of his skill that he entered into a contest with Apollo, the god of music. Apollo won because he accompanied his voice with a lyre. Marsyas complained that this was not a fair test of instruments, whereupon Apollo pointed out that Marsyas also used both his fingers and his mouth. This puzzled the judges and another trial was ordered. Marsyas was again defeated. . . .

The harp is another instrument whose origin antedates history. Its invention is ascribed in mythology to Hermes (Mercury), the son of Apollo. He is supposed to have discovered it through coming across an old tortoise shell with a dried membrane stretched across it. The Hebrews ascribed the invention of the harp to Jubal, mentioned in the fourth chapter of Genesis as "the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ." Incidentally, it may be remarked that Jubal was the great-great-great-grandson of Cain.

If the harp was originated by Jubal, and for that reason is regarded as mythological, then the organ also is a mythological instrument, for it is mentioned in the same verse, though modern Biblical scholars assure us that 'pipe' should be substituted for 'organ' in this verse. More exact historical

researches ascribe its origin to Ctesibius, a barber, who lived in Alexandria about B. C. 284 to 246. Ctesibius noticed that the weight of a movable mirror used in his trade produced a musical sound by the force with which it displaced the air in the tube in which it moved. Experimenting along this line, he invented the first known musical wind instrument not blown by human lungs. It consisted of a hollow vase inverted with an opening at the top. To this was attached a trumpet, and when water was poured into the vase the air rushed through the trumpet, producing a very powerful sound.

EXCUSES

BY MAUDE B. ALLEN

"I CANNOT count aloud," she said;
 "It mixes me to play;
 The notes don't sound, not near so nice,
 As they did yesterday.

"I lose my place 'most all the time,
 'Three,' I forgot to say;
 I cannot play so quick," she said;
 "I'll never learn to play.

"Oh, mother, are the cookies done —
 The sugar ones, I mean?
 Oh, no, I talk as well as not,
 I'm playing like a queen.

"Just let me look inside the stove.
 My practising? Oh, dear,
 I know just where I stopped, you know,
 I stopped to *rest* right here.

"You think I *talk* too much?" she said;
 "But counting is so hard.
 I wish I could just see from here
 Whose dog is in our yard.

"And teacher is just awful cross,
 And snaps, 'Play that once more!'
 It takes an awful lot of brains
 To count one, two, three, four."
 —From *The Étude*

piano, she put her hand on the keyboard as if resting it there, and whenever the teacher asked the younger girl to find a note, the older one would drop her finger silently on the right key.

"The younger child liked to be helped, and in this way the lessons went smoothly and quickly; until the teacher discovered the game, and put a stop to it."

"Now," said Miss Mattie, smiling as she looked at all the Tots, who had been listening attentively to the story, "I want you to tell me why it was wrong for the older girl to help the little one in that way."

"She really was not helping her," said Lilla, "because she was dishonest, and dishonesty certainly is not helpful."

"Yes," said Mazie, "and then the little girl was not learning to use her own mind, and would sooner or later have had to start learning the notes she was helped with, all over again."

A bright-eyed Brownito looked up and said with a laugh, "That was just as queer as if some one else had tried to eat your dinner for you! You would still be hungry if you did not eat your own food!"

"That's it," said Miss Mattie, "the mind must have food and exercise just the same as our bodies, though of a different kind; and no one can exercise your mind but yourself. Now, run inside, children, and see if you can *will* to get all your lessons well prepared for tomorrow."

In a few moments the place under the pines was deserted, and the trees seemed to be wrapped in their own thoughts, as the setting sun sent his rays through the branches. Were they thinking of the time long ago when (like the dear little Râja-Yogas with their little lessons and duties) *they* had willed to grow straight and tall? K. N.

PUT THIS AWAY ON ONE OF THE LITTLE SHELVES OF MEMORY'S STOREHOUSE

EVERY day has its brightness, its bloom, its color. Every day is the happiest I ever lived. There is naught of yesterday or tomorrow, only the joy of living today, the happiness of the passing moment, the unity of all life, and the noble plan of life eternal. —Katherine Tingley

THE THRUSH'S NEST

By JOHN CLARE (1793-1864)

WITHIN a thick and spreading hawthorn bush,
That overhung a molehill large and round,
I heard from morn to morn a merry thrush
Sing hymns of rapture, while I drank the sound
With joy, and oft, an unintruding guest,
I watch'd her secret toils from day to day;
How true she warp'd the moss to form her nest,
And modell'd it within with wood and clay.
And by and by, like heath-bells gilt with dew,
There lay her shining eggs as bright as flowers,
Ink-spotted over, shells of green and blue:
And there I witness'd in the summer hours
A brood of Nature's minstrels chirp and fly,
Glad as the sunshine and the laughing sky.

—Selected



HAPPY MOMENTS

A LETTER TO DIXIE FROM THE MOUNTAINS OF SWITZERLAND

Lausanne, Switzerland.



DEAR DIXIE-DOGGIE, — Although I am only a little puppy, six months old, and almost a baby, you might say, I listen and understand. I have heard the children reading the nice letters you wrote to the Tots of the world, and so I should like to make friends with you.

I think I shall tell you how I came to be living in Lausanne. My country, Switzerland, is noted for its beauty; and I know that your country, California, is very beautiful, too; so you can appreciate my love for the place where I was born. It was in one of the most picturesque spots in all Switzerland, rugged and wild, so high up and bright and clear.

When I was one month old, my present master with his family went up to my village for a change. The youngest of the household, a little boy of eleven, who loves dogs, soon sought me out; and when he learned that if homes were not found for me and my twin-sister (excuse my putting myself first) we were to be done away with, he went in distress to his father, begging him to save at least one of us, if he could not save us both.

Well, not long after, they decided to take me for this little boy's



RIQUET AND HIS SISTER HAVING THEIR DINNER

installed in the very furthest little corner underneath my master's seat, where not even the conductor saw me, and I slept all the way! Though quite a little thing, I could notice the great contrast between the noise of the traffic around me in the city and the quiet peacefulness of the mountains I had left behind. It is quiet and peaceful in your Lomaland, isn't it, Dixie-doggie?

I am sending you a photograph of my little sister and myself, taken before we were separated, and which I love very much.

I am a *chien de garde*, like you, Dixie. (I put it in French, because as that is my language it comes more natural to me.) I know my duty too, but oftentimes, I forget that the road around the house is not our private property and I bark when people pass by. I must try hard to control myself and not meddle with the affairs of others!

They wanted to change my name because it does not sound pretty in English but I still have it; so I will sign it, with greetings to your dear mistress and yourself, Dixie, to the Râja-Yoga children, and to all those who understand faithful little dogs' hearts.

Your friend from far-away, Riquet.



LIFE is a mirror; if you frown at it, it frowns back; if you smile, it returns the greeting.

— *William Makepeace Thackeray.*

RIDDLES



HE children had been guessing riddles. Alfred knew dozens of them to ask as the boys in his class had been giving them to one another for weeks. Ronald, who was twelve, could give the answer to nearly every one. Even when he could not find the exact answer he could come near to it.

Little Mona was quite awe-struck by his cleverness. "Where did you learn how to guess them?" she asked, opening her brown eyes wide.

"Oh, you just have to get the knack of it," said Ronald. "Alfred will soon be able to do it, if he keeps on. It is not anything you learn by having lessons. The teachers do not give us riddles in school."

Seventeen-year-old Alice was sitting over in a far corner of the veranda. She had a table beside her to hold her books, for she was a college-student and had many different studies.

"Ronald," she called, "our professor gave us a riddle in class this morning. I wonder if you can guess it. I will read it to you."

My raiment is still when I tread the earth, or rest in the dwelling, or drive the water. Sometimes my trappings and this high air upraise me over the houses of men, and then the strength of the clouds beareth me far and wide over the folk. My garments rustle loudly, and sound sweetly, sing beautifully, when I am not touching flood and field, a faring spirit.

"Is that a riddle, Alice?" asked Mona. "It sounds like poetry."

"It is poetry, dearie. A thousand years ago the people who lived in England had many riddles written as short poems. We are studying about them in our class. They are written in English so old that you could not understand it if I read without translating it. Now I will read it again and we shall see who can guess the answer."

When she had finished Mona exclaimed:

"It sounds like a lovely bird, a big one."

"It is, Mona dear," said Alice. "The answer is 'A Swan.' There are others just as pretty about the sun and the moon and the storms on sea and land.

Evelyn was in the hammock and had not spoken a word because she was deep in a new fairy-story. She had listened to the new riddle though. "I love that kind of puzzle," she said. "It would be good fun to try to make some for ourselves."

They all got together and tried. Perhaps sometime I will tell you some that they made.

VERCA



THERE is no fault nor folly of my life which does not rise up against me, and take away my joy, and shorten my power of possession of sight, of understanding. And every past effort of my life, every gleam of rightness or good in it, is with me now, to help me. . . .

—*Ruskin*



THE BUSY LINNETS



"HY do the lin-nets talk so much?" asked wee Georg-ie.

"Be-cause it's their bu-sy time, my dear," an-swer-ed Big Sis-ter.

"Why are the lin-nets so bu-sy?" Georg-ie then asked.

"Their nests are full of hun-gry little bird-ies," said Sis-ter.

"And they are tell-ing each oth-er where to find the nic-est food," he said.

"Y-e-s, and I think they are say-ing that the sky is blue, the flow-ers are sweet, and that the big world is very beau-ti-ful. And that helps us to be good; doesn't it, Georg-ie?" asked Sis-ter.



"Yes," re-plied Georg-ie, "be-cause LIFE IS JOY!" Then the happy child put on his hat and ran into the garden.



A DUET IN SUMMER

"SOAR!" said the lark. "See how I Skim through the blue of the summer sky."

"No wings have I," was my reply.

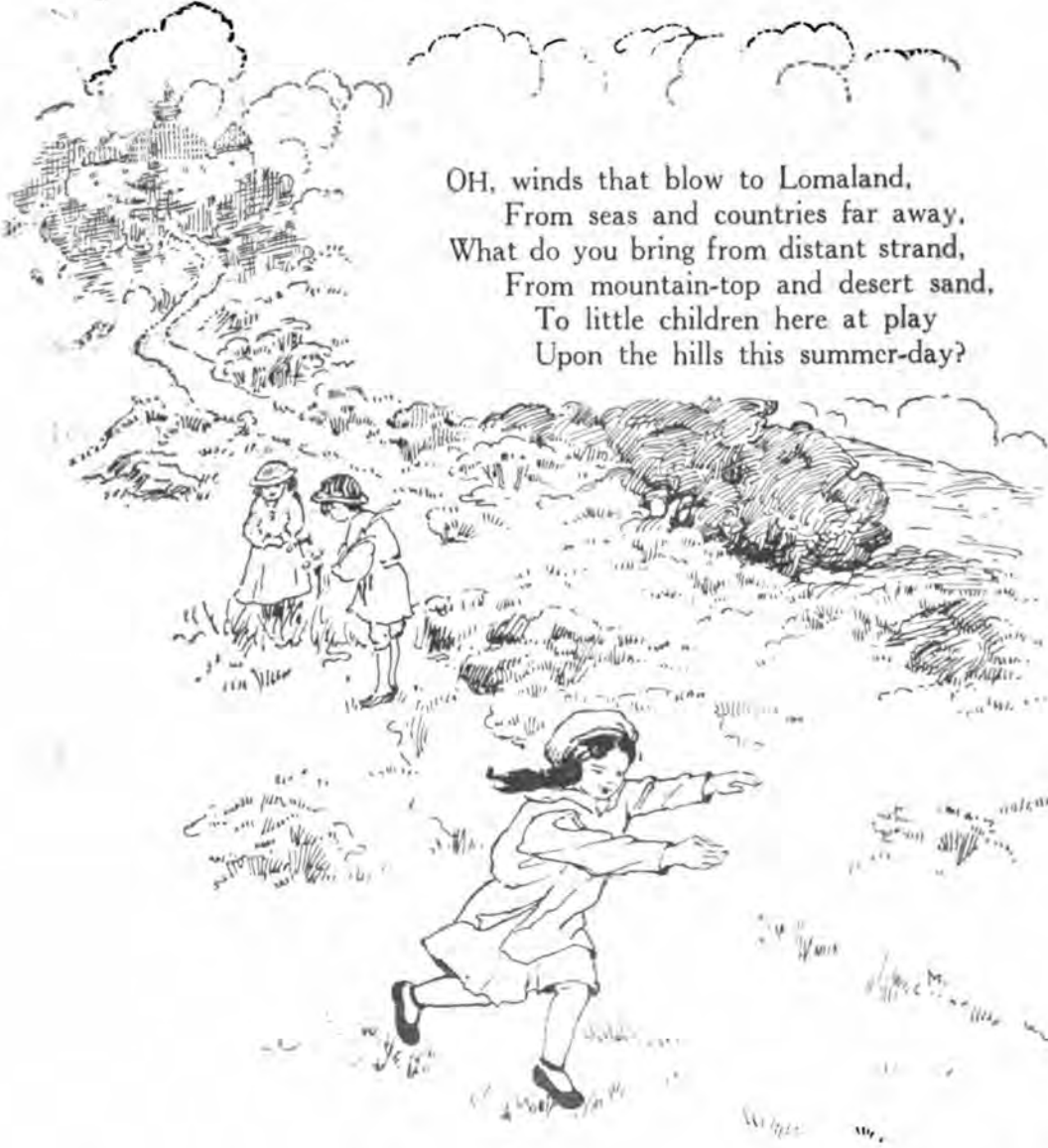
"I cannot follow you where you fly."

"Sing!" said the lark. "Hark, my song And children's songs to joy belong."

"I sing!" Our singing, sweet and strong,


Went winging the summer hills along.

OH, WINDS THAT BLOW!



OH, winds that blow to Lomaland,
From seas and countries far away,
What do you bring from distant strand,
From mountain-top and desert sand,
To little children here at play
Upon the hills this summer-day?

We bring the pain of children's hearts,
From seas and countries far away;
From castles, huts and noisy marts,
We bring the woes,
The whole world knows,
And fears, and tears, today.



Oh, winds that blow from Lomaland
To seas and countries far away,—
What will you take from this glad band,
Of loving thought, of helping hand,
To children who should be at play,
On other hills this summer-day?



We take the hope the whole world needs,
To other children's hearts today;
The joy that lies
In your young eyes,
Your dreams of doing noble deeds,
We carry these away. —Yetta K.



THE HUMMING-BIRD

BY CHARLOTTE SMITH

MINUTEST of the feathered kind,
Possessing every charm combined,
Nature, in forming thee, designed
That thou shouldst be
A proof within how little space
She can comprise such perfect grace,
Rendering the lovely, fairy race
Beauty's epitome. —*Selected*

THE HUMMING-BIRDS' WINGS



IT was late and dark when the members of the Houghton family arrived at their new home, and they had been all tired and sleepy, and glad to go at once to bed. Now it was morning, and the sun shone brightly; and Alex and May and little Johnny stood on the wide veranda, full of delight over the beauties of garden and distant landscape.

"Look! look!" said Johnny in an excited whisper, his eyes fixed upon a place above some tall yellow flowers. "Look! It's got 'sparent wings, and is eating ze f'owers!"

"Hush!" said May, below her breath; and they stood watching a tiny purple-throated humming-bird poised over one of the blossoms.

Suddenly it darted off, and alighted on a shrub quite near the children.

"Oh, they isn't 'sparent, after all!" exclaimed Johnny, clapping his hands; and the tiny creature, startled, by the sound, flew away, and in a moment was out of sight.

"Now, Johnny, why couldn't you be silent?" asked Alex, a little vexed. But Johnny was too happy to mind, and Alex himself could not help smiling, as he listened to his little brother's baby prattle.

"Boo'tiful itty bird," Johnny was saying to himself. "Boo'tiful itty bird — with 'sparent wings, and not 'sparent wings — has something and hasn't something — is 'sparent and isn't 'sparent!"

"Oh, Johnny, what nonsense!" said May; but Alex looked thought-

ful, and walked down the steps and along the footpath to the flowers. Johnny and May followed him silently.

"It was drinking honey," said Alex.

"Boo'tiful 'itty bird," murmured Johnny again. "It really had 'sparent wings."

"No," corrected Alex. "No, Johnny. It just fluttered its wings so quickly, they seemed to be transparent to you, my dear."

"I could see returned confi-

"I wonder," children had they could flut- that they also

be transparent?" Johnny's eyes sparkled, and he clapped his hands.

"But, May, — what an idea! People with wings!" Alex exclaimed.

"Well, sometimes, after I've done something real good," said May, "— something that was hard to do, but I have done it because it was right to do, I feel so light, I just think I could fly."

"Oh, yes, — I know what you mean, now," said Alex. "And the better people are, the lighter and happier they are."

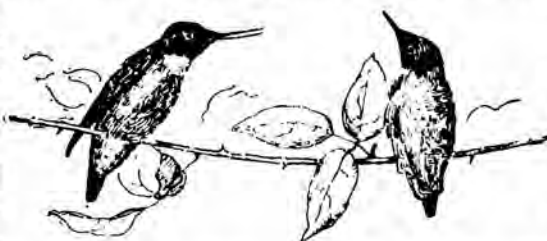
"I wonder if the humming-bird feels lighter when he is fluttering his wings so fast," said May; but before Alex could answer, Mother's voice called:

"Children, come in to breakfast!"

"Come along, Johnny," said May, as she and Alex turned to go.

Johnny was still standing by the tall yellow flowers, smiling, and saying, "Boo'tiful itty bird, with 'sparent wings."

ANNIE P. D.



THE KITE-FIELD



BEYOND the Greek Theater there is a green field, which curves in slowly moving lines, up and down. There are no sharp indentations, no steep hills: it looks like big rising waves. Here and there, there is an island of green bushes.

On a plain it seems as if the sky is falling down: and in a deep valley or canyon you have a feeling of being down in the earth; but here in this field or meadow the earth is reaching up towards the sky; all small and petty cares seem as if carried away by the strange rhythm of its waves. Everything is smiling on this bright hillside.



On one side acacias and eucalypts are growing: on the other are bushes and shrubs, and here and there a bright spot with wild-flowers. At the bottom of the slope spreads the mighty ocean as far as the eye can reach.

The children love to go to this field. They all go; some have kites, and others come to watch. They all look so business-like as they unwind the string and spread out the tails of their kites. Suddenly you hear a scream of delight — one of them has succeeded in making his kite rise.

After a little while all the kites are flying, like big, white birds flocking in the air. The children's eyes shine; their cheeks grow rosy, and their laughter sounds far and wide. Soon the look in their eyes grows intent, then longing, as they watch the flight of their kites; they have let out all the string. Above, there is so much unclaimed space in the blue; but the string that ties the kites to the earth is there, and it is too short; the kites pull the string, swing back and forwards; then the children stretch out their little arms as far as they can reach — stand on tip-toe — and must at last submit to their limitations.

One of the kites breaks its string and flies off. Over it fly some big black birds in wide circles, disturbed by this stranger in their kingdom. No kite ever flew so high before; but it was lost and never found. I. L.

In the meantime the fairy had set all fairyland agog with tales of the jolly times that mortals have in their houses: how they spend all their time dancing and merrymaking. "But in my hurry," she said, "I left my cloak, and I don't remember whether I changed it or left it a rose-petal."

The fairy king's jester, who was the merriest of all the merry lot, and the biggest mischief-maker, offered to go and get it for her: he wanted to see some of that dancing and merry-making, so off he flew like a robin redbreast. He soon returned very much disappointed, for instead of the jollity he had expected, he met only people with long faces and gloomy looks. This news depressed the others a good deal, because they had always been anxious to know what people do inside their houses; and now that the problem had promised to be cleared up, it had become more mixed than ever.

"Why not ask them what they do?" said a practical person, who was standing on the edge of a leaf washing linen in a raindrop.

"Why not indeed?" they all cried, and immediately decided to get a child to tell them all about it. They delight in this business of stealing babies; they prefer babies because they learn the fairy language much more easily than grown-ups.

Nobody knows what made the nurse sit down under a fox-glove; but she did, and a butterfly alighted on it and shook the sleep over her. The boy, who had been playing among the flowers, saw the butterfly and chased it until he was so tired that he had to stop and rest.

A head peeped out from behind a flower; then another and another until the whole field was alive with fairies. The boy was not surprised at all, but took it as a matter of course. For three happy days he lived with them, learning all manner of fairy things. He was such a merry fellow and provided them with so much amusement that they entirely forgot why they had stolen him. But they soon quarreled about him: the king wanted him for one of his pages, but the queen would not give him up; but the king's jester played such tricks on her that at last in compromise, she sent him back to his own people. After that, every birdsong had a meaning for him, and daffodils would invitingly nod their yellow heads at him; pansies looked so much like beautiful familiar faces that he had not the heart to pluck them. When he grew up he wrote a play about his adventure in fairyland, but because he thought he had only been dreaming, he called it 'A Midsummer Night's Dream.'

He never saw the fairies again, except one evening when he came upon them feasting in a brilliantly lighted hall all hung with crimson tapestry; but when he drew nearer it seemed to be only a glow-worm in a rose. D.

Râja-Yoga Messenger

An Illustrated Magazine

Devoted to the Higher Education of Youth

Conducted by

Students of the Râja-Yoga College

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RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

Vol. XIII

SEPTEMBER

No. 5

THE SOUL IS ARTIST

BY OWEN R. WASHBURN

THE soul is artist and the mind obeys:
All lofty thought, all longing infinite
Spring from the realm where in a clearer light
Some Master Craftsman makes through all our days
Creations fair, new glories for our days.

The joy of Beauty born of dawn or night,
The throbbing song, romance, the swallow's flight,
Statues that speak — each God himself betrays.

Back of the self the Master Self gives power;
Back of the seen the unseen brings forth truth;
He who works greatly finds his perfect hour
In some soul-impulse from Eternal Youth.
If still your heart unsatisfied doth rest,
Beauty yet waits to make your soul a guest.

— *From The Art World*

KINDNESS



KINDNESS — what a quiet, good, gentle and yet firm word it is! It is the arch-stone of the arch, without which the builders would be non-plussed indeed.

In our deliberations, arguments, teachings, and in fact in all of our relations to life, we must take this as the keynote to tune our lives to harmony. Life indeed is sweet, if in the rush of our daily lives we stop occasionally to glance about for its harmony, sprinkled plentifully with kindness.

The question is, how kind are we? Is there not great chance for improvement right among ourselves? And can we do our best work along the lines laid down by our teachers when every now and then some of us, nay, most of us, so often forget where we left that keystone, kindness?

One misdirected thought, a glance, a frown, a word, and it is done. One little word, look or frown, if tintured with unkindness, and our

efforts are undone. Why make hearts ache and eyes dim if a kind word, look or smile will drive it all away?

When we meet one discouraged or in trouble, one who has lost his courage, let us smile, SMILE: don't let us frown at him; it drives him to despair. Let us be kind! If we were ever kind, let us be so then.

This applies to us all, to you and to me, for we cannot afford to eliminate kindness from its important bearing on our daily life.

Yes! let us sow the seeds of kindness. It pays. It reaches the heart, and the heart is the mainspring that controls the body. So let us be careful lest we injure the mainspring by unkind actions, words or looks. Let us be kind!

M. E. W. (Australia)

THE ADVANTAGES OF A RÂJA-YOGA EDUCATION



O many are the advantages of a Râja-Yoga education, that even the students who have received its benefits the longest can appreciate them only to a degree. But perhaps one of its greatest advantages is the balance it gives to the student, an essential in the training which its very name emphasizes. For Râja-Yoga, a term chosen by Madame Katherine Tingley, the founder of this system of education, is taken from the old Sanskrit and means 'Royal Union.'

As it aims to bring about a harmony of all the faculties of man, the physical, mental, moral and spiritual, this training gives the student a fuller capacity for real life and its possibilities, as well as a more thorough preparation for it than could be gained in any other way. It is not an education confined to the school-room, but one that enters into every detail of life, drawing out of each individual the essence of his own divine nature. It teaches him that he is potentially divine and that he must evoke the godlike qualities of his nature if he wishes to live rightly, as the great magnificent plan of life intends he should live — nobly, unselfishly, divinely.

In answer to the question, "Why are we students of the Râja-Yoga College?" we would quote the words of our Teacher, Katherine Tingley:

We are here for that kind of education that will tend to round out our characters on all lines for the betterment of the human race. . . . The first result will be, that right here, in this little company of Râja-Yoga workers, we can establish a center of harmony which will not only benefit ourselves, but will help all with whom we come in contact.

These ideas are introduced into the training in a way that even the youngest can understand. Without argument or explanation their lives

become imbued early with a something that brings new and splendid opportunities into their lives. Not that they become extraordinary in any way, as some might think. For they are just as full of fun, just as happy, childlike and natural as any other children are. But under all this there is a process of growth that is fitting them for a part in life, that they could not take without this education. They become conscious of that divine spark within each one of them, that shows them the right and the beautiful things in life; and each day as they grow in strength and earnestness, trying to do their part to help their teachers, they are all the time learning to help themselves too, and their souls blossom out in the sunshine of their efforts. It is no uncommon thing to hear even the younger ones among the Râja-Yoga tots speaking of these truths familiarly; not irreverently, but with the greatest sincerity and intelligence, as if they were a natural part of the understanding. And indeed, so they are, and should be, of every child.

Râja-Yoga students find difficulties to contend with, of course, because the very fact that they are consciously working for something good and trying to overcome the lower impulses of their nature, proves there is to be a struggle. But it is a divine and glorious one; and each victory of the higher self over the lower, makes the next one more certain and complete.

One of the essential characteristics and advantages of the Râja-Yoga training, is found in the provision made for the differences in character among the students. As each individual is confronted with different problems, in order to build up the character and create the equilibrium which will set him on his feet, he must be dealt with according to those differences. Thrown into the crucible of life to learn and to become purified, each soul must throw off all those things which prove to be only impurities, and that do not belong to the golden essence of his nature — a purging which continues until there remains only the sterling, solid worth of that which is imperishable.

The Râja-Yoga student has a great advantage in the fact that he believes in Reincarnation and Karma, the twin laws of rebirth and 'As ye sow, so shall ye reap'; also in the truth that justice rules the universe. These facts come to him naturally as a solution for existing conditions, and they give him a full explanation in so far as he is able to understand. So he realizes that he brings with him into each incarnation seeds from other lives that are sprouting and blossoming now in events, in his nature and environment. Believing in these truths and working in harmony with them, gives his life a purpose and prevents him from living it aimlessly or giving himself up entirely to the temporary satisfaction of his whims or the allurements that may hold

a momentary attraction. George Eliot pictures this idea of a purpose in life very beautifully in the words:

We are all of us made more graceful by the inward presence of what we believe to be a generous purpose; our actions move to a hidden music — with a melody that is sweetly pitched in tune.

Think of a student working in this way in consonance with others, and all for the same purpose. There is formed an aggregate of force and harmonious thought that not only helps the individual, but affects the whole body of workers. The rhythm is something which even the least responsive cannot easily resist; he feels himself borne on in the general good feeling and onward sweep of things and does not take long to join in. In these circumstances, it can be seen that life to the Râja-Yoga student is an opportunity of expansion and growth, when he can learn to live in harmony with his fellows and make his nature receptive of the finer things that will enable him to serve and share in the grand scheme of life.

Every subject included in an all-round curriculum is made a part of the training; but from the student's broadened view of things, these acquirements are seen to be only a means of making the mind more keen and useful, the nature more receptive and appreciative, thus giving the soul a broader field of expression.

The Râja-Yoga student learns not to seek for knowledge and acquirements for his own glorification. The moment he sets in action a selfish motive, he closes his nature to what lies beyond and finds himself in a narrow by-path that leads him astray. But the sincere worker is willing and anxious to share with others this new, wonderful life that is his. So long as there is one soul less fortunate than he is, the student cannot remain satisfied in his own happiness and feel that he is doing his full duty unless he does what is in his power to give the necessary help. As the great teacher Madame Blavatsky says:

To live to benefit mankind is the first step

All these ideas and truths enter in a very practical way into the lives of young and old in 'Lomaland,' sustaining and constantly inspiring.

Perhaps the grandest and biggest thing in the Râja-Yoga system, speaking from the viewpoint of a student, is this tremendous backing of spiritual force. All the wonderful and sublime teachings of Theosophy are in the very blood-current of the school-life. These teachings, so new to many minds of the present day, are the same that have been taught all down the ages by Buddha, Krishna, Christ, and the other great teachers as they have appeared from time to time in the world's history. Now, under the name of Theosophy and taught by the leaders

of the Theosophical Movement, the world has an opportunity to revive these truths and, as in the olden day, to make them a part of life. That is what is being done in the Râja-Yoga College.

The foundation of the Râja-Yoga system is truth; and the students are having the grand advantage and opportunity of their lives, to balance their nature, that this great surging force of truth may sweep through their being and make them strong and noble workers at the feet of the Great Law of Life.

STUDENT

GAMES OF THE TORCH



PROMETHEUS was he who was said to have brought fire down to the earth from the sun as a gift to mankind, and in those countries where Prometheus was held in honor in ancient times there came to be instituted contests called 'Games of the Torch.' The contestants in these games carried lighted torches, and when one became extinguished he who carried it withdrew, the prize being awarded to that person who first brought his lighted torch to the goal.

These games, like others practised of old, had a significance deeper than the outward contest of skill. The runners must have developed more than swiftness, because too great swiftness would have caused failure as surely as lack of speed, and the kind and quality of the torches carried must have had much to do with the chance of success or failure.

Shall we make a modern application of the meaning of such a game?

Let us call education a 'game of the torch.' The light of a torch suggests wisdom, knowledge, kindled into flame as at a burning torch in the hands of a teacher; the different systems of education are the contestants; the goal is a worthy life, and the prize is happiness. There are all sorts of contestants and a great variety of torches, excellent, ordinary and poor. It is natural that those systems of education which enter the contest poorly prepared, with torches that burn none too brightly at best, should not last long when it comes to an actual contest.

'The Râja-Yoga System presses on — a 'young, invincible runner.' Indeed, Râja-Yoga has touched the goal of worthiness and wears upon its youthful brow the crown of happiness, and now turns, smiling, to rekindle the smoking torches of those who had, for the time being, withdrawn from the contest.

W.

I would not waste my spring of youth in idle daliance; I would plant rich seeds, to blossom in my manhood and bear fruit when I am old.

— Hillhouse

THE ORDINALS



HERE are the orderly lessons in the book: First, Second Third, and Fourth, all in line; and Sixteenth, Seventeenth and Eighteenth, all in line. Down the pages of the days of school they are marching, all in line! Halt! We seem to see a row of protecting trees, an impressive colonnade of Doric columns, a group of obedient children going into school, a regiment of courageous soldiers marching off to war. They are the ordinals, all in their true places! They are the lessons in the book.

What is this? A lesson gone? Then the picture of the well-ordered line is blurred. You can see a tree toppling, a column crumbling, a child loitering, a soldier out of step. There is confusion now, and disorder.

Come to the gateway of the Avenue of Palms leading to the Râja-Yoga Academy and you shall see co-ordination illustrated. Two score of royal servitors wait along the stairway of the hill, and under foot hundreds of yards of mauve geranium-carpet lie outspread. Are you pleased with the orderly picture? See the reverent gestures of the palms, and the lovely hues of the carpet. Flowers and trees, all on duty, all in order, none more important than any other, and all so necessary! They are the ordinals subdued.

Let us enter the gateway, for it opens for us. Let us go up the palm-guarded and geranium-carpeted hill, and join the Râja-Yoga children, ready to march off to duty.

Ah, look, my dear! The long strips of carpet have been cut, and order destroyed. Two gaps have been made by geraniums that have refused to grow along with the others. What a pity that there should have been this insubordination! What a pity that any should lag behind in the march!

The book of right-words-to-use says that the independent clause cannot tell all, but needs the hangers-on (the subordinates in good order) to round out the sense. So the first ushers the last and all between.

There is a sweet charm in good order. The line of trees writes its runic message upon the horizon in bold upstanding trunks; the holy *cella* of the Temple calls most imperiously from behind its unbroken columns; the long even file of hopeful children takes all the world into school; and home-abiders all go out in thought to war with the ranks of brave, marching soldiers. The unbroken line is irresistible.

Open the lesson-books. In order! Forward march! along the sunny highway of the days of school.

Z.



Step by step one goes very far.—*French Proverb*

SIDNEY LANIER

His song was only living aloud.
His work, a singing with his hand.



THESE lines, the closing verses to his *Life and Song*, seem fittingly to describe the life and work of Sidney Lanier, an American poet, whose poetry is becoming more and more appreciated.

But Lanier was not alone a poet, he was a musician as well, and as a child his first inclination was towards music. When still a boy he could play instrument that found its the flute, violin, organ, jo, although he reconstruction. It was the which he especially by some he was con-flute-player of his

During his imprisonment of the Civil War, his consolation and Lanier low associates with his first year of the war, tively easy and he ing German, French, regiment there were friends, a great num-musical tendencies,

range music for them to play, especially the old melodies which they all knew and loved so well: *My Old Kentucky Home*, *Home Sweet Home*, and others. He also wrote music to many of his poems at this time.

In later years Lanier became first flute of the Peabody Orchestra of Baltimore, and many remember hearing him play at concerts there and in Macon, his birthplace; especially once when he played his own composition *Blackbirds*, accompanied by his wife.

These are some thoughts about music from his poems and other writings:

Music is Love in search of a word.

I am beginning, in the midst of the stormy glories of the orchestra, to feel my heart sure and my soul discriminating.

Music means harmony, harmony means love, love means — God.



SIDNEY LANIER

nearly every instrument way into his hands: piano, guitar and banjo, but little in-flute, however, in perfected himself, and sidered the greatest time.

onment, at the time flute was his greatest often cheered his fellow-playing. During the his life was comparatively spent his time studying and Spanish. In his many of his boyhood ber of whom also had and he used to ar-

These lines are from a poem on Beethoven, in *The Galaxy* (1877):

I know not how, I care not why,—
Thy music brings this broil at ease,
And melts my passion's mortal cry
In satisfying symphonies:

Yea, it forgives me all my sins,
Fits life to love like rhyme to rhyme,
And tunes the task each day begins
By the last trumpet-note of Time.

Sidney Lanier's father was a lawyer and wished his son to follow the same vocation. He studied and graduated with high honors from Ogelthorpe College at eighteen years of age, and after the war, began studying and practising law. But he felt that he had a higher mission in life; that he had something to express and something new to add to art with which to enrich it and so he pledged his life to poetry and music.

Although he was unknown and had to support himself by his writing, still he always held to his high ideals of art and did not stoop to gratify public taste. All through Lanier's life there was a constant struggle for physical existence, for during the hardships and the exposure of the war he had contracted the beginnings of consumption, which he inherited from both sides of his family. He fought it manfully all during his life and though he did suffer terribly sometimes he was never down-hearted, but was always cheerful and full of pleasantries. He had a great sense of humor and this no doubt helped him many a time. He was compelled to work for he had to support himself and his family, and even during the last year of his life when his health constantly failed him, he played continuously at the rehearsals and concerts of the Peabody, gave ten lectures a week besides doing miscellaneous writing and studying. And yet he was physically so worn out that he was obliged to give his lectures seated and at times could hardly be heard. But he never gave up, it was his strong will and determination that carried him through. We find such thoughts expressed in his poetry:

My soul is like the oar that momentarily
Dies in a desperate stress beneath the wave,
Then glitters out again and sweeps the sea:
Each second I'm new-born from some new grave.

Old Past let go, and drop i' the sea
Till fathomless waters cover thee!
For I am living but thou art dead;
Thou drawest back, I strive ahead
The Day to find.

When Sidney Lanier finally decided to take up his life's work as literature he began to study deeply. In his early life he did not have

the opportunity to study a great deal. He had intended to go to Germany, like many other American students, but the war changed all his plans. Later on however when he was living in Baltimore and teaching at the Peabody Institute, he had the valuable aid of the Peabody Library in pursuing his studies, not only in poetry and music, but in language, philosophy, and science. He was always a very painstaking and industrious worker and took the greatest interest in everything that he undertook.

Writing of Lanier's musical gifts, the Director of the Peabody Orchestra of Baltimore said:

To him as a child in his cradle Music was given, the heavenly gift to feel and to express himself in tones. His human nature was like an enchanted instrument, a magic flute, or the lyre of Apollo, needing but a breath or a touch to send its beauty out into the world. It was indeed irresistible that he should turn with those poetical feelings which transcend language to the penetrating gentleness of the flute, or the infinite passion of the violin; for there was an agreement, a spiritual correspondence between his nature and theirs, so that they mutually absorbed and expressed each other. In his hands the flute no longer remained a mere material instrument, but was transformed into a voice that set heavenly harmonies into vibration. Its tones developed colors, warmth, and a low sweetness of unspeakable poetry; they were not only true and pure, but poetic, allegoric as it were, suggestive of the depths and heights of being and of the delights which the earthly ear never hears and the earthly eye never sees. No doubt his firm faith in these lofty idealities gave him the power to present them to our imaginations, and thus by the aid of the higher language of Music to inspire others with that sense of beauty in which he constantly dwelt. His conception of music was not reached by an analytic study of note by note, but was intuitive and spontaneous; like a woman's reason: he felt it so, because he felt it so, and his delicate perception required no more logical form of reasoning. His playing appealed alike to the musically learned and to the unlearned — for he could magnetize the listener; but the artist felt in his performance the superiority of the momentary living inspiration to all the rules and shifts of mere technical scholarship. His art was not only the art of art, but an art above art.

Lanier made a thorough study of English literature, beginning with Early English and coming down to modern times. He was greatly interested in the English epic, *Beowulf*, and lamented the fact that English-speaking children and even grown-ups were not familiar with the classic period of their own language. He edited *The Mabinogion*, the Celtic legends, *Froissart*, *Percy*, and *Tales of King Arthur* for boys. He wrote a treatise *The Science of English Verse*, in which he brought out his ideas of the relation of music and poetry, and *A History of the English Novel*, both of which are the substance of his lectures on English literature at Johns Hopkins University.

Sidney Lanier was interested in all branches of learning and he believed that to be a really great poet, a man must be a scholar and possessed of great learning and knowledge. He had a great love and appreciation of nature, and a wonderful sense of beauty in every form, and his poetry abounds in lines full of beauty in thought and expression.

Here are but a few such lines, selected from some of his poems:

The sun has kissed the violet sea,
And burned the violet to a rose.

Run home, little streams,
With your lapfuls of stars and dreams.

As if a Swedish snowflake fell
Into a glowing flower-bell.

Of his shorter poems, *Life and Song* is one of the most beautiful and seems to express his ideal of a poet. This is the keynote:

"If life were caught in a clarionet,
And a wild heart throbbing in the reed,
Should thrill its joy and trill its fret,
And utter its heart in every deed,

"Then would this breathing clarionet
Type what the poet fain would be;
For none of the singers ever yet
Has wholly lived his minstrelsy."

The *Marsh Hymns* are full of beauty and music, especially *The Marshes of Glynn*. In *Sunrise* the description of the rising sun is noteworthy:

The East is unveiled, the East hath confessed
A flush: 'tis dead; 'tis alive: 'tis dead, ere the West
Was aware of it: nay, 'tis abiding, 'tis unwithdrawn:
Have a care sweet Heaven! 'Tis Dawn.

The Song of the Chattahoochee reminds one of Tennyson's *Brook*, "chattering over stony ways." The first stanza is:

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

Lanier loved the heights, and in *From the Flats* he writes these lines:

Oh might I through these tears
But glimpse some hill my Georgia high uprears,

And it is upon one of these Georgian hills which he so dearly loved that there is to be erected by his native state a monument to his memory and fame, and yet these lines from *Corn*:

Thine epitaph writ fair in fruitage eloquent,
Thyself thy monument.

C. L. M.

MOZART

BY CELIA THAXTER

MOST beautiful among the helpers thou!
All heaven's fresh air and sunshine at thy voice
Flood with refreshment many a weary brow,
And sad souls thrill with courage and rejoice
To hear God's gospel of pure gladness sound
So sure and clear in this bewildered world,
Till the sick vapors that our sense confound
By cheerful winds are into nothing whirled.
O matchless Melody! O perfect art!
O lovely, lofty voice, unfaltering!
O strong and radiant and divine Mozart,
Among earth's benefactors crowned a king!
Loved shalt thou be while yet time may endure,
Spirit of health, sweet, sound, and wise, and pure.
—*Selected*

POETRY, MUSIC AND ART



POETRY, music and art are three of the finest and most inspiring of man's accomplishments.

The presence of the poetical, musical or artistic temperament in one's character is an evidence of a progress towards the desired goal of perfection; for the term 'perfect' is applied to the state a person or thing is in when the nature of either is in perfect harmony with its surroundings. In the case of poems, paintings and musical compositions we are able to see the creations of those whose natures are, to a certain degree, harmonized with their environments.

Though it cannot be said that all who are blessed with the gifts of the poet, musician or artist are entirely free from blemish of character, yet it can be said that those who have the gifts are of a better character with them than they would be without them. It cannot result in anything else, for a balance is created between the opposing powers by the uplifting periods a poet, musician or artist must necessarily go through while at work at his divine calling.

Here comes in the influence of contact, which when at play with the good and sublime is as effective as when at play with the evil and trivial. According to the individual's power of assimilation, he is influenced by the repeated contact with these forces.

When an individual who has not as yet given vent to the higher

qualities in his nature, enters the uplifting atmosphere created by poetry, music and art, he is unconsciously and inwardly worked upon, so that, before he is aware of what is urging him, he is striving to imitate and to give pleasure to others in the same way as it was given to him. We find examples of this in studying the lives of musicians; for some have been able to find their true places, and have received great inspiration, on hearing a masterpiece which produced an inexplicable grand harmony within their bosoms. Though all do not succeed in giving outward expression to their feelings, yet the seed for the future harvest has been sown when once their sense for the beautiful has been aroused.

Knowing that these accomplishments represent in a concrete form the higher forces at work in man, knowing also that like attracts like, one is able to use these outward expressions intelligently and effectively when endeavoring to bring forth from a pupil his latent powers, that they may demonstrate themselves in a similar manner. When the nature of the pupil seems to lack the love for the beautiful, then is the time for applying a sympathetic and stimulating force outwardly until an inner desire is aroused to such activity that it, in turn, seeks a similar outlet, and serves its possessor and those around him.

Sound, color and rhythm are the three abstract forces behind poetry, music and art, which are to a certain degree at man's service. Like other forces, they are convertible into either good or ill. Every force can be turned into opposite channels: the positive and negative, the good and bad, the destructive and constructive.

As soon as man is able to swerve these from their course, he is served in the manner in which he served them; but as man is not always strong enough to do as he would like in all cases, the different aspects which they can present to him manifest themselves through him according to his fitness as a tool for their purposes. For instance, music affects different persons differently, and the same person differently according to the mood he is in when he hears it.

Now, it is not that the force behind that which is expressed is different, but that he who is using the hidden force, is interpreting it in his own way. In the case of the wind blowing through a pipe, over grass, among trees, against wire screens, and over the strings of an aeolian harp, we find the effects differing greatly, yet it is the same thing working through all. So it is with every thing. The individuals are all trying to express something similar in essence, but being in various stages of development, they are unable to give the same interpretation of it.

That which has been trying to express itself in the form of the beautiful in all ages, has been so extremely varied because of the inequality of temperament of the people and the diversity of their means for expressing

themselves; but a more consequential element is the people's mode of life. The proof of this is found in the study of the poetry, music and art of various epochs. We find that these are divided into different periods, each bearing marked characteristics of the manners, tastes and customs of the people of their time. Some bear marks of an imaginative, simple and pure style of living; others an intellectual and materialistic, or an affected and frivolous style. Some are rich in moral and philosophical teachings; others are devoid of them, etc. They reflect the life of the average person of their particular time.

We say 'average,' because there are exceptions, when a man seems to think and live such a contrasted life from his period that he stands like a "lonely star in a starry sky." The most vivid example is Milton, a poet who lived in an age of materialism and moral looseness, and yet remained with a stainless, upright character full of purpose and unswerving loyalty to duty; a poet who was a living example of what he expressed by his pen, and one who had a mind free from the trammels of materialism.

They that live up to what they preach, be it in poetry, music or art, live eternally in the hearts of the people. There have been many who have contributed everlasting impressions to the material sphere of beauty, but few have been those who have left to the world the much-desired record of the combination of life and work intertwined into one harmonious whole.

That which makes the poetry, music and art of Lomaland so sweet, delightful and attractive, is the fact that what is pictured in words, in sound, and in color, is no less than the material form of the loftiest and most sublime thoughts of those who are striving unceasingly to become one with the Universal Spirit.

STUDENT

THE POET

THE poet is the heir of every clime;
 He gathers spoil from all the years of time;
 He sends Fate's holograph with vision clear,
 And sees a rainbow smiling in a tear.— *James Benjamin Kenyon*



SELF-CONFIDENCE is the first step to that kind of Will which will make a mountain move.— *H. P. Blavatsky*

A MOUNTAIN SUNRISE

By M. G. G.

FROM out the dusk and somber wilds of green,
Against an ashen sky, that stood confused,
Between the still, dark night and golden sheen
Of day, uprose to view in robes suffused
Of light sublime, the mountains in the west.
Like peaceful emblems, stately borne aloft
In a grand ethereal pageant of the blest
They shone — in awesome silence, save for soft
And undulating, murmurous melodies,
That floated up in rippling waves of sound,
From cascades loud with headlong rhapsodies.
Afar off loomed the lone and chastely crowned
Columbian summits, throned in timeless cold.
Far Whatcom's pearl-gray pile of ice and snow
Stood, robed in lavender, and streaked with gold;
Those unnamed heights beyond seemed crouching low.
Tak-ho-ma blazed in transcendental rose;
And Adams and St. Helens, lost in dreams,
Reposed beneath their crimson mantled snows.
Anon a whelming purple, lambent, gleams
O'er glaciers on the mountains near at hand.
And midst the purple, glinting ocean-green,
Replete with agelong splendor, coldy grand,
The jewelled radiance mingled, sheen on sheen:
And while the sparkling glaciers beamed amain,
The shy Three Sisters shone in purpling snows,
Eternal, beautiful, devoid of stain.
And farther south, through faintest pink and rose,
Loomed Diamond Mountain, dight in pomp of morn:
Then, one by one, above the wilds of green,
They paled away with the awakened dawn —
All save the glaciers' cold and glaucous sheen.

THE THREE SISTERS

STRIKING the forks of the Mackenzie River near Eugene City, the snow-clad summits of the Three Sisters loom up into the pleasant air. . . . The Mackenzie River flows along the edge of the plain; . . . These plains are covered with a thick, juicy herbage, much relished by the Indians' ponies, which feed there in great numbers. The tents of their masters are a conspicuous feature in the landscape.—*Picturesque America*

SEPTEMBER

BY HELEN HUNT JACKSON

GOLDEN month! How high thy gold is heaped!
The yellow birch leaves shine like bright coins strung
On wands; the chestnut's yellow pennons tongue
To every wind its harvest challenge. Steeped
In yellow, still lie fields where wheat was reaped;
And yellow still the corn sheaves, stacked among
The yellow gourds, which from the earth have wrung,
Her utmost gold. To highest boughs have leaped
The purple grape — last thing to ripen late
By very reason of its purple cost.
O Heart, remember, vintages are lost
If grapes do not for freezing night-dew wait.
Think, while thou sunnest thyself in Joy's estate
Mayhap thou canst not ripen without frost! — *Selected*

THE SUNSET TREES



It was the wood-sprite's home; no one could doubt that, the whole hillside proclaimed it. Everywhere there were eucalyptus trees; some tall and dark in sober green and brown, others no jot more gay, but less severe in gray and lavender and purple. Here in the lap of the hill they were slender with drooping branches and pendant leaves — the half-turn of a fairy wand would have changed them into birch trees. Overlooking the canyon they were shorter, and here and there the leaves had turned to red and gold as if they had caught the sun's last rays to keep the hillside bright. This was the wood-sprite's play-ground, the spot he loved the best, the Grove of the Sunset Trees.

"O! it was long ago," he laughed when I asked about the red and golden leaves. "No, the trees are not always like that. Sometimes they are as green as their great flower balls — you know their caps serve our people for trumpets, and while they are still green we light them up at night for candelabra. May you hear the story of their sunset coloring? O yes, it's no secret.

"Let me see, it was perhaps a million years ago. Some straggling sun-rays were the cause; their purpose one of pleasure, perhaps a little mischief; but even sun-rays sometimes meet the unexpected. They were a merry group, those stragglers, the gayest garbed of all the sun's bright children; doublet and hose of scarlet and crimson, slashes of orange or golden yellow, and sometimes a mantle lined with rose. The

sunland loved them despite their pranks, and called them 'Squires of the Sunset Light.'

"It was late afternoon, the Sun was nearing the rim of the ocean and the Squires had been sent ahead to guard his passage through the Gates of Night. Nothing pleased them better when the Cloud Lords also stood as guards, their somber uniforms the best of backgrounds for the gorgeous liveries of the Squires. This time, however, they were sent alone; the Sun would seek his rest with less of pomp than sometimes seemed his pleasure.

"Well, be it so! But there was time enough yet; with less ceremony, less time would be needed for taking their positions, they would reach the Gates by a new and unexplored path. Who could guess what stories they might have to tell that evening in the great Sun-hall?

"It was a path worth following, over hills with great cup-like flowers of gold, and smaller blossoms of pale yellow or purple, and then to the heart of a grove like this: could there be a better place for real sport? Just a game or two, then on to the Gates of Night. O what fun to swing from tree to tree, to play hide and seek among the leaves, or have a mad game of tag about the tree-trunks! One more race through the swaying leaves, and then they must go; but this last game was too wild, and before they knew it doublet and hose were a tangle among the twigs. No use to pull, that would tear their precious sun-raiment; deft fingers and patience alone could save them.

"Then the trees themselves came to their assistance, but the tangles were so bad, and the sun-raiment so delicate that it took all night to free the luckless Squires.

"The Sun, of course, had missed them when they strayed, and the next day as he passed, he sought to find their hiding-place. It proved an easy task, for when he reached the grove he found them waiting to return. No single ray was missing; and when the Sun had once more gathered up the 'Squires of the Sunset Light,' he smiled upon the trees for their good care.

" 'You have done well' he said, 'and for this service you shall wear my sunset colors. Not all the year around, for your own green becomes you well; but in those months when cloudless skies or veiling fogs make pale my setting course, your leaves shall guard the sunset fire to keep in trust for me.' "

HAZEL M.

✽

SOW an act, and you reap a habit; sow a habit, and you reap a character; sow a character, and you reap a destiny.—*G. D. Boardman*

PEARLS



PEARLS are found in the inside of what are called pearl-oysters and pearl-mussels. They are formed by the coating of any foreign substance, such as a grain of sand which may become lodged inside the shell, with the same substance which the mollusk coats the inside of its shell. This, in ordinary shells, is called 'nacre'; but in the pearl producing ones, it is called 'mother-of-pearl.' The Japanese make small images of lead, which they put in pearl-oysters to get a coating of pearl.

Pearls are generally of a satiny, silvery or bluish-white color, with shapes either round, pear-shaped or perfect ovals. Pearls have been found which were pink, copper-colored, purple, brown and black.

The finest pearls are found around Ceylon, in the Persian Gulf, off the western coast of Australia, and around little coral islands scattered here and there in the Pacific Ocean. Yellow pearls come from Panama, and the finest black ones are from the Gulf of California. Purple, light-blue and black pearls are found in the common clam.

The mode of obtaining pearls is by diving for them. The divers anchor their boats over the place which they think best, and then descend with their feet resting on a weight attached to a rope. Before being lowered, the diver utters several loud yells to empty his lungs, refills them again and descends rapidly to the bottom.

He immediately begins to tear the shells from their supports, at the same time loading a basket which he has with him. Often he has to ascend and descend several times before he has filled his basket, which weighs thirty to thirty-five pounds when loaded.

Each time the diver comes up, he dries himself with a towel and rests for about ten minutes before going down again. He will go down from twenty to twenty-five times in the five hours he works, if he is a good diver.

A curious fact connected with his under-water work, is that the fish pay scarcely any attention to him, enabling him to spear all he wants.

At Tahiti, a small island west of the Samoan and Fiji Islands, is collected a colony of the world's best divers. They dive all the way from six to one hundred and twenty feet, and remain under the water a minute and a half for the average man, two to two and a half for a good diver, and three minutes for a few experts.

But this mode of obtaining a living is not one to be desired. At the beginning of each season the nose and ears of the diver bleed when he comes up, and sometimes he vomits blood. His eyes become affected, and paralysis of the arms and legs is not uncommon.

The diver is at his best between the ages of twenty and twenty-five, and after thirty his ability declines. Boys who wish to become divers

begin to practise soon after entering their teens. Between fifteen and seventeen years of age, when they have not yet learned the limit of their capacity, they occasionally stay down a little too long and drown.

RÂJA-YOGA COMPOSITIONS

WILL-POWER

ONE cannot live without will-power, for it takes will-power to govern the body. It is the first necessary thing we should have, because if one has control by will-power, he has self-control; he can control his feelings, passions, sensations, desires, and above all his Lower Self which is composed of all those stumbling-blocks. In fact, will-power is the combination of all the forces of the Higher Self.

Will-power comes by doing the smallest duties well, with no selfish thoughts, for as Mackay says:

The smallest effort is not lost;
Each wavelet on the ocean tossed
Aids in the ebb tide or the flow;
Each rain-drop makes some flowret blow,
Each struggle lessens human woe.

So, making an effort in the right direction brings encouragement to add to will-power, so that each time you try and succeed in advancing a step, it is easier to succeed next time, and helps in the 'flow'; while each wrong action hinders the 'ebb-tide' and you fall back a step. Each time you do right sends a ray of light to those of your type out in the world to gain will-power, and in helping others thus, it 'lessens human woe.'

If you were climbing up a ladder and you met someone falling, would you jump down just because he was falling, or would you try to catch him and help him up again? With self-control, you would have strength to hold on to the ladder and at the same time, perhaps, keep your comrade from falling.

So we find that will-power is the first step of the ladder, and only those who are strong can reach the top.

EMMETTE S.

WILL-POWER

OUR will is rarely ever exercised upon lines which require it most. To illustrate this: suppose the temptation came to talk to another at an improper time. In most cases we would give way to that desire and allow it to run us. Whereas it is really an op-

portunity to strengthen our will by determination to overcome that desire.

From this we see that will-power is really a quality possessed by the mind, by means of which it decides whether an action to be performed shall be right or wrong. When the will makes the former choice, one is determined and decided, but when it chooses the latter path, one is hesitant and doubtful as to the course of his action.

If a person wants to climb a steep mountain and he starts up it with the thought of how difficult it will be, uppermost in his mind, he has placed unnecessary obstacles in his own path, because he has so psychologized his mind with the difficulties that it becomes a physical impossibility to make the ascent of the mountain, his will-power being so weakened.

On the other hand, if he had started up the same mountain feeling confident that he could climb it without difficulty, the mental burden which he had before is entirely removed and is replaced by confidence and determination to reach the top.

It is the same way in our lives; when we determine to overcome a certain difficulty it is ten times easier to conquer it when we are in the right frame of mind than if our mental attitude is in such a state as to keep us from using our will-power.

HENRY G.

ARCHITECTURAL STYLES AND THEIR MEANING

CHAPTER XXVIII — MOHAMMEDAN ARCHITECTURE: INDIAN, PART II



ONE of the greatest names in Indian history is that of Akbar, ruler of the Mogul empire from 1556 to 1605. He was an enthusiastic builder. Fergusson says:

It would require a volume to describe all the buildings erected by this remarkable man during his long reign of forty-nine years, and a hundred plates would hardly suffice to make known all their peculiarities. . . . Nothing in his career is so remarkable as the spirit of tolerance that pervaded all his acts. He seems to have had as sincere love for his Hindû subjects as he had for those of his own faith (Mohammedan) and . . . to have cherished their arts as much as he did those that belonged exclusively to his own people. The consequence is a mixture throughout all his works of the two styles.

Akbar had the true spirit of Theosophy; he saw that there was truth in all religions, and believed so firmly that people should not be separated by differences in belief that he tried to harmonize them by starting a new system including what he thought the best points in every religion. His Mohammedan successors were not so advanced in Theosophical principles and their buildings show fewer traces of the Hindû style.

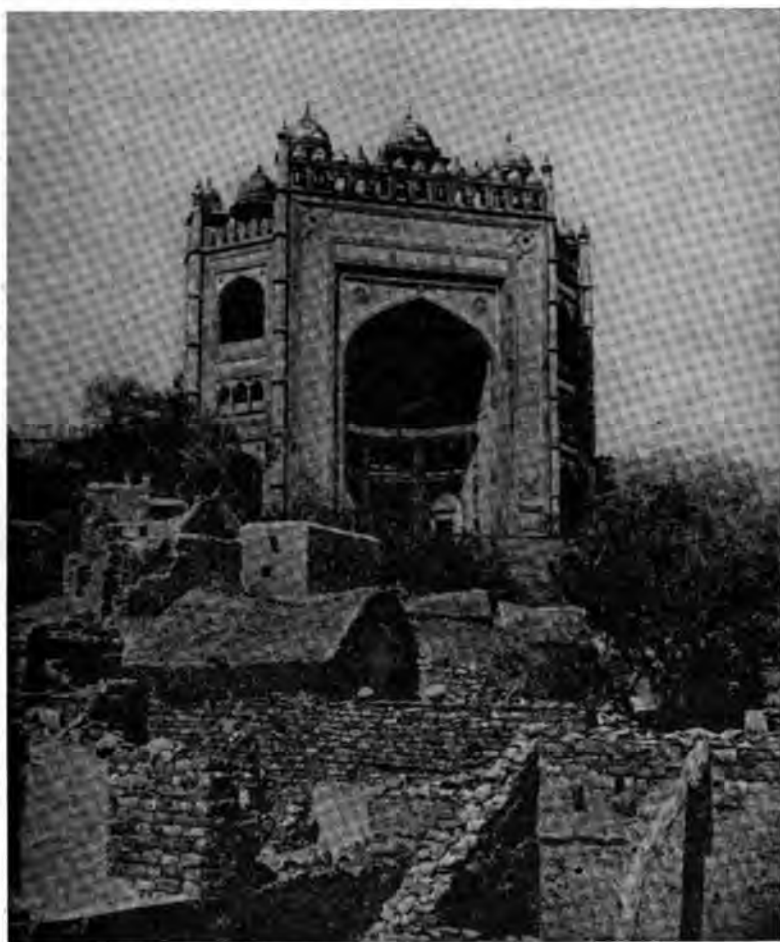


TOMB OF SULTAN MAHMUD, BIJAPORE, INDIA

Twenty miles from Agra stands the city of Futtehpore Sikri, built by Akbar for a royal residence on his usual magnificent scale. The Buland Darwazah or Gate of Victory, the entrance to Akbar's Mosque, is 130 feet high, and is considered the finest existing solution of the problem which has exercised the ingenuity of innumerable designers, *i. e.*, to combine a small door convenient for use with the appearance of dignity demanded for the entrance of an important building. Akbar adopted the Persian principle of a great pointed arch with a half-dome covering a deep recess, at the back of which was the actual doorway. The Gate of Victory has been called "the reflex of the mind of the great man who built it, a romance in stone of which few such are to be found anywhere." Across the top, in mosaic lettering of black marble, is an inscription: "Issa [Jesus], on whom be peace, said: 'The world is a bridge, pass over it, but build no house on it. The world endures but an hour, spend it in devotion.' "

Lucknow city contains some famous Mohammedan buildings, of which the Great Imambara or Mosque of the Imams is the most perfect. It resembles the Taj Mahal in general design and style, but is not so exquisitely proportioned and beautiful in detail.

The tomb of Sultan Mahmud [Mohammed], 1626, at Bijapore in the Deccan, is remarkable for simple grandeur and has much of the Hindû feeling about it. The dome is not of the bulb or onion shape, and the entrances have no deep recess. This building is noted for the enormous size of its dome, which covers more free space than any other known,

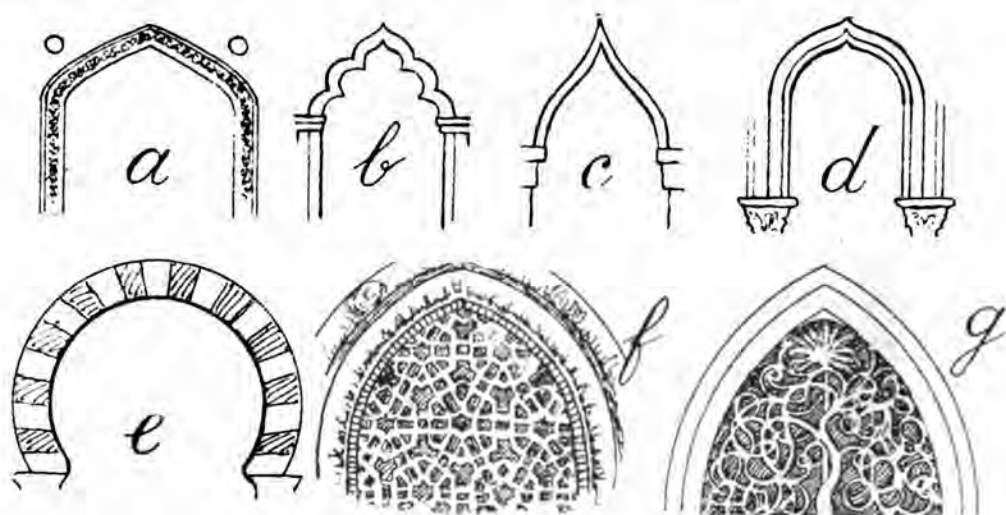


GATEWAY OF MOSQUE OF AKBAR, FUTTEHPORE, INDIA

and for its design, which is the most extraordinary and complex ever made. It is 198 feet high and 10 feet thick, and covers an area of 18,225 square feet; the Pantheon in Rome only covers 15,833 square feet. A very original system of pendentives made of interlacing pointed arches has been employed. By an ingenious and highly scientific arrangement of the supporting arches their thrust balances the outward thrust of the great dome, so that the whole building is in perfect equilibrium. Modern engineering could probably build a still larger dome without using metal girders, but it could not produce a more beautiful one. The cornice, under the upper row of arches, is a very daring construction. At the height of eighty-three feet above the ground it projects twelve feet twice as much as any European architect ever attempted in stone corning.

A few words must be said in explanation of the illustration of windows

shown on this page. The pointed arch, widely used for the first time in architecture by the Mohammedans, varied in shape from the spreading, nearly straight-sided Persian form (*a*); to the narrower form



FORMS OF ARCHES IN MOHAMMEDAN ARCHITECTURE

with cusps (*b*) or without them (*f*); when it tapered to a curved point it is called the 'ogee' arch (*c*). An arch is called 'stilted' when there is a space of straight wall between the capital or molding and the spring of the arch (*d*); it looks as if it stood upon stilts. Round and even pointed arches were sometimes curved inwards at the bottom as in (*e*); this is the 'horse-shoe' arch, and was very much used in Spain. In Egypt and India the windows that let in light were often partly filled with delicate stone-work called 'tracery.' This can be seen in (*f*) which is from the mosque of Tulûn in Cairo, and in (*g*) which is a rough sketch from a window in the mosque of Ahmedabad in India. The first is an early form, geometrically regular; the second gives an idea of the graceful forms that were invented in later times. The design is a combination of a straight-trunked palm tree and a tree with flowing branches. The original contains far more delicate detail than is shown in the sketch. Tracery of this kind is suitable for windows in countries where there is plenty of blazing sunshine, for the small openings and the semi-transparent marble of which it is made greatly subdue the light. As we shall see later, the tracery in the Gothic style of northern Europe serve the opposite purpose; it permitted the construction of large windows which admitted a great deal of light. This was necessary in foggy climates. R.

DEIO THE MOUNTAIN

BY CENYDD MORUS, the Welsh poet



T began in the orchard. I don't know how he came there, nor what Betti Nantymelin was doing, to let him get away like that. Her fault it must have been, whatever; though not well to say too much about it, for cry her eyes out she did when she found the nursery empty, poor thing; and no harm coming of it, after all. You couldn't expect the others to bother; and as for the master and mistress, they were in Swansea for the day, and did not get back till just before Dan the Poacher arrived at Gelli-onen in the evening, as shall be duly related.

But there he was, in the orchard, when the great idea struck him. The appletrees were old, with trunks and boughs grey-bearded with lichens, and elbowed and angled queerly. In the blue light of the afternoon — the silver-blue time, before the world turns mellow-golden — you could hear many sounds to delight you, and the air was flooded with the wine of mountain odors.

Between the tree rows you could see the green ample quietudes of the mountainside, and above the green, the darkness and purple of heather. From far up and beyond came dropping in a little seed-pearl stream the notes of a lark singing.

It was Mr. Arthur planted those trees — the apples and plums and greengages — “in the old, anncient, formerly times; over a hundred years ago, I shouldn' wonder.” That was what Amber said; and although it was his one chronological formula for such things as the Roman occupation, the Norman Wars, the Emperor Arthur and Owen Glyndwr, it was not inappropriate in this case; for Mr. Iorwerth had fought Boney under Picton; and Mr. Iorwerth was Mr. Arthur's son; and Mr. Gwilym was Mr. Iorwerth's; and Mr. Llewelyn was Mr. Gwilym's; and Deio bach was Mr. Llewelyn's. So that the trees had a certain claim to the title of ancient. But to Deio — called Browneyes before, but Deio the Mountain, proudly, after this episode — they were as though coeval with the world: things of antique magic and mystery, with profound thought and wisdom of their own. Once he had sat mouselike in the library while his father read to Captain Rees about the Woods of Celyddon, with their “seven score and seven sweet appletrees, equal in height, girth, beauty and sweetness,” and about the half-appearing

maid that predicts "things that shall certainly come to pass." He expected to see her emerge from the appletrees at any time. He had always thought wonderful on the orchard before, but now —

You never could tell what might happen in it. Again, it was on the way to the Mountain, and under the Mountain; and Who might live in the Mountain, who could tell? Sometimes one would enquire, and receive foolish answers: as, Davvy Beynon Llŵchishywel, or Jones the Quarryfield, or Tommy Hodges, or Merry 'Altery (known to the sophisticated as Mary Walters). But far up there, as one could see from the night-nursery window, was a grove of dark trees; and close by them Someone lived, that sang mysteriously in the nights; — or calling he was for you to come to him; — and it was neither Davvy Beynon, nor Jones, nor Tommy Hodges, whom one knew perfectly well; nor even Merry 'Altery — about whom, still, there was a flavor of mystery. But there, what good to ask at all, when nobody did know?

And it was on the Mountain that Tortoy had been lost; on Tuesday morning, when Betti Nantymelin took him to gather bluebells. Tortoy, you are to know, was a tortoise: of the tin sort that swims after a magnet: a loved and intimate pet, that had accompanied Deio Browneyes on all his wanderings. Its loss had been the first serious sorrow in his life; one not yet, after four long days, acquiesced in. Dear knows it might come to a call, if one were on the Mountain in the neighborhood of its hiding-place; and alone, so that one might discover the right call to give. And besides — and besides — and besides —

Over the green of the appletrees, that was like a green flame against the blue flame of the sky, came that thin sweet trickle of bird music; that was a call for him to come as clear as bird-Welsh could make it: *Dei-o, Dei-o, Dei-o, tyr'd ti, tyr'd ti, tyr'd ti! Dyre mla'n! dyre mla'n!* (Come thou, come away.)

— "So I are, too," said Deio; and his great plan was formed.

On he went, past the big codlin, past the row of Victoria plums, past the greengages: a long way, and Oh, a long, long way whatever! From the kitchen garden, away to his left, came a sound of singing, betokening the presence of peril: it was of course, Amber the gardener, to be avoided on an occasion like this. But Amber was busy with the hymn on his lips and the cucumber frames in his mind:

Beth sydd imi yn y byd
Ond gorthrymder mawr o hyd?
(What does this world hold for me?
Only grief and misery.)

he sang; and calculated what he would get in the market for 'them promisin'-lookin' cucumberrs.' So Deio might pass unseen and unquestioned.

On he went to the top of the orchard, where the stile was, beyond which lay bluebell-land and the Mountain. That stile was a difficulty; but not beyond negotiating, even without help. The third trial brought him rolling over on the soft grass beyond, much too joyous to consider whether he was hurt by the fall; and now, indeed, it was

Beth sydd imi yn y byd
Ond y Mynydd mawr a 'i hud? —
'What does this world hold for me?
Only mountain-mystery!'

— The cropped turf, with bracken and blue and white wild hyacinths growing scatteredly: a slope up and up to the wild unknown places. One could not stop, even for the bluebells. The fern grows thicker and taller as you go upward, till you tread the tracks and passable places of a forest of bracken, that even tiptoeing would be above your shoulders, above your head. (By *you*, of course, I mean this Deio Four-years-old). And who was to know what might live and move in its depths: all the creatures of Fairyland, and plump, furry bunnies, and little men? Adventures. . . . !

Green like jewels, like enamel, was the fern: sweet-scented, with young shoots up-curling like a baby's hand; and fronds uncurled, spreading royally, to brood during the summer on dreams and memories out of the world's prime; and to maintain a silence fitting their grace and dignity, lest they should fail to hear the dewdrops dropping from them in the morning, or the One that sings in the Mountain o' nights. But no good their pretending with Deio bach, who could very well hear their being alive. And who would know the whereabouts of lost Tortoy, unless they? — You may argue that the loss happened farther down, in bluebell land; but Deio was aware of the ways of his pet. Should he call the creature, or should he ask them? — a matter for deep thought and cogitation as he went. "Hush, dear, hush!" whispered the bracken; but one didn't mind that, since they hushed themselves, and had a right to it; and indeed, spoke not fussily, with an air of being grown up and superior; but rather as if sharing some secret delicate wisdom with oneself. Yes; decidedly one was on the Mountain now, among one's peers, the Quiet Things that Understand. As for enquiry, there would come opportunities for that.

Here was a glade of soft, well-nibbled turf: an island in the fern and romping-place for rabbits; to one gray long-ears of whom sidled now my little man with friendly intentions. As was to be expected, two such grave things had a language in common. — "What?" queried the bunny sympathetically, allowing himself to be smoothed, and hardly staying the serious business in hand (or mouth). — "There's a — thing —

called — a Tortoy —” began Deio, carefully picking his words. — “It’s up there,” said the other, with a flick of its ear towards the mountain top. “It’s up there, with —.” Deio waited long for the rest; pondering deeply how he should frame an all important question, in case no more should come. It did not; so he proceeded: — “With the — One — that — sings — in the night?” Furred Solemnity seemed a little scared; “Hush, dear, hush!” it said, glancing round; then fell once more to its nibbling. But Deio, sure, could afford to be patient; here was one that knew something, and you had better just go on smoothing (since it was kindly permitted) and thinking. Fur at last, having either finished its dinner or made up its mind, assumed an air of decision, lifted its head, and said, “Come!”

It led him by its own roads through the fern; now up, now down a little; this way and that; if Betti Nantymelin had stood at the stile below, she might have scanned the whole world without catching a glimpse of Deio: calling she would have to be, to get news of him. But never a thought for Betti Nantymelin had Deio in his mind at that time: who was coming into his great own, and deep-hearted to enjoy it. Politeness seemed to demand no effort at conversation: he and the rabbit went on most comradely, in a silence upon which, however, soon quiet voices ahead, a song-soft chatter, broke:

Tinkle dimple dongle, loong-roong-loong dinkle.

Aaaah, ahha haha, loong-roong-loong tonkle.

and Deio, listening, despite gravity must laugh a little. It would be fairies, he thought: lots of fairies. A sudden turn brought them into open sunlight and to the very brink of the singing; it was, of course, the brook, crooning in its own language; or someone hiding in the brook — someone up there, beyond the bend, not far off. They stopped by a broad shallow, pebbly-bottomed and all rippling brightness and blueness with looking at the sky; it was here, if Deio had known it, he had seen the cattle gather in the evenings for conclave, when he watched them from the nursery window: here they came to confer on what secrets the Mountain had imparted to them during the day. Hence their solemnity and discreet air when they filed into the yard at milking-time.

— “Ask *him!*” said the rabbit. — “Who?” said Deio (regardless of grammar) but got no answer; white tail was bobbing, and long hind-legs loping off already down the path and into the fern. One must manage now for oneself.

Just above the shallows, on his left the waters narrowed; the banks grew high and closer together, and from one to the other of them a plank was thrown, with a rail, to do duty for a footbridge. (All very well for

those who could reach the rail.) Under this bridge, and in the shadowy places beyond, the water poured *loong-roong-loong dapple*, in curving waves over great stones dark-green with their moss-tresses, and through somber pools as deep as the world nearly. It was up there that They were talking; and one might indeed go up there and come to something — to Them, in fact; and They might tell one things; but then — Ah, but also *then*, there beyond the shallows, and over the bridge, lay all the enchanted leagues of Mountain, the fairy and the whispering fern: the place where, sure you indeed, Tortoy had wandered, and whence



the grand nightlong singing and calling came. For Tortoy, understand, had been a particular and confidential friend, with tastes utterly similar to its master's: Deio would naturally go straight up the Mountain; and therefore, so would Tortoy; and therefore again, so would Deio. He would cross that bridge somehow; not before due consideration; there would be secret means of crossing it, to be revealed to one who should watch in silence. And besides, people of four can't walk on forever without getting tired. He sat him down under the hip-thorn, on the clump at this end of the bridge; and listened to the talking and song-rich waters, and watched with longing eyes the green tremulous world beyond.

(To be concluded)

THE CLOCK

IN the busy office the clock slowly beat out the seconds as the day wore on. It had been beating out the seconds for many, many days in the same quiet way, steadily marking the present opportunities and the passing of realized achievements.


As men passed in and out of the large office or stayed there some time, they often regarded its face thoughtfully and usually in the light of their own frame of mind. To some it seemed to be running merrily along by leaps and bounds through work and pleasure, and to others its face was stern and marked the slow and tortuous passing of hours spent in grinding labor, to gain the merest necessities that make life possible.

The thoughtful man, listening to its steady rhythm, realized its real value, and with firm grip was demanding full measure. But to a few *time is ever present and eternal*; we may say, as it *is, had been, and always will be*. From this viewpoint it is Life itself running through space; too precious to be treated lightly, and too sacred for the self alone; a power to be used by the soul.

Thus, though the clock marked the seconds and minutes accurately for all alike, yet to those that questioned its face and listened to its music the story was ever different.

R. G.

LOOK CLOSELY

 **HERE** was a boy who lived much in the woods and fields. He loved the country roads and the hills and cliffs and the open sea, and he ran from earliest hour of day until night-time up to the highest hill-crests and down through the deepest valleys; he climbed the trees and waded in the streams; and he came to his little room for sleep, weary and with torn garments, drowsily happy.

One day he fell asleep in the woods, and just as he was about to waken, just when he was not quite sure that he saw what he thought he saw or heard what he thought he heard, it seemed to him that, standing where the sunlight turned her yellow hair to sunbeams, a fairy lady smiled admonishingly at him.

"Great, unseeing boy!" she exclaimed. "All day you run about, so blindly. Will you never really see?"

"See?" he questioned in amazement. "I see everything. I know every rock and tree and bed of moss in these woods. I know where the

birds build their nests and where all the wild flowers grow. I have seen places where the great beasts sleep. I —"

"Ah, yes — you have seen all that everyone may see. But look



closely, look more closely, and see what may be seen by those who have really learned to see!"

She slipped away and never returned — but the boy's eyes began to open to the world lying so unsuspectedly wonderful and beautiful about him. His feet took him not quite so rapidly along the paths of the woods. He saw life, life, life at every step. He began to understand the lesson of the waiting earth, of the persistent guarding trees, of the patiently plodding animals, of the steadfastly streaming sunshine and of the silently shining stars. He began to see in country road and steep cliff and widening sea something akin to his own heart-life, so quietly free and rugged and so measurelessly expansive. He had truly learned to see.

Young folk's Department

"Make the day one of sunshine."—Katherine Tingley

THE HAPPY WORLD



FLOWERS in my garden nod;
Pink to pink and rose to rose:
"Good morrow!" and "Good morrow!"
So merrily the old world goes,
Where'er a lovely blossom blows,—
Dear, children, don't you think it odd
There still is room for sorrow?

Flowers in my garden smile.
Great hollyhock the fun begins
"Good morrow" and "Good morrow"
So merrily the old world spins
Where'er a heart to gladness wins
Dear children, is it worth your while
A bit of care to borrow?

THE CHILDREN'S FAVORITE GARDEN

THE first time we went there was on a spring afternoon, when the sun had just come out after several morning showers. It is a lovely garden; I am sure the fairies watch over it. It is not laid out in geometrically precise dimensions of so many feet square, but is delightfully wild, yet showing the touch of human care. Little paths wander here and there over the many terraces, and splashes of sunshine come through the trees and play with their shadows on the ground. There are garden seats where thoughtful little girls sit on a summer's afternoon, lost in tales of fairyland, of King Arthur's court and Merlin, or of enchanted princesses and dragons and elves and gnomes.

There are pools and ponds, one bordered with large stones covered with vines and creepers, on which the little boys sit and dip their brown toes into the cool water, where float pale yellow waterlilies; and gold-fish dart in and out, coming up now and again to nibble at the crumbs thrown to them. From here the water travels down in a little stream



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

A POOL IN THE CHILDREN'S FAVORITE GARDEN OF LOMALAND



to another pool, overgrown with fresh mint and Wandering Jew. Here the birds come to take their baths and splash about in glee. Then the water trickles on down the incline in a tinkling waterfall, which sprinkles the blue forgetmenots as it splashes into the pool beneath. Another stream carries the water on to the end of its journey — a pond where the pink lotus grows among the feathery tufts of the tall papyrus.

Farther up a miniature bridge, its sides overhung with morning-glories, crosses the narrow bed of the rivulet; over this the dollies' carriages are pushed, then up a shady path, where bright geraniums are interlaced among the dark firs, and where birds build their nests so low that the heads of the tiniest tots can peep in. What fun to watch the wee birdies grow!

Then we come to the summer-house, built of old boughs and twigs, entwined with honeysuckle and jessamine and star of Bethlehem, whose white blossoms the children thread into wreaths and necklaces. Here the little mothers sit and dress their dolls, and having placed them on the quaint toadstool seats, they teach the very lessons they themselves have learned a few hours before in school! And all the while, the teddy-bears, perched in the little trees, look on and wonder when it will be time to play.

In this favorite garden there are other little paths along which the children may be found lightly skipping rope and running after hoops;



and from behind great clumps of pink and blue and lavender hydrangeas come peals of merry laughter, as they play at hide-and-seek. Here too, delicately colored soap-bubbles are fanned up and anxiously watched until they break high up in the air.

A few feet away plays our baby boy, a chubby little fellow with large brown eyes and golden hair, whose face is all dimpled in smiles. He is dressed in a kilted skirt of blue and wears a sweater to match. His tiny brown shoes patter up and down the five small stone steps, as he runs to get the many-colored ball when it runs away from him in his play.

So passes many a happy summer day in the children's favorite garden. And I should not be at all surprised if the fairies dance there in their midnight ring, and in the moonlight tend each flower and waterfall, that they may be beautiful for the children on the morrow. C.L.M.



Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.— *Longfellow*

AN INVITATION

By W. D.

"COME out in the sunshine with me, and play,"
Sang the thrush to the children one beautiful day.

"Now, after the night,
The world is so bright,
And the flowers are all waiting with cordial delight.
So, come with your chatter and laughter and play,
And sing with me out in the sunshine today."

"Let us leave off our singing and leave off our play,"
Sang the thrush to the children at close of the day.

"The long hours have run;
And night has begun,
For the flowers have all nodded '*Sweet dreams*' to the sun.
So, leave now our rollicking frolicking gay,
And let us to rest in a dutiful way."

THE RESOLUTE ROSE-GERANIUM



PASSING through a quiet street, a gentleman was attracted by the beauty of a rose-geranium shrub adorning a humble door-yard. He paused to address an old lady, who was bending over her plants.

"That is a wonderfully fine geranium, madam," said he.

"It has been much admired, sir," she replied, and added, goodheartedly: "Would you like to take a slip from it?"

"Indeed I should, if you will be so kind."

She snipped off a sturdy branchlet and the gentleman thanked her and went home to undertake at once the rearing of a fine shrub in *his* garden.

The little slip grew very fast, for it lived in a charming California garden, where geraniums, you know, luxuriate. Soon it had become a handsome, thrifty plant — when, a mischief! Some children, playing nearby, tossed a ball that way, and a small boy ran stumbling right into it, breaking off the young green stalk a few inches above the ground.

The gentleman was quite impatient over the matter, but he determined to ask for another slip at the very first opportunity. The old lady, who from the street had been watching its progress in the great garden,

was also grieved when she noticed the accident, and she decided to replace the geranium, immediately.

But the plant was not at all discouraged. While the gentleman put off from day to day his excursion into the quiet street, and while the old lady many times forgot and remembered and again forgot her decision, the resolute geranium was every moment taking firmer hold with its strong root fingers, standing fast, and gathering strength. Presently it sent out leaves whose size and beauty surprised the whole garden.



"Well, I declare! If it isn't growing in spite of everything!" said the astonished gentleman, a few weeks later.

"Well, goodness me!" exclaimed the old lady, looking over the fence. "Misfortunes are sometimes blessings! — Maybe they always are? Maybe!"

D.

THE TWO BEES



WHEN Beatrice was a little girl she went to school at Brixton, England, where she met her little friend Barbara Bell.

They were called 'the busy bees' by all their comrades; not only because they were such busy little people but because their names both began with the letter 'B'. In fact it was a matter of much amusement to our little friends that the letter 'B' seemed to play so large a part in their experiences. The teacher's name was Miss Bax, and later on, when they were older, they were both sent to Miss Baker's school, at Bournemouth, where they met Betty — the third 'Bee.'

Now Beatrice has come to the Râja-Yoga School, and she writes to Barbara and Betty, and tells them all about her happy life at Lomaland. She says she has added two more names to her list of 'B's', and these are 'Blavatsky' and 'Brotherhood.'

M. L.

FORTO, AND WHAT BEFELL HIM



LITTLE FORTO, wandering sadly through the city's streets, stopped suddenly, listening enraptured. "Sweet music — oh, pretty music!" he exclaimed, while down his pale cheeks rolled tears of emotion; though perhaps hunger and cold and a strange new sense of homelessness had also something to do with those pale cheeks and tears, and with the sad expression in Forto's big eyes.

Only a short time before he, too, had had a kind of home and some comforts, like other children; and music had been the very dearest part of his life; for Forto had been the little singing companion of

an old blind violinist, who had been always good to him and whom Forto loved very dearly indeed.

But one morning a great change came to the old musician, and Forto sat for a long time at the bedside of his friend.

"Be good, Forto," said the old man.

"Yes, father," said Forto.

"And forget not to improve your music."

"No, father."

"And now, good-bye, little Forto," said this kind, blind musician.

So the old man lay back and a beautiful smile stole into his face, and Forto knew that he was alone in the world, and friendless.

Then strange people came and took charge of the poor belongings, and Forto found himself out on the streets, with nowhere to go.

"Oh, my music, my lovely music!" he said again, as he listened. He sat down on the doorstep and leaned his weary head against the rail; and at



last the musicians within the house, old Paulus, Motla, Dick and Jikoski, struck into strains that were very familiar to little Forto, and before he knew it, he was standing up, and singing as he had sung — oh, so often, so often, when his dear old man had played and the people had come to hear, and had been very pleased.

"Phat's that?" said Dick, interrupting his sweet flute-notes.

"A real voice!" said Jikoski, the violinist, without missing a note.

For a long time on playing and lit-singing. People came and more and more the street, until at note slipped away in and all four men, old and Jikoski, ran to they saw below was ing his hat and smil-around him, and all back at him; and clapping of hands, "Bravo!" from the

"In with you, Motla and Jikoski

"Come in, me ing hold of Forto's people away, they all bling Forto into their there, little by little, told — of the dear

was gone — of the dear music that was no more. And Forto's eyes had a sadder tale to tell than his lips, so that old Paulus got up more than once, to walk off his agitation.

Well, of course, little Forto found a new home; and of course the musicians turned out to be four of the nicest, most fatherly-motherly friends a little homeless boy could have; and of course they all loved him and helped him, each to the best of his ability, and managed among them to give Forto's music an opportunity to speak; and you will not be surprised to hear that he grew up a good man and became one of the sweetest singers of his time.

And weren't old Paulus and the others proud of their boy? Indeed, it would do anyone's heart good to hear them still rehearsing in their



BOBBIE MAXON
can tell you all about the
Rāja-Yoga School at Point Loma

the musicians went tle Forto went on to their windows, people stopped in last when the final to hushed silence, Paulus, Motla, Dick the window, what pale little Forto wav-ing at all the faces those faces smiling there was much and many cries of four old musicians. little lad!" cried old together.

bye!" said Dick, lay-arm. Motioning the four led the trem-cheery room, and the sad story was old violinist who

little room, with their dear Forto now and then joining his voice with their playing, just as he did on that saddest of all his days, that turned out to be the happiest day of the lives of all of them? GWENDOLYN

ABOUT FAIRIES



A GREAT many little children nowadays have heard about fairies and, although they do not tell any one how they feel, they wish they could see them, and wonder how to go about it in the right way.

There was one little girl once who wanted to see a fairy so much that she thought about it a great deal of her time.

She used to go into a grove near where she lived and sit on a big stone by the brook and wait and wait for them to come. But all she saw was the sunlight shining through the leaves, the pretty, wild flowers that grew beside the brook, the little birds that twittered and sang in the branches of the trees, and the red squirrels, that grew so used to her, that they would frisk around her feet.

The little brown brook sang a soft song to her as it rippled over the stones. And the tiny fishes that lived among the pebbles at the bottom of the brook, darted here and there, flashing in the sun like silver.

Many summer days the little girl sat on the stone by the brook and waited, and watched, and listened.

She never saw such a fairy as she had read about, but I think she saw other things just as wonderful. In fact, after she grew up she wasn't so sure that she hadn't seen fairies after all, because something very lovely had crept into her heart, to make her good and kind, and her thoughts out there by the brookside had been so beautiful that she was quite sure the real heart fairies had been whispering to her. COUSIN MADGE

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PEN-KNIFE

A CHILD'S COMPOSITION



BEFORE I tell you anything of my past life, you must know that I am a very fine penknife, for it took much work to make me.

In the first place I have been a great traveler, although now I scarcely ever find myself out of this room where I am kept in my mistress' desk.

My handle is of abalone shell. That is an honor, you must know; for articles made of this particular shell are very attractive and are thought a great deal of by most people. It was once the home of a sea-animal hid under a rock by the sea.

Oh! It was hard work to get my handle, for the stubborn owner of that shell had to be pried off before he would yield.

The shell being quite large, only a small part was needed for my handle which is so beautiful that my mistress is very careful with me. She is so careful in fact that I sometimes wish she were not, so that I might have a few more adventures and see more of the world.

Although I am very fond of my handle, I am quite proud of my blade, which is the part which is so useful. It is of very well-tempered steel, which suggests at once that it has been through a great deal of experience. Originally it lay for a seemingly endless time in total darkness, way down deep in the earth. But after some centuries the pick-axe found it out and it was brought to the surface, where the bright light almost blinded it.

Now Mr. Steel Blade did not look then as he does now. Oh, no! for he was simply iron ore! When he found himself in a smoky old city to be manufactured into steel, he almost wished himself back in the earth again.

Then it was that his rough treatment began; for he was thrown into a blast furnace, where it was so hot that he soon smelted. After a series of knockings about, he found that he was being thrust into cold water, which made him shiver. But after a while such troubles came to an end, and he scarcely knew himself; for instead of a lump of iron ore he lay in a case with several others of his kind, a shining steel blade.

Not long afterwards he was carried to another building where he was joined to my handle.

Since my mistress bought me my life has been without any adventures worth telling.

Here my story ends, for my mistress is taking me out to use. D. R.

The Râja-Yoga College

(Non-Sectarian)

Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

KATHERINE TINGLEY, Foundress and General Directress



The Râja-Yoga system of education was originated by the Foundress as a result of her own experience and knowledge. Râja-Yoga is an ancient term: etymologically it means the "Royal Union." This term was selected as best expressing in its real meaning the purpose of true education, viz: the balance of all the faculties, physical, mental and moral.

The Building of Character

One of the most important features of this system is the development of character, the upbuilding of pure-minded and self-reliant manhood and womanhood, that each pupil may become prepared to take an honorable, self-reliant position in life.

In the younger as in the older pupils, the sense of individual responsibility and personal honor is aroused.

The Pupils

The Râja-Yoga College comprises two general departments of instruction: (1) The Râja-Yoga Preparatory School and Academy, for boys and girls respectively (separate buildings). (2) The College proper, for students following the collegiate courses.

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The studies range from the elementary to those of a university course, including the following: Literature, Ancient and Modern Languages, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Surveying, Mechanical Electrical and Civil Engineering, Law, the fine Arts, Music, Industrial Arts, Practical Forestry and Horticulture, Domestic Economy, etc.

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The staff of teachers is formed of men and women specially trained for their duties by long experience in scholastic work, and is composed of graduates of European and American Universities, and of specialists in other lines.

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Headmaster of the Boys' Department

Head Teacher of the Girls' Department

H. T. EDGE, B. A. (Cantab.), M. A.

MRS. W. A. DUNN

For information, address

THE SECRETARY, RÂJA-YOGA COLLEGE
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LITTLE BY LITTLE

ONE step and then another, and the longest walk is ended;
One stitch and then another, and the widest rent is mended;
One brick upon another, and the highest wall is made;
One flake upon another, and the deepest snow is laid.

Then do not frown nor murmur at the work you have to do,
Or say that such a mighty task you never can get through;
But just endeavor, day by day, another point to gain,
And soon the mountain that you feared will prove to be a plain.— *Selected*

CHRISTMAS



CHRISTMAS morning has again slipped through the golden gate of the East, and at last comes down the shining road with out-stretched, gift-laden arms. It is a Râja-Yoga Christmas morning shining on the Christmas hills! Râja-Yoga Christmas bells, Christmas songs, Christmas laughter, Christmas presents, bring in the lovely day.

"A Merry Christmas!" the Râja-Yoga voices call; and "May they have a very Merry Christmas!" comes back the glad response.

Christmas, a Râja-Yoga Christmas, — what is this wonder-working magic being here performed?

Christmas, blessed spirit of Christmas, I seem to see your smiling eyes above the cradle of the Râja-Yoga joy-child, new born for the world's peace. It seems as if I see you placing within his tiny hands the seed of an old evergreen, a Christmas tree, that stands on a high, silent mountain far away somewhere near the sun. It seems as if I know that this child is to grow very fast and very strong and that he is to choose the place and time to plant the new seed of the old Christmas tree. And it seems as if the new tree is to grow very fast and become very strong, and that you, Christmas, and this child, are to place gifts on its every bough, and that on a Christmas morning not far beyond us now, all the little people of the earth are to find them hanging there.

A Merry, Merry Christmas! Oh, may all find a Merry Râja-Yoga Christmas smiling within each heart's home!

WINNIE

THE THREE SPIRITS



TWO Spirits left their bright abode to carry the Christmas joy to the people of the earth. They were the Spirit of Giving and the Spirit of Receiving — brothers, who always went hand in hand.

They were followed by a third, who appeared to be bright and beautiful, but was empty of the light and glow which shone from the two brothers. He was the Spirit of Exchange.

Now when these two brothers reached the earth, they went about among the people and touched them. But they could only touch those whose hearts would open to unselfish giving.

First the Spirit of Giving touched them and as they felt his touch, warm light glowed in their hearts and they went about busily preparing gifts. Some were just simple little gifts made out of loving touches, but they were Christmas gifts to those they loved and reflected the light, so that when the Spirit of Receiving touched the receiver a beautiful light shone in his heart also. And these flashes of light went back and forth, all through the blessed Christmas time. This made the joy of Christmas, and these people said, "What a happy time is Christmas! I shall be sorry when it is over."

But when the Spirit of Exchange touched the people whose hearts responded only to selfish giving, there was no flash of joy, only a feeling of great weariness; and these people always said, "What a trouble Christmas is getting to be! I shall be glad when it is over."

This made the Spirits of Giving and Receiving very sad, and they said to the Spirit of Exchange, "Why do you touch the people and spoil their Christmas joy?"

And Exchange said, "How can I help it when Selfishness rules the world and people are influenced by what others will say of them? The people are to blame," he continued; "I used to be the Spirit of Brotherhood and belong to you, and we used to make the whole world happy; but now —" and the poor Spirit shrank away from the others and tears fell on his white cheeks.

And so the three Spirits wandered over the earth until they reached the end of the land and were winging their way back to their bright abode, when there came a burst of music wafted towards them on a breeze from the land, and the Spirits heard the voices of children singing, "Helping and sharing is what brotherhood means."

"Come," said the Spirits of Giving and Receiving, "take courage," and the glow in their hearts shone brighter. "The children are going to change you back again into a Brotherhood Spirit; they are working all over the world to do it," said the two brother Spirits, reassuringly.

The third Spirit smiled as he listened, and a faint glow began to shine in his poor empty heart, a light which had not been seen there for many thousands of years.

EUGENIA

ABOUT MISTAKES



ERRORS and inaccuracies and all such hindrances to actually good work rise up like wicked enemies to do us harm when we are off guard. They are relentlessly vigilant. To fortify ourselves against their insidious encroachments we cannot afford to neglect any opportunity that offers, in which to become dexterous, proficient. Such opportunities confront us all the time. The person who has learned to cross his t's neatly, precisely, has cut off the avenue of approach of many of his foes.

Râja-Yoga is a system of learning to do all things correctly, and it presupposes a teacher who knows how things ought to be done; a person who acquired a perfect Râja-Yoga education could not make a mistake.

In a world where the right way looks not very different from the wrong way, this teaching is not, perhaps, duly appreciated. But in Lomaland, where the right way stands out in bold relief against the wrong way, it is not surprising that the students of Râja-Yoga are eager to learn to do things rightly. Here mistakes take on a graver meaning than elsewhere, for here, where life is harmony, one false note becomes painful; elsewhere it might not be heard.

Think of what it means to build characters free from those ordinary careless, slipshod habits, which do more than all else to hold men back from good work! Think of what it means to have for an ideal, 'The Best Possible,' instead of that commonly accepted lowly one, 'As Good As My Neighbor'!

It means to hold all work sacred, to perform it lovingly, carefully, correctly. It means to regard a mistake in our work as a lapse of right intention. It means to consider every moment in which we are engaged upon the performance of a duty as a moment of training, in which we are developing a dexterity that shall be needed somewhere, sometime, in the great cause of the uplifting of mankind. Even the correct crossing of t's may be of the highest importance somewhere, where an inaccuracy would be of deadliest harm.

D.



THINK you that robbers enter from outside?

Make fast the portals of your ear and eye.—*From the Japanese*

BE IN EARNEST

NEVER be ashamed to say, "I do not know." Men will then believe you when you say, "I do know."

Never be ashamed to say, "I can't afford it"; "I can't afford to waste time in the idleness to which you invite me," or "I can't afford the money you ask me to spend." Never affect to be other than you are — either wiser or richer.

Learn to say "No" with decision; "Yes" with caution. "No" with decision whenever it resists temptation; "Yes" with caution whenever it implies a promise; for a promise once given is a bond inviolable.

A man is already of consequence in the world when it is known that we can implicitly rely upon him. Often have I known a man to be preferred in stations of honor and profit because he had this reputation: when he said he knew a thing, he knew it; and when he said he would do a thing, he meant it.— *Bulwer Lytton*

FOLLOW THE BEAUTIFUL



IS it not true that life in harmony with the law that is — a so-called *good* life — tends to produce in the features a subtle quality that we call 'beauty'? "As above, so below," or "As within, so without."

Real external beauty then is an index of internal harmony, and a change in consciousness tends to mold the physical matter into harmony with the new condition, whether for better or worse.

So in music and other arts, harmony of sound or color is recognized as beauty, while discord is considered ugly.

We are judges of the beautiful because we have the soul of beauty at the center of our being. Being ourselves manifestations of the Universal Law, we immediately recognise external harmonies and discords.

Similarly we recognise the lives of such men as Krishna, Buddha and Christ to be *good* because we have the potentiality of all goodness, of Krishnhood, Buddhahood or Christhood, within ourselves.

Can we not follow the beautiful and the harmonious more in our lives: in the choice of our foods; in the decoration of our dwellings; the education of our children?

The fact that 'Life is Joy' should be echoed by all the details of our external life.

Thus should we become more perfect vehicles through which the silent voice of the Gods might speak, whose silence "is harmony, the soul of beauty and of joy."

A. H. B.

CLAUDE OF LORRAINE



LAUDE OF LORRAINE, or Claude Gelée, was born of a very poor family at Chamagne, a village in Lorraine, in the year 1600. A story speaks of him as having been apprenticed to a pastry-cook, because of his stupidity at school. But this is very doubtful.

When he was twelve years old he was left an orphan, and went to live with an elder brother, Jean Gelée, at Freiburg. His brother was a wood-carver of considerable ability, and under his direction Claude designed arabesques and foliage. In this he showed a true artistic talent; in fact, he showed so much that a relative agreed to take him to Rome, where it was thought that he could get a better knowledge of that which his soul was so longing for, art.

Very soon, however, his friend had to leave him. His brother sent him some money, and he earned some by acting as color-grinder in the studios; and at the same time profited by the conversations which he overheard and by watching the manner in which his superiors painted.

He next went to Naples, where the beautiful scenery touched him deeply. In many of his paintings the bay of Naples is represented.

In 1620 he returned to Rome and entered the service of Augustino Tassi, a man much favored by the great men of Rome, who would come to his studio to talk over the all-important topics of the time. Tassi soon considered him as an adopted son.

Notwithstanding his knowledge acquired from Tassi, it was of no importance in comparison to that which he acquired from the study of nature. He would stay out in the fields from sunrise to sunset, watching every little change caused by the shifting of the sun. He thus learned many of the laws of nature.

In 1625 he returned to France. He had many misfortunes, including a robbery, in which he lost all he possessed. But at the same time he had seen Venice, and studied the works of Raphael, the great Titian. He was forced to stop at Marseilles, on his return to Rome in 1627, in order to earn enough money to enable him to complete his journey. When he reached Rome he joined the Society of French Artists.

Although Claude studied nature so well, he never reproduced a scene exactly as it was, but took little bits and made them into one picture. He used to refer to a picture of very large size which represented all the varieties of foliage of Central Italy. Pope Clement IX offered him as many gold pieces as would cover this picture; but he would not sell it.

At length his wonderful knowledge became known to the public, so that he was able to have a studio near that of Nicholas Poussin, who

was the leader of the Society of French Artists. His fame soon reached Cardinal Bentivoglio, an earnest friend of Pope Urban VIII. The Cardinal ordered some of Lorraine's pictures. When the Pope saw these in Bentivoglio's palace, he was so fascinated with them that he also ordered some for his own palace.

Claude now received orders from kings and princes, and those holding highest places in Church and State. From this on his fame reached higher and higher, never lagging. In 1636 he reached the very height of artistic genius. In this year he made his finest etching. His etchings altogether numbered forty-four, and were sold at very high prices, so that only very wealthy people could purchase them.

When artists saw how his pictures were selling, they, of course, tried to imitate them, and sell them as his. To avoid this, Claude made sketches of all his drawings in a *Liber Veritas*, 'Book of Truth.' After this it was easy to detect the counterfeits. This book was very valuable in later years, and was finally purchased by the Duke of Devonshire.

Claude remained about sixty years in Rome in the pursuit of art.

There is an anecdote about Claude, which shows of what a calm and mild temperament he was. The story is somewhat as follows:

During all his life he had but one pupil, a poor cripple. He stayed with Claude for twenty-five years, in his own studio. Finally some of his master's enemies persuaded him to say that most of Claude's best pictures were painted by him. We can imagine what grief this caused Claude. The cripple then sued Claude for a salary for the work he had done in his studio. Claude, not caring to oppose one whom he loved, paid the money. The cripple died soon after, having received no benefit from his iniquity. The proof that the cripple's accusations were false is that Lorraine painted his best pictures after the cripple left him.

One proof of Claude's character is to contrast it with that of other great men, who have reached a very high point in any occupation, and then thought that that was all and so have lost what they had gained. But not so with Claude Gelée. Amidst all his praises he was not affected by them and progressed to the end of his life. He well deserves the title, 'The prince of landscape painters.' He never did animals or figures well, and he used to say, "I sell my paintings, but give away my figures." He has been very sternly criticized by some of the English artists, but our French prince of landscape painting holds too high a place as an artist to be lowered in any way. When he was eighty-two years old he painted a picture which was, a short time ago, in the collection of Queen Victoria.

Claude Gelée died November 21, 1682, at the age of eighty-two.

YULETIDE FESTIVITIES IN SCOTLAND



THE recurring cycle of a festive season draws strongly upon the imagination of a boy or girl in any land, and the boys and girls of Scotland are no exception to this well established rule. The reason for this is not far to seek.

The Yuletide festive season is a time when real Brotherhood is in the air, because it is in every heart; and as Brotherhood is the real life, the heart is in its true element when it is doing brotherly deeds. Sentient creatures can only be happy when they are in their right element. No fish was ever happy when it was out of water; nor can a human heart feel glad except when it is breathing Brotherhood, as it does on festive occasions like Christmas or New Year's.

Christmas festivities in Scotland at the present day differ but little from those of the United States. There are the gifts, the greetings, the feasting, music, gaming, conjuring, dipping for apples and nuts, dancing, 'Blind Man's Buff,' etc., etc.

There was one parlor game which was much enjoyed by both boys and girls, which is not often seen elsewhere. It is called the 'Yule Totem,' and is played with a small top, with four flattened sides marked respectively with the letters, *D*, *T*, *N*, *A*. This was home-made from a cotton-thread spool; one large spool, judiciously managed, made two totems. The feat was accomplished by cutting a V groove around the middle deep enough to divide the spool into two equal parts. The sides were then flattened for the letters, and a rounded stick driven into the central hole and pounded at the apex for a pivot: the other end was left long enough to give the totem a spinning motion with the finger and thumb. The game is played on a table and the stakes are pins. All who enter the game put one pin in the pool; then lots are cast for the first spin of the totem. When it stops spinning it rests on one of the four flat sides, and the letter on the opposite or upper side determines the luck of the spinner. *D* means drop one pin into the pool; *T* take one; *N* nothing; *A* all, *i. e.*, take all the pins in the pool. The game is perpetual, so you stop when you are tired. It is almost forgotten in Scotland now.

Long ago, and until the year 1555, the festive season in Scotland lasted from Hallow Eve till Candlemas. The King, and the nobles who could afford it, appointed presiding genii to reign over their three months' revels, under the title of 'The Abbot of Unreason.' His business was to provide the amusements and to see that they were properly conducted.

The last night of the old year used to be a great delight to the boys of Scotland. They were given a little extra licence, with the warning that mischief-doers would have ill luck in the coming year. Their plan

of campaign was to collect tin pails, tin whistles, or anything that would make a noise in a riotous parade, the course of which was determined by the largest number of neighbors' houses that could be reached in the shortest time: each of which had to endure what in the United States would be called a *chariveri*, interspersed with the singing of —

Rise up guidwife and shake your feathers.
 Dinna think that we are beggars;
 We are boys come to play;
 Rise up and gie's our Hogmanay.

The Hogmanay consisted of candies, cakes, etc., which were greatly enjoyed by the boys. But this, too, is forgotten.

Until about forty years ago Hallow Eve in Scotland was the most delightful event that the heart of a boy could wish. The air was fairly swarming with fairies of all varieties, but all too timid to be seen by boys, although many of the older folk could describe them accurately.

Of course the center of interest was the Fire. The gathering of the fuel for it had been the work of several weeks. It consisted mainly of furze, broom and heather, but anything that would burn was accepted. A tar barrel was a great prize.

One of the daring feats was to run through the fire, perhaps a remnant of symbolic purification. Finally the embers were left for the fairies to bake their year's bread by. The feast afterwards was sowans and butter, followed by other dainties. It would take too long to describe the inwardness of sowans. Then, by the help of fairies, there were ways of finding out almost anything that could happen in the future; but those also would take too long to explain. Altogether it was the most extraordinary night of the year. But the fires are forgotten and the fairies have fled.

The origin of Hallow Eve goes back into the night of time. A very wise woman in a great book that she gave to humanity tells a great deal about fire and fire-ceremonies. She says that it is very closely related to life, and has a very sacred meaning. Fire like true Brotherhood purifies unclean things and raises them to a higher plane. She says:

Fire is the most perfect and unadulterated reflection, in Heaven as on Earth, of the One Flame. It is Life and Death, the origin and the end of every Material thing. It is Divine Substance.

She also speaks of a very ancient ceremony in which

The birth of the celestial bodies in space is compared to a multitude of pilgrims at the Festival of the Fires. Seven ascetics appear on the threshold of the temple with seven lighted sticks of incense. At the light of these the first row of pilgrims light their incense sticks. After

which, every ascetic begins whirling his stick around his head in space, and furnishes the rest with fire.

Later the Solstitial and Equinoctial periods were given fire Celebrations. Then, from the cosmic symbolism of the birth of worlds, ceremonial fires degenerated to the commemoration of the birth of Saints. At last the saints became so numerous that it was impossible to remember them all with fires, so as an economy of time Hallow Eve was made an All Saints celebration, and was an extraordinary event. But many of the Saints have dropped into oblivion; Hallow Eve is almost forgotten, and the knowledge of the symbolism of fire ceremonies has been lost.

But we know that Three Great Souls have come to —

Bring the flower muses back to men,

and not only to re-kindle ceremonial fires but to make the light burn anew in human hearts, whence springs all the glow and warmth of the kindly feelings on festal occasions, and all the joy of Life. W. S.



HEDGE OF CECIL BRUNNER ROSES, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

THE blue arch above us is liberty's dome,
The green fields beneath us, equality's home;
The schoolhouse today is humanity's friend,
Let the people the flag and the schoolhouse defend.

— *Butterworth*

FRIENDSHIP

AN Ode by Her Majesty, the Dowager-Empress of Japan, reads:
"No one ever gives me so much pleasure true,
As the friend whose heart is upright as bamboo."

Baron Takasaki, President of the Board of Poetry, commenting on this ode says:

"The second line was probably suggested by a passage in the *Analects* of Confucius, which commences with the sentence: 'A man is benefited by three friendships and injured by three others,' and contains the words: 'to make a friend of uprightness'; and in a note to these words, it is remarked that 'when we make a friend of an upright man, we shall benefit from it because we shall be told our defects.' There is no better friend than he who will without hesitation tell us of our faults to our face. It is not merely a question of benefit or injury. There is nothing more unpleasant in this world than to associate with one whose heart is at variance with his tongue. On the other hand, nothing is more delightful and enjoyable than to talk with a friend, who is not double-faced, but has a heart as straight as split bamboo. With such considerations it probably was that Her Majesty composed this Ode."—From *'The Spirit of Japan,'* No. 9. September 1, 1910

THE ARTIST'S DREAM



OMORROW, and the picture must be painted; he had promised to send one for the Autumn Exhibit. — That was a week ago, and he had tried it every day since, but the colors were still unmixed, and the silk was still white. What he wanted to paint, he did not know.

It was still and warm; the tall sunflowers smiled cheerfully as they watched the lizard sunning comfortably on the porch; a few purple and white magnolia blossoms gleamed fragrantly in the afternoon sun. He rose and went out of his studio; he was tired of wasting time, but his hand seemed powerless to paint — he did not know what he wanted to paint. In the garden he found a shady spot under an old pine tree, and there he sat down on the grass — to waste more time, as he thought. —

The sun was sinking lower and lower, and the lake was one grand harmony of colors. He saw wondrous mists above and about him — pink, violet, gray and turquoise — and above these, as if resting on them, rose the snow-clad Fujiyama. The soft evening air caressingly touched the lotus blossoms on the lake, and a mystic splendor filled the beloved flowers of the great goddess. He knelt in silent worship

on the shore; and as the night threw a veil of peace and repose over the temple and the lake, the artist heard wonderful sounds rise clearly and softly from the water. He rose, and there before him stood a figure of infinite grandeur and loveliness, holding in her hand a white lotus flower, whose light cast a halo about her divine presence.

"Nay, be not afraid, I am the Queen of the Lotus. The time has come when thou shalt render humanity greater service than thou hast dreamed of yet. Know that ye men of great heritage have lost sight of the glorious Light, the Spirit of Buddha and the light waneth. Thou art chosen, with others, to guard it and strengthen it, lest it be lost to mankind. Teach man to guard what is his own great heritage. Fail not!"

For a moment he stood there bewildered and speechless, beside the lake, now veiled in a wondrous light. —

When he awoke the garden was flooded with the sunset glow; the great Bell of the Kinganji broke the stillness of the passing day. —

He called it 'A Dream.' It rests now in the great Hall of the Kinganji, whither it was carried from the Hall of Exhibit in Tokyo. The faithful pilgrims go there to place white lotus flowers as a loving offering.

"Once a little child said: 'That is our Queen of the Lotus.' And since then they call her that," wrote a friend to the artist. TAMIKO S.



ORIGIN OF THE DANCE

THE Japanese have a pretty legend setting forth the origin of the dance. Far back, in the misty morning of time, a faun strolled through the woods on a spring day. The budding trees and shrubs awoke his love of flowers. Espying a beautiful white blossom upon a high branch he sought to pluck it, but it was beyond his reach. He sprang into the air and clutched it, and that instant he felt for the first time the rhythmic joy of motion. It was the faun's first dance, and fauns and nymphs had many a merry dance thereafter.— *The Étude*

ARCHITECTURAL STYLES AND THEIR MEANING

CHAPTER XXIX: THE SPANISH MOHAMMEDAN STYLE



E must now consider the Spanish development of the Saracenic style which is of great interest, though unfortunately only a limited number of buildings remain in their original state. The Moors were not great tomb-builders; there is nothing in Spain like the Taj Mahal or the Mosque-tombs of Cairo; but they built most wonderful palaces and mosques, of which some relics exist; there are also several Christian churches of Saracenic design. But for the misdirected zeal of bigots we should still be in possession of many splendid mosques, for the forces of nature alone would not have been able to destroy them.

The Spanish variety of Saracenic architecture is inferior to that of Egypt in purity of form and elegance; in splendor of coloring, to that of Persia; and in dignity, richness and elegance, to that of India; but it has a wonderful grace and lightness and a fanciful charm quite peculiar to itself. It is specially interesting to us because so many American and European architects, writers and painters have brought its beauties vividly before us, and because our sympathies have been strongly aroused by the romantic story of the brilliant Moorish adventurers who, in the eighth century, conquered Spain and nearly overran western Europe, and established a powerful and highly civilized empire in Spain, which is said to have had fifty millions of people in its prime, at the time when nearly the whole of Europe was barbarous.

The Moors invaded Spain in 711, and the great mosque of Cordoba was begun by the Caliph Abd-er-Rahman in 786 and completed in 1001 by El Mansur. Under Abd-er-Rahman and his successors Cordoba became the light of the world in literature, philosophy, science and architecture. The royal library contained 600,000 volumes collected in Italy, Greece and the Orient.

The mosque of Cordoba was worthy of the culture of its builders. The outer walls form an immense oblong, 420 by 375 feet, and the design is similar to that of the early Egyptian mosques described in Chapter XXVI. The covered hall contains 33 aisles separated by 850 columns, on which rest double rows of horse-shoe arches, one row above the other. This was designed to give more height to the ceiling than was permitted by the shortness of the pillars which were taken from older buildings. Even as it is the height is only 35 feet. The arches now support a simple vaulted roof of brick, but the original roof was of richly carved and painted wood. There was no dome to break the sky line, but tradition speaks of a great tower or minaret, said to be the highest in the world.

The open court is planted with orange and cypress trees, and picturesque fountains add to its beauty. The outside walls are relieved by nineteen handsome bronze gateways, but the chief beauty of the mosque lies in the wilderness of pillars and arches within. The culmination of charm is in the wonderful Sanctuary, containing the Mihrab or niche indicating the direction of Mecca, with its shell-like roof made of a single block of pure white marble inlaid with gold and glass mosaics. The principle of placing arch over arch was brought to perfection in the Sanctuary, and, as can be seen in the illustration, an original and very beautiful interlaced design was attained. The pillars are made of precious marbles and porphyries, and the arches are built of white and colored marbles with inlays. When the mosque was illuminated by its 4700 hanging lamps and thronged with 13,000 worshipers in white robes it must have presented a marvellous spectacle.

The mosque of Cordoba has been greatly injured by the planting, in 1521, of an uninteresting late Gothic cathedral in the middle of it, but fortunately it has not shared the fate of the great mosques of Seville, Toledo, and Granada, which were entirely destroyed to make room for cathedrals. The ground on which it stands has always been used for religious purposes. A Roman Temple of Juno was succeeded by an early Christian church, after which came the mosque.

The Moors in Spain never built towering masonry domes like those of Cairo, Persia and India, and the small ones that covered the numerous bath-houses which were so popular were only made of wood and plaster. Neither do they seem to have put up tall minarets, as a rule. The tower called the Giralda, at Seville, is the only important Moorish tower left in Spain, and it is supposed not to be a minaret of a mosque but to be a tower of victory built in 1159 to celebrate King Yusuf's famous victory at Alarcos. This splendid tower has been frequently copied, with variations, by modern architects. It has just enough ornament to relieve the plainness of the walls without weakening their solid appearance. The upper part is not Moorish but was designed by a Spanish architect in the late Gothic style, yet it blends admirably with the rest.

Besides the mosque of Cordoba Spain possesses another building of first-class importance and interest — the Citadel and Palace of the Alhambra at Granada. Begun in 1248 and continued uninterruptedly till 1354, it is the last great work of the Moors that remains. It is unfortunately not complete, for the mosque was destroyed after the expulsion of the Moors, and subsequent alterations have changed its appearance.

The Alhambra (and some other Moorish buildings of its kind) is a great contrast to the mosque at Cordoba. It is light and airy, the materials of which it is made are mainly wood and plaster, and large

parts of the walls are molded in stucco in the richest and most elaborate patterns colored in perfect taste. The pillars are few and thin with capitals of an original and peculiar variety, and the ceilings are molded in a wonderful honeycomb or stalactite pattern.

The Alhambra consists of two principal courts at right angles to



COURT OF THE LIONS IN THE ALHAMBRA, GRANADA

one another, and many smaller courts and rooms. It is practically a one-storied building, and there are no high towers or domes.

The Court of the Lions — so-called from the central fountain being supported by twelve conventional lions — is the gem of Saracenic architecture in Spain. Animal sculpture is very unusual in Mohammedan Art, and this fountain is quite unique.

At the end of the other court (Albarca or El-Birkeh, the water pool, so-called from the pool in the center) is the gorgeous Hall of the Ambassadors. It has a dome-shaped ceiling and is covered with arabesque patterns of the greatest beauty.

This is a very late building, having been erected by Mohammed ben Alhamar and his successors in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

The Alcazar at Seville is a little older and was perhaps still more magnificent, but it has been so greatly restored and altered by the Christians that it is not so representative as the Alhambra. R.

DEIO THE MOUNTAIN

BY CENYDD MORUS, THE WELSH POET

(Continued from our September issue)



HE world grew mellow and golden; the sun cast long rays over the fern. By and bye the cows came down from the Mountain; with whisking tails they gathered, and one by one came plash, plash, plash through the shallows; then went in slow procession down the path towards Gellioneny. The sky grew yellow and wistful in the west. Beautifully the dusk came down over the Mountain; beautifully the little winds of twilight went tiptoe whispering over the fern. Indeed, what was on Betti Nantymelin, that she still knew nothing of the absence of her charge? Gossiping in the village she must have been; and she so good a girl as a rule!

Far on the dark breast of the Mountain three brightnesses glinted and shone: birds that flew down low over the bracken, and sang softly as they flew, and sang sweetly as they flew. Down they came, crossing and wheeling and curving, nearer and nearer, till Deio could see them clearly; and till he was laughing for pleasure of their friendly beauty and singing. One of them reminded him of his mother's silk shawl, because it was white, and with pearly and creamy shadows, tender and glossy. One of them was blue like the Ming vase in the library: not the dark, but the light one, that you could watch and watch, sitting on the floor and never a word nor a stir from you, all the while your daddy was writing a chapter of his book. The third bird was lovely with all the colors of the rainbow and the jewels of the infinite world. "Pretty, Oh, pretty!" cried Deio, rising up to them with outstretched arms; for he had no doubt they had come for him: it was as if they had waited and watched for him a thousand years; and as if he, after even such a lapse of time as that, remembered them well. They flew down about him, circling round, brushing his cheeks and his ears with their wings. At the touch of them, it was a king he was, whatever: it was some antique royalty of the spirit rose up in him. Amidst the wind and flutter of their wings he trod safely the perilous plank. Perilous? He felt that no perils in the world could touch him . . . with the rainbows and twinkling and softness of their plumage, and the wonder and wonder and wonder that flowed from their bills in song.

Night bloomed in the sky like a periwinkle blossom: like the cups of a blue campanula deepening: like a sombre bluebell in the woodlands of heaven. Down from the paling rim of the firmament, the breast of the Mountain was a glowing darkness from which all material things had vanished, no longer concealing the secrecies of the Gods. Following

the birds, and mingled with their beauty, windlike or flamelike he ran over the tops of the fern. Far above in the pine wood the wind cried *A-a-a-ah!* Deio, listening, heard eternal voices calling. It was as if the Mountain spoke to him, and said: "Brother, come to your own again! Little One, come to the heart of the Mother!" It was as if the Regent of the Mountain cried to him: "Ah, companion, companion!" Faded the paleness from the brim of the sky; far off on the hills and in the valley the farm windows twinkled; at Llwyn-pen-deryn a dog was barking, miles away; stars gently budded forth over the quiet darkness. What in that darkness was there for a little boy to fear; when to his vision the whole mountainside swam with delirious jewels: wandering sparks, rubies and moon-

stones and opals, gleaming
and gliding and wan-
fairy world, and
the fairies. What

The singing
farther and faint-
low, swooning
fern they rose,
like stars over
der of the moun-
ment Deio was a
not unbewilder-
voice called to
ground; he look-
there, I declare to
bell, stood Tortoy,
hind-legs, dimly to be
the harebell bloom. —

creature; and Deio with a
upon it, and clutching it in a small hand. — "It's up there," said the tin tortoise, "hundreds of miles. I knew you would come." But Deio the child was puzzled, not having legs for hundreds of miles. — "I don't know how to go," he said, slowly; "the birdies taked me." But Tortoy, as you would expect of him, was valiant with the unimagined resources of fairy creatures. — "Come on," he said, understanding perfectly; "it's up and up, like this!" The easiest thing in the world, certainly; for up they rose, and swam in the air deliciously, a wandering spark of fairyland.

But you need a guide on that ferny mountain; there are lonely valleys where no one comes; there are many shoulders and ridges to deceive you; you think the top is there before you, when in reality it is



ing? He was in the
himself a king of
was there to fear?
of the birds grew
er; with long,
flights over the
and set at last
the dark shoul-
tain. For a mo-
little boy again,
ed. A small
him from the
ed down, and
you, under a hare-
upright upon the
seen by the light of
"Me too!" cried the

swoop and a laugh was

far up still, and a mile to your right or left. By day, of course, you may do fairly; but how by night when all faërie is strewn and glimmering round to deceive you? — Running on the winds they were; hither and thither; and where in the world were the pine wood and the fountain of song they desired? Tortoy gave a little squeak in Deio's hand: "She will take us," it said; "look you by there!"

She, if you please, was Merry 'Altery: round black straw hat with turned down rim, snowy cap-frill beneath it, kind old face and full Welsh costume and all; only shining, shining. There she sat, pouring out the brooklet from the tilted pitcher beside her, and crooning olden words in her Fairy-Welsh to a tune like this:

Tongle-rongle toong-roong, tinkle timple teenkle;

Ah, ah, ahha haha, dimple rimple trip trop. . . .

— "Oh, please you, Merry 'Altery fach," began Deio — only when you came close was it indeed Merry 'Altery after all? The flannel of her dress was darkly and strangely glowing, with a glimmer lovelier than any silk; the round hat on her head was a crown of deep emeralds; the white cap-frill, a circle of diamonds and turkisses and pearls. Beautiful was her face, not lined with old age as it had been; and such light came from her that you could see by it the level ground before her and the apple-green velvet of its mosses, the brown tufts clearly on every rush, the beautiful blue of the forgetmenot bloom. And you could see the little boats that went down on the tiny stream, each with a spark of a star for its light, and a boatman half the stature of a pin. And her hair was a pale flame streaming out from beneath the glory of her crown; plummy; delicate in color like the cowslip bloom, and losing itself in the night like flame-flecks blown back by the wind. As for the beauty of her face, it was like the beauty of an August night full of large stars.

"Merry 'Altery fach" would never do for such an one; Deio was inspired with a memory of the correct formula for addressing majesty. "Oh Merry 'Altery, live forever," said he, "please you, we do want the One that sings on the Mountain, — Tortoy and me."

She rose up, and took him in her arms: "Come you!" she said; "*tyr'd ti i fyny!*" And again they were speeding through the air up and up; high over ridge and mountain-shoulder, over lonely shoulder and untrodden upland valley. In one such hidden place he saw, far below, the whole host of the fairies dancing; taller than human they appeared, with beauty unchanged since the youth of the world. The great song grew nearer and louder. They drew in towards the high places; they came to the pine wood; by the light that shone from his guide he saw

the pillar-like trunks of the trees; the song was the most wonderful joy in the world to him.

"*Dei-o! Dei-o!*"

There is a ruined cottage on Bettws Mountain, beyond the pine wood where he heard the song. I have examined the ground; I know the place where the runlet comes tinkling out of the mossy bank; I know the hollow where he saw the hosts dancing; I know the pine wood of everlasting song. But the only portals I know of, above there, are the doorless portals of this little ruin, under whose broken chimney the hartstongue grows so green. Glossy fronds, large and beautiful, have you news of the hidden halls of Arthur?

I know the bronze-green ceterach rooted in the mortar of the walls, the little adiantum trichomanes with the black, hairlike stalk; I know the golden apples that fall and rot in the silent orchard. Have any of them news of the night-long singing of the Bard of bards, in the mountain-hid palace of the King?

"*Dei-o! Dei-o!*"

Even though the doors were shut, light streamed from them: light upon light. "Here he dwells with his bards and warriors," said the fairy lady; "Taliesin Benbardd sings to them in the night-time; it is all the songs of Druidry he sings."

She struck the door with her wand, and the huge mountain glowed as if it were a beryl, an opal, a turquoise and a diamond, through which seven suns in their noonday glory were shining. And the doors flew open, and Deio, looking in, beheld —

— "In my deed, Deio bach Gelli-onen! Oh, you not-ty, wick-ed boy you! There you now, come you to Dan the Poacher, *cariad i!* No one shant hurt you now Dan Poacher have found you, my little boy, my dear little heart of me! *Catw'n pawb*, and wok-kin through the ry-vaire you wass, you not-ty boy you — wok-kin with your shoes through the ry-vaire! — There you now then, *machan*, come you, your shoes are dry whatever: cross by the bridge you wass, so brave and all, I shouldn' wonderr!"

Half an hour later Dan stood in the hall at Gelli-onen, a sleepy Deio in his arms. He had left his evening's bag, a couple of fat rabbits, in a

convenient place under the hedge. Ten minutes ago the master and mistress had arrived; to find the whole household, except cook, absent hunting on the mountainside.

— “Well, Dan,” said Mr. Llewelyn, slipping a couple of gold pieces into the poacher’s hand; “so that’s what you caught on your rounds this evening, is it? How many rabbits beside, you rascal?”

— “Rounds, sir? Rabbits, sir? There’s unchristian thoughts for a gentleman to entertain! Comin’ home I wass from Capel Zion over the Mountain; Jones Bethesda wass preachin’: a beauty man on his knees, indeed, sir; there’s pity you don’t go to hear him. And — ”

— “All right; go and get your supper in the kitchen. And I’ll give you another chance at the Works on Monday.” (Dan kept that job for a week; wonderful steady he was goin’, to keep it, indeed you!)

“Daddy,” said sleepy Deio, opening a pudgy hand and showing his treasure; “I founded Tortoy on the Mountain, whatever!”

And so he had, too.



NATURE

NATURE will be reported — all things are engaged in writing its history. The planet, the pebble, goes attended by its shadow. The rolling rock leaves its scratches on the mountain, the river its channels in the soil, the animal its bones in the stratum, the fern and leaf their modest epitaph in the coal. The fallen drop makes its sculpture in the sand or stone; not a footprint in the snow, or along the ground, but prints, in characters more or less lasting, a map of its march; every act of man inscribes itself in the memories of his fellows and in his own face. The air is full of sounds, the sky of tokens, the ground of memoranda and signatures, and every object is covered over with hints which speak to the intelligent.— *Hugh Miller*

IN THE CORN

DID you ever live in a cornfield? I don't mean in a house surrounded by a field of corn; but in a cornfield?

There was a little girl once, who used to spend days in a field of the high, green stalks.

She bent the tops of some of them over, and tied them together for a roof, making a sort of arbor, then she spread an old rug underneath



A POINT LOMA CORNFIELD

for a floor and there was as pretty a little summer-house as anyone could wish. It *was* rather hot, to be sure, but the little girl did not seem to mind it very much.

She made dolls out of the ears of corn and dressed them in the green husks and tied the long silk on for hair, and altogether had the most delightful times.

Once or twice she lost herself in the long rows, but her family, and all the farm hands, had her on their minds most of the time, because she was always wandering off alone; so she only had to stand still and call out and someone was sure to hear her, and come to the edge of the field and answer, and she would be all right at once. **COUSIN MADGE**

MINERAL TRANSPORTATION BY A MOUNTAIN STREAM



HIGH up among the Andes lies a mine of Chili saltpeter, but the mountains are so steep and rugged that no railroad can be built to carry the valuable mineral to the coast. A tiny mountain torrent runs close by the mine, however. Though far too small for boat or barge navigation, this little stream is used to transport the product of the mine to the far-off sea, where it is loaded on steamers.

The miners simply throw the saltpeter into the stream, where it is dissolved in the water just as a lump of sugar is dissolved in a cup of tea. Then the torrent ripples down its rocky bed. It leaps over precipices, it dashes down rapids, it races through steep valleys, until at last it flows over level ground and goes on its way to the ocean.

But at this point man steps in to interfere, and the stream is trapped in shallow pools and brought to a standstill. First, the sand and mud settle to the bottom, leaving the water clear as crystal. Then the hot sun and the dry winds evaporate the water until nothing but the pure, white crystals of saltpeter are left glittering in the sunshine. In this form they are shovelled up and packed on board steamers.

No one would suppose that the little torrent singing on its way down the mountains was transporting minerals for the service of man — as usefully employed, indeed, as an engine drawing a long train of cars. L.

ORIGIN OF THE THERMOMETER

IT is believed that Fahrenheit constructed his thermometer from one made many years before by Sir Isaac Newton.

Newton invented an instrument for measuring the degree of heat in fluids, by taking a tube and filling it with linseed oil. He found the freezing point by putting the tube in ice, and marked the point zero. In the same way he marked the point when it was placed in boiling water. As the decimal system was not then in use, he took the number twelve to denote the heat of the body, and made it the starting point of his scale. Some time after this, for convenience, the degrees were divided into two, making the body heat 26 above zero and boiling point divided into two, making the body heat 24 above zero and boiling point 53.

When Fahrenheit made his instrument, he used mercury instead of linseed oil, and again divided Newton's scale of degrees into four, so that the boiling point was made 212 and the body heat 96. And when he found that he could get a lower temperature than freezing, he made this point zero, bringing the 8 of Newton's scale to 32 of Fahrenheits'.

A LETTER FROM BURMAH

[A subscriber sends the following extracts from a letter recently received from a friend in Burmah. Port Blair is on South Andaman Island. Do you know where that is, dear boys and girls? If you do not, open your geographies and look for it; also locate the places referred to by this correspondent. That will enable you to enjoy the descriptions much more.]

Port Blair, South Andaman Island, Burmah, April 11, 1917

DEAR FRIEND: You will notice from the above address that I am now in regions much nearer the Equator than when I last wrote you.

I should like you to get in touch with these happy 'Irishmen of the East,' as they are called. Broad cheeks, wide eyes which always smile good humor, well-kept thick jet-black hair, good-natured round shoulders, and sturdy bodies — such are their distinguishing characteristics.

They are extremely clever with their feet at a curious ball game, and they are very fond of football; every good school and college has two or three teams, which compete with some of the English regimental teams. They play best with bare feet, are extremely fast and nimble, and play a good clean game.

There is a charm about Burmah, like an old friend. The country is rich in pastures, forests, hills and rivers. Between the Irrawaddy and the Chin Hills, which run almost in parallel lines north and south for many hundreds of miles, is a land of smiling paddy fields dotted with picturesque Burmese villages amongst banyan and fire-trees, palms, and plantations of bananas. Every village has its pagoda or seven-roofed *pongy* (priest) house. I have traveled north and south more than once, and have always been much impressed with the country.

The water buffalo seems to be the chief beast of burden and is used for everything, from plowing in the fields to conveying folk from one city or market to another. They have a dark grayish hide and a magnificent pair of horns which lie well back over their shoulders.

Going from Rangoon by train, the first important place is Pegu, a very ancient Burmese town. A five-spired Golden Pagoda overtops everything; there is also a fine reclining Buddha. Pegu was at one time the capital.

Tongu is the next important stopping place; one usually orders a lunch there during the pleasant half-hour's halt.

I visited in Mandalay the Old Fort and the King's Palace, etc., but I am not going to attempt a description for it would take too long.

As you probably know a good deal about Rangoon, I will not go very much into details, but I want to say a few words about the great Shwe Dagon Pagoda. It overtops everything — is the first and last thing

The native music and dancing are quaint and fascinating. The former seems to mimic nature sounds, from the shrill top notes of jungle bird and insect to the roar of the tiger. There is a good deal of repetition of high staccato notes and then a crash of bellowing and thundering, followed by shrill sounds.

I have heard people say that Burmah is more fascinating than any part of India, and I for one will always cherish many fond remembrances, both of the country and its people.

Well, I really did not intend to bore you with so much, nor have I said one-tenth of what I could about this 'Pagoda Land'; but for old acquaintance sake, I feel you may be interested. After twelve months at Rangoon and three months on a pretty little island known as Diamond Isle, seven miles off the entrance of the Bassein River, I now find myself in the midst of the wild tribes of the Andamans.

The scenery here is extremely beautiful. Nature is rich and is clad in all her tender hues. Sometimes I look across the blue waters of the bay upon the purple mountains and fancy I am very near to you all at Lomaland. . . . The silvery waters of the Bay of Bengal are lapping these shores, and through the great palms the moonbeams play.

With kind regards and pleasant memories of many days, I remain

Yours sincerely, E. C.

WHITE WEAR FOR WINTER



It is well known that a teapot intended to stand by the fire should be black, as that color absorbs the heat; whereas a teapot meant for use at the table should be of silver or of white china, because a white surface greatly checks the loss of heat by radiation.

We can thus partly understand why it is that animals of the arctic regions have white fur, because in that way they lose far less heat than they would if they wore fur of a dark color. Arctic foxes and hares are white, and so of course are polar bears.

Among the cold snows of the frozen North the stoat or ermine stays white all through the year, while at Point Loma that graceful, snake-like little animal keeps his brown coat from January to December.

The grouse or ptarmigan of northern Europe, with feathered legs and feet, turns white in winter and changes back to speckled brown when spring comes round again. The white feathers, besides preventing the loss of heat, make it very hard for his enemies to see him on the snow.

Reindeer, wolves and horses do not turn white; but they become

Young folk's Department

"Put into each duty, no matter how small, unselfish thoughts."

— Katherine Tingley

A CHILD'S THANKS

(Anonymous)

| | |
|---|--|
| F OR all the happy days I've had, For all the hours that I've been glad, And every flower I picked in spring, And every bird that I heard sing, For all the sunshine and the rain That made the summer's loss and gain, For all the school I've struggled through, For Saturdays and Sundays, too, For peace and honor, for the good Our country stands for — and has stood — | For those I love and hold most dear And all my friends both far and near For home, and food, and care, and clothes, For day's delight, and night's repose, For every single lovely thing That freights my precious mem'ry string, I'm thankful as a child can be; Thanksgiving Day means this to me, And when I stop to think, it's clear I'm thankful for the whole bright year. |
|---|--|

GRANDPA'S THANKSGIVING TUNES



STRING up the old violin, Daddy, and let us have some old-fashioned airs," said Mrs. Romney to her aged father. It was Thanksgiving night and all the family were at home. Milla and Marthrie were standing close to the big fireplace eagerly waiting to hear what their grandfather Bunton would say to their mother in reply.

"My dear," said he, "it's been fifteen years since I played on the fiddle."

"Oh, but for the children's sake, do try, Daddy," she begged, and while she went to the cupboard where the instrument had been kept when she was a girl, she added, "Milla and Marthrie have never heard *Old Dan Tucker* and *Money Musk*, you know, Daddy."

The old man could not resist such an appeal, and, taking the violin between his knees, with fingers that were twisted and tremulous, he knotted the strings into place and found *A* almost as accurately as he had done in the years gone by. Soon the two little girls were entranced. Jigs and hornpipes, old-fashioned figure music, waltzes and schottisches, ballads and opera airs of other days, followed each other in gay succession.

said you would understand that she hadn't sent until it was necessary."

Grandpa Bunton sat back in his chair and was silent. Milla and Marthrie stood wishing they knew how to help him, so troubled he seemed by what the boy had said.

Soon Mother Romney came in with a tray full of Thanksgiving good things and set it before the little boy. He looked up with a grateful smile and began to eat very hungrily, so that when the doctor came in with Father Romney, everybody had a good laugh at their expense. None the less the doctor said that the boy was not well, and insisted upon sending him to bed immediately, and upon driving to Loudenville to see what could be done for the mother.

Then Grandpa Bunton roused himself from his troubled thought. He stood up and called for his coat and hat and muffler, saying that he was going along with the doctor. Go he did, in spite of all entreaties, and when the doctor's sleigh stopped in front of the little house where Bobbie's mother lived, Grandpa Bunton asked to go in alone.

He found a sick woman shivering over a fire. She did not look up, but said wearily, "Is that you Bobbie? What did Mr. Bunton say?"

"He said, my dear Mrs. Towne, that he was a sorry old bungler, and that he was coming at once to set matters straight for you."

Mrs. Towne stared at him for several moments without speaking. Then she said in an astonished tone, "You are going to repair the injury you did my husband years ago?"

"I am going to try," he answered. "But first you are coming to my home where Bobbie now is, and you are both going to get well and strong, and start from the beginning again."

"I don't understand," said she.

"Well, I don't, quite," said the old man, "but this being Thanksgiving day, suppose you just get your hat and shawl and let me tuck you into Doctor Fisher's sleigh, and take it for granted that good times are in store for you."

He had his way, and not even Milla and Marthrie ever knew that something in the Thanksgiving music that the old man had played to please them, some memory perhaps that the old tunes brought of the high purposes of his youth, had awakened in him remorse for many injustices that he had done in a business way. No one ever knew that Bobbie Towne's tap on the window-pane that night came like an answer to Grandpa Bunton's wish for a chance to begin all over again. Z.

CHRISTMAS EXCHANGE

A SNOWBIRD was hopping along the street,
Hopefully searching for something to eat;
Behind him small star-tracks on Christmas snow
Told plainly the story of nowhere to go.

A sick little child in his lonely room
Caught sight of the bird in the wintry gloom.
He tapped on the window, and to his delight,
Up flew the wee stranger out of the night.

Now daily repeated, the tap on the pane
Brings gift-time to both, again and again:
The bird gives his gladness, the boy gives his crumbs,
And so it is Christmas with each day that comes.

ON CHRISTMAS EVE



WE had left the station with all the glammor and noise and merry greetings; and sat now, well covered with blankets and deer-skin, in the open sleigh. Before us lay the long white way ploughed out in the deep snow. Old Brunte ran as swiftly as a colt, and the bells tinkled merrily. I could hardly keep still for joy. How well I recognized the dear old way where I, many a happy summer day, had driven with the same old Brunte, in the same familiar surroundings! But now it was winter, and one could see no bright daisies or happy little bluebells in the fields, nodding their welcome, nor the blue cornflowers among the yellow corn; now all was pure white, and twilight was slowly spreading a gray-blue veil over the glittering whiteness.

We passed the last cottage by the wayside; the light was streaming out from the windows, and behind the curtains the candles on the Christmas-tree shone brightly. The sound of old Christmas carols reached my ear; but it passed swiftly away. A few scared birds flew from a big sheaf put up near the house, and soon the plain lay behind us, and before us rose the forest, majestic in its white drapery.

The sleigh stood suddenly still, and old Hans stepped out, loosened the row of bells around Brunte's neck and put them in the bottom of the sleigh. I was surprised, and when Hans was again seated at my side and Brunte began to move, I asked him why he did not like the bells.

"Oh," he said, "I like them well enough: we will have them again when we are out of the forest."

"And why not in the forest?"

"Why, the bells would scare them away, every one of them."

"Of whom?" I asked utterly astonished.

Hans looked at me in a pitiful way and said slowly: "The Tomties."

"Why Hans, do you really believe in the Tomties?"

"Believe in them? They are as real as you and I; only they don't die as often, and that's why they know a great deal more than we. Now, just suppose there were none," he added laughing, "things would go very wrong, very wrong indeed." He was silent.

The night seemed impressively silent. The stars stood out, big and beautiful, against the dark-blue background; and around us the pine trees seemed to crowd nearer and nearer. Snow-heavy branches reached far out over the way. Brunte had slowed down to an easy trot.

I was pondering over the Tomties when Hans said in a low voice as if thinking aloud: —"On Christmas-eve some people do see her, too."

"See whom?" I burst out; but felt very stupid when Hans looked at me with his astonished and rather pitiful gaze.

At first he did not seem to want to answer, but when I still looked at him, he said with a smile: "The Queen of them. Some people call her 'The Winter Fairy,' but I just call her 'The Queen'.——"

It grew so wonderfully warm and bright around us. Light seemed to come from a tall slender pine-tree a few yards in front of us.

I looked hard before me. Something dark was moving at the side; it was an elk. He did not run away, only twitched his ears a little; and now I could see where the light came from. Oh, could it really be — 'The Queen' —

One hand was resting on the head of the elk, the other held a wand, glittering with silver-blue snow-crystals. Around her head was a row of stars with the same subdued light as that of the wand. Her whole being seemed to radiate a warm, bright atmosphere. I did not notice any other details; she seemed like a wave of soft glittering snow, and had it not been for the elk and that wonderful solemn feeling mingled with a warm glow, I would have thought it all a pure illusion. But now, even Brunte was marching away as respectfully as I had ever seen him.

—"Did you see her?" I whispered to Hans.—

—"H'm, perhaps we had better put on the bells now" said he; and soon the jingle of sleigh-bells echoed in the forest; and not far off shone the light from a dear old house, where the Christmas-tree was lit and the Christmas joy was making itself heard in happy greetings. AGDA

CHRISTMAS IN OTHER LANDS

TABLEAUX

IN bleak and coldest Norway
A child with sheaf of wheat
Will place it on the house-top,
That little birds may eat.

A little girl dressed as a Dutch child is sitting on the floor, polishing a wooden shoe — while some one recites:

Little Gretchen scrubs her shoes,
And makes them clean and
bright,
That good Saint Nick in these
may leave
Some gifts on Christmas night.

An old woman dressed in a shawl with a basket of bundles is seen while these lines are recited:

Babouscka comes in snow and sleet,
On winds so cold and wild,
And in her basket are the gifts
For each good Russian child.

A little girl dressed as an Italian carries an urn in her hands, while these lines are recited:

Beferea comes to Italy,
And in the Urn of Fate
Are hidden precious gifts for all
Who Christmas celebrate.

A little girl comes forward and lights a candle on the table, while someone recites:

This little girl from Norway
Lights her Christmas candle bright,
So good Kristine can't lose his way
On a dark cold Christmas night.

A pupil on the platform carries an armful of mistletoe and holly, while these lines are recited:

From England I come with merry
heart,
And o'er the land I go,
Bringing Christmas greetings dear,
With holly and mistletoe.
In all the merry crowded streets,
The bells are gayly ringing,
And in their homes at Christmas time
Are little children singing.

Be merry all, be merry all;
With holly dress the festive hall;
Prepare the song, the feast, the ball,
And welcome Merry Christmas all.— *Teacher's World*

FAR-AWAY-LAND

HERE we go to Far-away-land! The road is a good
 one and the sun is shin-
 ing warm and bright.
 The name of my horse is
 'Mer-ry Christ-mas.'
 He is al-ways well and hap-
 py and he likes to gal-lop.
 My lit-tle whip I use to
 point out the way for him.
 You did not think I would
 strike my good horse, did you?
 No, no! that would fright-en
 him, and then we might never
 get to Far-a-way-land!
 Well, good-bye now. I do
 wish you could all come a-long with my lit-tle 'Mer-ry
 Christ-mas' and me.



OFF TO FAR-AWAY-LAND

COUSIN EDYTHA

PIX-Y PAN'S RAIN-Y DAY



NE rain-y morn-ing the big pol-ly Daph-ne no-
 ticed that her mer-ry lit-tle com-rade Pix-ie Pan
 was not at home. There was a lit-tle cross,
 mo-py bir-die in his place.

"What is the mat-ter?" Daph-ne asked the lit-tle bird.

The cross lit-tle pol-ly did not re-ply, but walked a-
 long his perch to the win-dow and looked at the rain-
 drops on the pane.

"Want to go out?" Daph-ne asked him.

"Yes, yes," he squawked. Of course he want-ed to go

out in the sun on the porch; but there was-n't any sun-shine on a rainy day.

"But don't you like it?" Daph-ne said to him as she watched the big drops fall.

Pix-y shook his lit-tle blue head and be-gan to fret.

"Poor lit-tle child! Nev-er mind, don't cry," big pol-ly Daph-ne said to him. But he kept on fret-ting and fret-ting.

"Now be quiet," said the big parrot. For she had learned that it is no use to fret o-ver things you can-not help. So she be-gan to a-muse her-self with her toys.

Soon Pix-y be-gan to play with his lit-tle bell. And then he for-got the rain-y day; and the next thing lit-tle mer-ry Pix-y Pan was at home once more.

Soon the clouds part-ed and the sun came out nice and warm.

"Now we can go out in the sun-shine," called Daph-ne, and they were car-ried out on the porch in their cag-es.

"Now are you happy? Isn't it nice?" the big polly asked the lit-tle one.

"Squeak, squeak, squawk, squawk, squawk, yes, yes, yes," lit-tle Pix-y said, as he danced a-bout in his cage, tel-ling Daph-ne just how happy he was.

"You are a cun-ning lit-tle bit of a polly, yes you are, bless your heart," said Daph-ne and be-gan to tell him some nice sto-ries a-bout the *Owl and the Pus-sy Cat* and *Twin-kle Lit-tle Star*. She was so glad that lit-tle cross pol-ly had gone and mer-ry lit-tle Pix-y was back a-gain.

RAINY-DAY JOYS

A HAPPY, merry time I had
When on a rainy day
I to the roomy garret took
The children all for play.
Oh, how we cooked, and stewed, and messed
In Dotty's kitchen small,
And fed to teddy-bear and dolls
The delicacies all.
Oh, how we all enjoyed ourselves
While rolling on the floor
Like barrels, round, and round, and round,
From window-seat to door.
Oh, how we laughed and danced for joy
In 'circus come to town,'
With Ida as a lioness
And Malbon as a cow.
And how the darlings listened all
To fairy-tale and lore,
With glowing cheeks and shining eyes,
The never-enoughs, for more.— M.

JAMES' BIRD

ONCE there was a little boy named James who wished for a bird, that he could tame and keep in his home. After school he would go to the public aviary to watch the birds. He had read many books about birds, and could name the different kinds at sight.

He sometimes came across a wild canary's nest, and loved to watch the little baby birds. Although he would have liked to take one of them home with him, yet he could not make its parents unhappy.

One day as he was watching the birds in the aviary a boy of about his own age and size came up and asked why he did not take a bird if they interested him so much. He answered that the birds were not his.

"But," said another boy who was listening to the conversation, "no one will know that *one* is gone, when so many are left."

Although little James was tempted, his sense of honor was stronger than his desires, and he said, "No, it would not be right."

But one morning a few weeks later James awoke and found by his bed a canary in a cage. A card was fastened to it, on which was written this message: "Love to my James, from Mother."

JUDITH T.

The Râja-Yoga College

(Non-Sectarian)

Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

KATHERINE TINGLEY, Foundress and General Directress

The Râja-Yoga system of education was originated by the Foundress as a result of her own experience and knowledge. Râja-Yoga is an ancient term: etymologically it means the "Royal Union." This term was selected as best expressing in its real meaning the purpose of true education, viz: the balance of all the faculties, physical, mental and moral.

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For information, address

THE SECRETARY, RÂJA-YOGA COLLEGE

Point Loma, California

RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

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NEW YEAR'S WISH

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE

HERE'S a New Year wish for all.
May we keep growing, you and I,
Learning sweet truths in sweetest way,
Living in sunshine every day.

THE CHILDREN'S OPPORTUNITY

 THE opportunity for building strong serviceable bodies, for acquiring clear minds, for developing the qualities necessary to be wise and loving agents of the wise, through whom all children may be helped to see the light of lives of helpfulness: this opportunity lies like a vein of precious gold outcropping about the feet of little children. The opportunity, like the gold, is always there, whether it is seen or not. Fortunate indeed are they who see the glittering promise, and strive to work out its possibilities.

Not all the little ones of the world may grasp the opportunity for building capable bodies; but they who live in Lomaland and who attend the Râja-Yoga School, and even they who read these pages, may do so. They may, if they will, build them kingly bodies, temples for the spirit. Mixed perhaps, with useless and coarse matter, the vein of golden opportunities runs far into the depths of the nature; it must pass through the purifying process of regular habits and duties, loving thoughts, unselfish endeavor, before it will be fit and worthy to be builded into the temple.

As the vein of gold above referred to is perseveringly followed along its deeply winding way, there comes often in childhood the choice of appointing a care-taker; a careful watcher who shall keep the temple always clean and pure, or a careless and drowsy one who will neglect it. It depends almost wholly upon how the work is done whether a diligent and orderly mind will be appointed keeper, or whether a lazy and neglectful one will usurp the kingly position.

Oh, the glorious temples that shall stand like monuments to opportunity grasped in childhood! Towards them the children of the coming years shall bend their way to learn from the dwellers therein how they, in their turn, may build them dwellings that shall be veritable temples.

COURAGE TO DO RIGHT

WE may have courage, all of us,
To start at honor's call,
To meet a foe, protect a friend
Or face a cannon ball,
To show the world one hero lives,
The foremost in the fight —
But do we always manifest
The courage to do right? — *Selected*

WHO, AND WHAT, AND WHY, ARE WE



THE majority of us suffer more or less from faulty bringing up, yet how can we blame our parents altogether when the cause lies generally at the door of ignorance? Because neither we nor they have much if any idea of what we are here for.

This something that we know to be ourselves usually means the 'I' of the personal man — that which wants food, clothes and a good time. This is usually the most we know about ourselves until we are troubled and suffer. But troubles and sufferings generally have a way of opening our eyes to the fact that others suffer and have troubles too, and this stirs something within us which we have not felt before; touches the heart with sympathy. This sympathy for others rouses a desire to help them, and then we discover that there is another side to our nature besides the one which is only concerned with our own welfare and position.

Suppose that somehow or other we should discover it to be a fact, that we were sure of, that this something we call 'ourselves,' this *I* that knows itself to be, had always been and would always be. And suppose that in thinking over this subject, we have concluded it must be that we, as well as every one else, are here on this earth to learn, and most particularly to learn to know ourselves as we really are, (all sides of our nature: not just the side that concerns the personal side) and that now, every day of our lives, is our chance to do so. Would we not then find that life had taken on an entirely new and different aspect worth considering?

The next thing we would be apt to look into when we had concluded to try to understand ourselves in this new way, would be to find out what it is that makes the trouble, why we suffer and are miserable when we want to be happy. And if we can look deep enough into the matter, we will discover that we have two distinct natures: a higher and a lower

WHO, AND WHAT, AND WHY, ARE WE

nature; the higher one whose feelings lie in the heart, prompting us to unselfish acts and desire to do right, and which is struggling always against the lower nature or that side of us that can be mean and cruel and selfish — the one, when you come to think of it, which is always getting us into trouble. Then it would begin to dawn on us that through the higher nature lies the way to happiness, and through the lower nature the way into trouble, and that the distinguishing point between the two lies in that little inner guide, the conscience.

Yes, this is all very well, you will say; but with all this injustice or seeming injustice in the world, it gives one little heart to try to understand, for life is so apt to be doubly hard for those who do try. But I say that we can find the justice if we will look deep enough and realize to some extent the greatness of this divinity within each one of us, this *I* which has always been and always will be. What do we know of what it was before it came into this world, or what it is going to be as it goes on; and what do we know of the power of this higher nature of ours which has been so little used by us as yet, nor what a great guiding power the conscience will become when it has a chance to grow a little by being used?

There is a law, not a man-made law but a great natural law of absolute justice. This is the law of adjustment of cause and effect, which brings about with each act its consequence, just as sure as night follows day. So we may rely on the fact that when we suffer, we suffer from our own mistakes or wrong doings and no one else's, and that our right doing brings also the bright side of life.

Just as the little acts prompted by the lower nature get us into trouble, and the kind and helpful ones bring the thrill of joy to the heart, so it is with the greater issues of life. What matters it that we cannot remember the cause which brought about the effect? Still it is there in the past, safe in the consciousness of this *real I* that we know so little about as yet; and it will be plainly seen when we finally learn to know ourselves as we really are.

And is it not time that we set about it if we intend to learn to fulfil our purpose in life? It really matters very little, in the long run, how many mistakes we make in ignorance if we only learn by them. We all have the same lessons to learn; the only difference is that some are in the class ahead of us and some behind, and the chances are the same in one way or another; they are all coming to us in different times and ways and places, for the goal is the same for us all.

What we now need to do is to see it in this light, the light of understanding, and meet the issues of life with the royal courage of the higher nature. Then the outcome is sure to be one of peace and happiness. E.

NATURE-PAINTINGS IN TENNYSON'S POEMS



ALFRED LORD TENNYSON was born at the rectory, Somersby, Lincolnshire, a pretty wooded hamlet situated in a quiet, pastoral district. He had a natural love for nature, and this love was fostered and developed by his beautiful surroundings. In *Tennyson Land* by Mr. Cuming Walter, gives us a glimpse of these surroundings.

Just beyond Somersby Church lay a little glen called Holywell, where Tennyson undoubtedly spent many hours close to the heart of nature. Mr. Walter describes it thus:

"As far as the sight can penetrate are trees — larch and spruce and ash and beech and sycamore — and the great hollow is strewn with leaves. The interlacing branches above breaking out into verdure, make a roof of twinkling emerald, but down in the hollow there is shadowy gloom. In the gorge a thin stream glistens. It issues from the throat of a cavern of rocks, its shallow bed is half choked with rotting herbage and is crossed again and again by fallen and inclining trees. . . . Here and there a bare forehead of rock stands out and overlooks the gorge with nothing, perhaps, but a twisted root, like a swollen vein, protruding on its front."

It is said that whenever a scene caught Tennyson's fancy, he did not leave the spot until he had fixed its details on the pages of a note book. This untiring labor won for him the honor of being the most finished artist of nature-painting in English poetry.

Like so many descriptive poets he drew his material directly from his surroundings, and his residences at Somersby in Lincolnshire, at Farringford in the Isle of Wight, and at Aldworth in Surrey, as well as his tours of England, Scotland, Wales and on the Continent, can all be traced in his poetry.

In the *Ode to Memory* he gives us a beautiful picture of the rectory garden at Somersby:

"A garden bower'd close
With plaited alleys of the trailing rose,
Long alleys falling down to twilight grots,
Or opening upon level plots
Of crowned lilies, standing near
Purple-spiked lavender."

Of the view from this garden and its neighborhood, he says in the same poem:

"The woods that belt the gray hill-side,
The seven elms, the poplars four
That stand beside my father's door,
And chiefly from the brook that loves
To purl o'er matted cress and ribbed sand,
Or dimple in the dark of rushy coves,
Drawing into his narrow earthen urn,
In every elbow and turn,
The filter'd tribute of the rough woodland."

The little Somersby brook must have been a favorite of the poet for

RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

it appears again and again in his poetry. A *Farewell* which is dedicated to it gives us this picture:

"Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea,
A rivulet then a river:

In *The Brook* its merry song is known to all and loved for its music:

"I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles."

It is the millstream in *The Miller's Daughter*, of which he paints the following pen-picture:

"I loved the brimming wave that swam
Thro' quiet meadows round the mill,
The sleepy pool above the dam,
The pool beneath it never still."

It appears in *In Memoriam*, in several different sections, and there is this simile in *Geraint and Enid*:

"Like a shoal
Of darting fish, that on a summer morn
Adown the crystal dykes at Camelot
Come slipping o'er their shadows on the sand,
But if a man who stands upon the brink
But lift a shining hand against the sun,
There is not left the twinkle of a fin
Betwixt the cressy islets white in flower."

At Mablethorpe his father took a cottage in the summer and it was here that Tennyson made his first acquaintance with the sea. One ocean picture drawn from this source is given in *The Palace of Art*:

"A still salt pool, lock'd in with bars of sand,
Left on the shore; that hears all night
The plunging seas draw backward from the land
Their moon-led waters white."

The poem *Maud* was written at the poet's home in the Isle of Wight. Tennyson considered it his most original poem. He tells us that many of the nature-pictures were actual reproductions of Farringford scenes. For instance these:

"Listening now to the tide in its broad-flung shipwrecking roar,
Now to the scream of a madden'd beach dragg'd down by the wave.
When the far-off sail is blown by the breeze of a softer clime,
Half lost in the liquid azure bloom of a crescent of sea."

NATURE-PAINTINGS IN TENNYSON'S POEMS

Tennyson studied nature not only as an artist but also as a botanist, a zoologist, and a geologist.

Of flowers he says:

"The foxglove clusters dappled bells.

More crumpled than a poppy from the sheath.

Pure as lines of green that streak the white
Of the first snowdrop's inner leaves.

Wan-sallow as the plant that feeds itself
Root-bitten by white lichen."

Of insects:

"And flash'd as those
Dull-coated things, that making slide apart
Their dusk wing-cases, all beneath there burns
A jewell'd harness, ere they pass and fly."

Of the agate:

"As bottom agates seem to wave and float
In crystal currents of clear morning seas."

Of a waterfall he says:

"And like a downward smoke the slender stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem."

We might quote indefinitely, but to show Tennyson's versatile power in word-painting let us contrast these two pictures, his two most elaborate nature-pictures perhaps.

The first is from *The Gardener's Daughter*;

"Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite
Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love.
News from the humming city comes to it
In sound of funeral or of marriage bells;
And, sitting muffled in dark leaves, you hear
The windy clanging of the minster clock;
Although between it and the garden lies
A league of grass, wash'd by a slow broad stream,
That, stirr'd with languid pulses of the oar,
Waves all its lazy lilies, and creeps on,
Barge-laden, to three arches of a bridge
Crown'd with the minster towers.

The fields between
Are dewy-fresh, browsed by deep-udder'd kine,
And all about the large lime feathers low,
The lime a summer home of murmurous wings."

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This tropical scene from *Enoch Arden*, is elaborate in detail, a picture that can hardly be equalled anywhere in descriptive poetry.

"The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,
The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,

The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd
And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
As down the shore he ranged, or all day long
Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,
A shipwreck'd sailor waiting for a sail:
No sail from day to day, but every day
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms and ferns and precipices;
The blaze upon the waters to the east;
The blaze upon his island overhead;
The blaze upon the waters to the west;
Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,
The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise — but no sail."

THE THROSTLE

BY ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

"SUMMER is coming, summer is coming.
I know it, I know it, I know it.
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again,"
Yes, my wild little Poet.

Sing the new year in under the blue.
Last year you sang it as gladly.
"New, new, new, new!" Is it then so new
That you should carol so madly?

"Love again, song again, nest again, young again,"
Never a prophet so crazy!
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,
See, there is hardly a daisy.

"Here again, here, here, here, happy year!"
O warble unchidden, unbidden!
Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,
And all the winters are hidden.

ANTIQUÉ AND MODERN BOOKS



THE books that we read today are very different indeed from the first ones that we know of. A great change has taken place in the actual creation of books themselves, and the range of subjects treated of has been increased and widened enormously.

The earliest writings were on stone, on monuments or columns, as among the ancient Egyptians, the Cretans, the descendants of Abraham, and like the tablets given to Moses on Mount Horeb. These records were carved on stone so as to last for long periods of time. Some of the chief archaeological finds in Babylonia and Assyria have been the clay tablets, inscribed with cuneiform writing. The Greeks and Romans often used tablets made of wood, and of ivory or metal. The wooden ones, made from beech, fir or citrus trees, were covered with wax, and were written on with a steel instrument called a *stylus*. It was sharp at one end and flat at the other, for smoothing over erasures.

The Egyptians had the first flexible material known for books. They made a kind of paper from papyrus, which had many sheaths or coats. Records written on such papyrus were in the form of rolls. Some of them were thirty feet in length — this among the Romans.

After papyrus, the most important writing material was parchment. This was the skin of animals, softened and specially prepared. Lamb-skin and sheepskin were the commonest kinds thus employed, and a very fine grade was made from calfskin, and this was *vellum*. Even before the time of Herodotus the preparation and use of parchment was known. It is thought that the practice originated in Asia Minor. The Persians used leather.

In many languages the word for book is the same as that of the material used to make them, for in general, plants furnished the first paper, or whatever was used instead of it. Thus in Greek, *byblos* means books and refers to the Egyptian papyrus, as does the Latin word *liber*. In English the word book comes from the early name of the beech tree, for the first books were on boards of beech wood, and this is found to be the case in many of the Teutonic languages. From the same source comes the application of the word leaves to books.

In classical libraries the rolls of papyrus or of parchment were wound on little sticks often ornamented at the end. Books were very valuable in those times, owing to the labor and difficulty of reproducing them, all the work being done by hand. They were not as long as modern books, and so occupied much less space. Thus the library at Hercu-

En este primero Capitulo son conteni-
das dos conclusiones. La primera dize
por la unision delas partes del anima fecha
en el Capitulo. xix. del libro primero intro-
duze fablar dela parte que en el entendimiento
consiste. La segunda por la diferencia
destas dos partes dize que la que harazon se
parte en dos partes la bua scientifica e la otra
ratiocinativa.

Primera Conclusion.

POR QUE
DE PRIM
ROCOIN
A. EL
ADEJO. SER. Q
RECEKIR. ZERO
non el excessu nin el defecto. El medio es assi

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A PAGE FROM THE *ETHICS* OF ARISTOTLE, TRANSLATED FROM
THE LATIN VERSION OF LEONARDO ARETINO INTO ROMANCE
BY PRINCE CHARLES OF VIANA FOR HIS UNCLE ALFONSO V,
KING OF ARAGON ABOUT THE MIDDLE OF THE 15th CENTURY



ΑΡΙΣΤΟΤΕΛΟΥΣ ΠΕΡΙ ΕΡΜΗΝΕΙΑΣ.



ΡΩΤΟΝ ΔΕ ΘΕΩΣΑ ΤΙ ΟΝΟΜΑ Ή ΤΕ
ΞΗΜΑ· ΕΠΕΙΤΑ ΤΙ ΘΕΩΝ ΑΡΦΑ Σ' Η ΚΑ
ΤΑΦΑΣΙ, Ή ΑΡΦΑΝΟΙΣ, Η ΛΟΓΟΙ· ΘΕΩ
ΜΕΡΩΝ ΤΑ ΕΝ ΤΗ ΦΩΝΗ, Τ' ΕΝ ΤΗ ΨΥΧΗ·
ΠΑΘΗΜΑΤΩΝ, ΣΥΜΒΟΛΑ· Η ΤΑ ΧΡΑΦΟ
ΜΕΝΑ Τ' ΕΝ ΤΗ ΦΩΝΗ· Ή ΩΣ ΠΡΟΤΕ ΓΡΑΜ
ΜΑΤΑ ΠΑΡΕΙ ΤΑ ΑΥΤΑ· Θ' ΔΕ ΦΩΝΑΙ ΑΙ

ΑΥΤΑΙ· ΩΝ ΜΕΝ ΤΟΙ ΑΥΤΑ ΣΗΜΕΙΑ ΠΡΩΤΩΣ, ΤΑΥΤΑ ΠΑΡΕΙ ΤΑ ΠΑΘΗΜΑ
ΤΑ Τ' ΨΥΧΗΣ· Η ΩΝ ΤΑΥΤΑ ΟΜΟΙΩΜΑΤΑ, ΠΡΑΓΜΑΤΑ ΗΔΗ ΤΑΥΤΑ·
ΠΕΙ Μ' ΟΩ ΛΟΓΩΝ, ΕΙΡΗΤΑΙ ΕΝ ΤΟΙΣ ΠΕΙ ΨΥΧΗΣ· ΑΥΤΗΣ Δ' ΤΑΥΤΑ
ΠΡΑΓΜΑΤΕΙ· ΘΕΩ Δ' ΑΠΕΡΕΝ ΤΗ ΨΥΧΗ· ΟΤΙ Μ' ΡΟΗΜΑ ΑΝΔΡΩ Α
ΛΗΘΕΩΝ Η ΨΥΔΕΩΣ, ΟΤΙ Δ' ΗΔΗ ΕΠΑΡΑΚΗΤ' ΕΤΩΝ ΥΠΕΡΧ' ΘΑΤΕΡ·
ΟΥΤΩ Ε' ΕΝ ΤΗ ΦΩΝΗ· ΠΕΙ ΣΩΘΕΙΣΙΝ Η ΔΙΑΙΡΕΙΣΙΝ ΕΣΤΙ ΤΟ ΨΥΔΟΣ
ΤΕ Η ΤΟ ΑΛΗΘΕΙ· ΤΑ Μ' Ε' ΟΝΟΜΑΤΑ ΑΥΤΑ Ε' ΤΑ ΕΞΗΜΑΤΑ, ΕΟΙΚΕΤΩ
ΑΝ ΕΝ ΣΩΘΕΙΣΕΩΣ ΚΑΙ ΔΙΑΙΡΕΙΣΕΩΣ ΡΟΗΜΑΤΙ· ΟΙΟΝ ΤΟ, ΑΝΘΡΩΠΟΥ Η ΤΟ ΛΟΓ
Κ' ΟΤΑΝ ΜΗ ΠΡΟΣΤΙΘΗ, ΤΙ ΟΥΤΕ ΨΥΔΟΣ, ΟΥΤΕ ΑΛΗΘΕΙ· ΠΩ ΣΗΜΕΙ
ΟΝ ΔΕ ΘΕΩ ΤΩΔΕ· Η ΓΡ' Ο ΨΑΛΑΦΟΣ ΣΗΜΑΙΝΕΙ ΜΕΡΩΣ· ΟΥΤΩ Δ'
ΑΛΗΘΕΙΣ ΤΗ ΨΥΔΟΣ, ΑΝ ΜΗ, ΤΟ ΕΙΝΑΙ, Η ΤΟ ΜΗ ΕΙΝΑΙ ΠΡΟΣΤΕΘΗ, Η Α
ΠΛΩΣ Η ΚΑΤΑ ΧΕΟΝΟΝ.

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A PAGE FROM ARISTOTLE'S OPERA, PRINTED BY ALDUS
MANUTIUS AT VENICE IN 1495

laneum contained many more books than we could get in a similar space.

At first the book-sellers were the scribes who wrote them, as they supplied the demand. In Greece and Rome the orators and poets recited their works in public, with the hope that their audience would desire copies of what they had heard. After Christianity was introduced, books became much more numerous, and were naturally on religious subjects.

During the Middle Ages the art of reproducing books was in the hands of the monks, and was a special branch of monastic life. Usually the books made in those days were as valuable from the amount of work and ornamentation expended upon them as for their rarity. The covers

were often of wood, sometimes covered with velvet, silk, or fine leather, and were richly decorated with corner plates, clasps, and hinges of metal. They were also beautified with all kinds of decoration, and those belonging to persons of high rank often had bindings made of ivory handsomely carved, ornamented with gold and silver, and even having jewels added to make them more splendid. These price-kept in cases as gay themselves. The done by hand, and themselves greatly minating the text mental letters, and bright colors and were drawn and



APPEARANCE OF AN
ANCIENT BOOK

corated with corner and hinges of metal-beautified with all put upon the cover-longing to persons had bindings made ly carved, ornamented with gold and silver, and and valuable enathem more splendid volumes were and valuable as writing was all the monks exerted in the art of illustration with scrolls, ornamental devices in gold. All pictures painted by hand. pens were made

The ancient from reeds, and the ink was of gum-water colored with lampblack or soot of resin. Sometimes ink was made from the cuttlefish, and red ink was obtained from cinnabar. It was easy to erase writing on papyrus by the simple means of a sponge, and the rolls were often covered with a preparation like a varnish to facilitate this kind of erasure.

In early times paper was scarce, and often the same pieces were used for several different works, the original writing having been erased to make room for a later work. Valuable documents have thus been found, written under something else, and doubtless many have been lost in this way. Fortunately, someone discovered how to make paper out of cotton, and this put a stop to the practice of writing one thing over another.

ANTIQUE AND MODERN BOOKS

It was after paper was made from cotton that the real crafts of printing and bookbinding came into being. Several nations have been credited with the glory of this invention; some credit it to the Chinese, others to the Italians, and some to the Greeks or the Spanish Saracens.

The first people that we know of who used printing were the Chinese. Their type was on wood or clay blocks. The Coreans invented copper type.

After printing was introduced, and books became cheaper, because more numerous, the expensive binding gradually disappeared, although for a long time books continued to be bound very handsomely in colored leather, with gilt edges and artistic designs in colors and gold. France, Italy, England and Germany were especially noted for the fine work done on their books. Modern bookbinding is a very complicated process, and seems to leave room for no improvement. All kinds of effects formerly produced only by patient hand work are now multiplied a thousand-fold by machinery, without which the numberless volumes printed every year would be an impossibility.

One of the most famous printers who ever lived was Aldus Manutius, a Venetian of the fifteenth century. He lived at the time of the Renaissance, and should always be remembered for the great service he did in preserving the treasures of Grecian literature for the world. The books that he produced have always been famous for their beauty and for the clearness of their type, in imitation of the handwriting of the great humanist, Petrarch. Aldus was far from a mere printer. He was a scholar, and himself edited and corrected all the books that were published by him. Greek was the language of his home and of his pressroom, and many Greek scholars worked with him. Great learning and familiarity with the Greek language were necessary for his undertaking, which was a vast one, in view of the difficulties of comparing manuscripts, rescuing others, and correcting errors. But Aldus accomplished it, and preserved for us most of the Greek literature that we have now. He was a man of laudable character, being generous, full of praise of his collaborators, and free from jealousy, opening his stores of manuscripts without reserve to scholars everywhere. His son and grandson continued his work, although it lost its pre-eminence when printing became more widely known.

Another difference between modern and ancient books is the variety of subjects written about. Scarcely anything in the world but has today its quota of volumes treating of it — all the sciences, discoveries, biographies, histories; indeed, what is not written about by a thousand different pens! And added to these are the modern stories of human life.

Books are an indispensable part of our life. When the material was ready, human development brought forth the artists who could use it in the library — friends whom we feel we could never do without. KATE

THE WONDERFUL BALL OF STONE

stuff was more generous by far. You had only to put a single seed of the giant grass in a moist place and in a few months you would have a hundred seeds returned to you; but the seed you buried was always decayed and good for nothing.

The brown, crumbly stuff did not cover the whole of the ball, for some parts were separated from others by deep hollows filled with blue brine, and if you tried to walk upon the brine, it let you through to where you would get smothered for want of air. Queer, slippery animals, flashing like silver, did somehow manage to live under the brine, and by wagging their tails they glided noiselessly from place to place. In order to cross these dangerous brine-filled hollows, the inhabitants had invented long, pointed boxes made from slabs of dead trees or plates of metal, in which they slid over the brine thus traveling to distant parts of the ball.

At certain seasons it seemed as though the fairies were in league to cover the brown carpet of the ball with dainty little beings shaped like stars with many rays, and shining with the colors of the rainbow in the sky. They forced their way as if by magic from beneath, and just as Cinderella's coach-and-six was made out of a pumpkin and half a dozen rats, so with merely a pinch of dirt and water and the help of sunshine, these fair forms were modeled, and the little starry beauties nodded greetings at the people everywhere they looked.

One little bit of magic in constant use was the curious art by which wise men, who had been dead for many centuries, were able to teach those who were still living. These old teachers used to make black marks upon thin sheets of white material, and by gazing at these marks their very words would flash into the mind. Thus though they were no longer visible to human sight, these teachers still could help all who desired to learn from them.

The ball was a good place to live on because you could always arrange matters so that you would be happy. By helping other people and by being kind to everyone you met, it was always found that other people were kind to you in their turn. But if you were rude to those who interfered with your plans, other people always treated you in the same way, and so everyone got exactly what he deserved.

Although their minds were bright enough in some respects, yet often whole groups of the inhabitants appeared to become insane all at once. In order to get more of the brown, crumbly material, or to obtain an invisible thing they called 'glory,' they banded together and tried to injure the bodies of other groups by bits of iron and lead and strong powders. They knew a good deal about the stone ball, but not about brotherhood, and so they often made each other very miserable. L.

ARCHITECTURAL STYLES AND THEIR MEANING

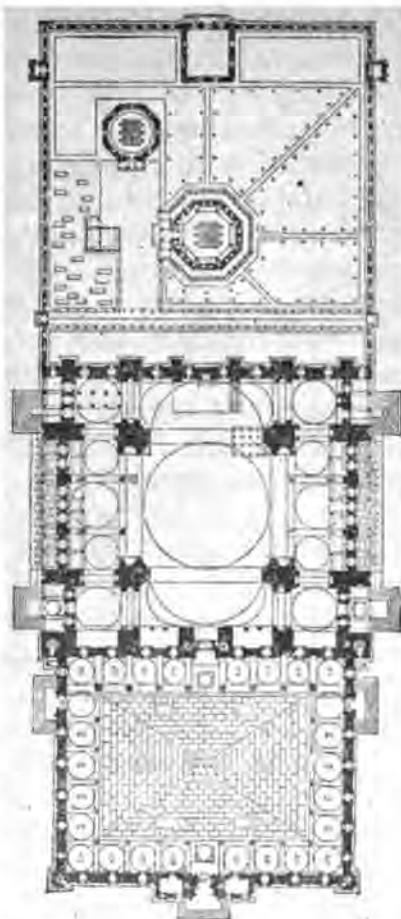
CHAPTER XXX — MOHAMMEDAN ARCHITECTURE: TURKISH



THE finest city of Christendom, Constantinople, and some of the most fertile lands of Europe fell into the hands of the Turks in the middle of the fifteenth century, and it seemed possible that the entire West would become subject to Mohammedan rule. The westward march of the conquering Turks was, however, halted before the walls of Vienna in 1683; since that historic date they have been slowly but surely driven back. Their European territory is now very small, of the most important Turkish empire, Adrianople, and the most magnificent mosques built by the Turks are found in these two old and historic places.

As if to balance triumphs in Eastern Europe, in less than forty years after the taking of Constantinople the Moors from Spain, in which country they had thrived marvelously, were all expelled. They had made illustrious their science, and by their learning, their arts. The Salient of civilization in Spain through the Dark Ages, the rest of Europe had been burning brilliantly out the long night when nearly all the fallen into barbarism. The Mohammedan conquests in no compensation at loss to civilization south-west, for the far less advanced superb empire of the Moors in Spain.

The Turks, like the other Mohammedan conquerors in Egypt, Persia, and India or elsewhere, followed the usual practice that we have studied in recent chapters and which produced such very successful and original results, that is to say, they simply took over or adopted the style of architecture they found in their new



PLAN OF MOSQUE OF SOLEIMAN THE
MAGNIFICENT (1550)

ARCHITECTURAL STYLES

provinces, modifying it according to their needs and desires. Mohammed II, who captured Constantinople, was profoundly struck by the beauty of the great church of St. Sophia, built by Anthemios for the Emperor Justinian in 537, and by a few simple changes he transformed it into a mosque. The glories of St. Sophia have been described in Chapter XXII in the RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER for July 1916.

But Sultan Mohammed was resolved to surpass everything hitherto built, and so he gave orders to a Christian architect to design him a new and more splendid mosque on the highest of the Seven Hills of Constantinople. Unfortunately, this wonderful building was almost entirely destroyed by an earthquake in 1763, and the restored building gives a very poor idea of the original; we know, however, that it was a copy of St. Sophia.

Mohammed II and his successors continued to build mosques upon the same general pattern, and there are now at least one hundred in and about Constantinople, each more or less resembling the original prototype, St. Sophia. That of Suleiman the Magnificent (1550-1555) is the finest of all; in constructive design it is even more scientific than St. Sophia, but it lacks the mosaics and carvings which give such distinction to the church of Justinian.

It is remarkable that the Christian architects do not seem to have appreciated the beauty and originality of St. Sophia, for no direct copy of it by Christian hands exists. The Greeks chose different forms for their later churches. Even in St. Mark's, Venice, there is no trace of the half-dome and pendentive principle which we have seen to be so characteristic of the design of St. Sophia.

Adrianople, the second city of importance in European Turkey, possesses a very famous mosque. In design it partly resembles St. Sophia but it is far more stately outside. The illustration on page 22 gives an excellent idea of the beauty of its external proportions, and well illustrates the striking difference between Turkish and all other kinds of mosques. The four slender minarets are of the Turkish pattern with pointed extinguisher roofs. This kind of minaret is found everywhere in Turkey; in fact, it is the only architectural feature which the turks can claim as really original. The Turkish minarets show little or no variety in design, and are very different from the highly ornamental and varied minaret-towers of Egypt, mentioned and illustrated in a previous chapter.

Turkish architects have always been very successful in small pavilions, tombs and fountains, and in the harmonious use of color, but, with the exception of the splendid mosques which followed the general principles brought forward by Anthemios in St. Sophia, Turkish architecture in general is of little interest.

R.

WITH THE EVENING STAR ATTENDING

BY A LOMALAND STUDENT

LITTLE lights far out at sea,
Beckoning so alluringly,
What's this you are telling me?

Venus has just laid a track,
All the way out there and back?
I but transportation lack!

Little lights, don't tease me so;
Don't you know I cannot go,
Where the vaster currents flow.

But my sprightly dreams shall fly,
Out to bid you all good-bye,
As you drift into the sky.

HOW CHALK IS MADE



IN its downward journey to the sea every river bears in its current quantities of stones and gravel, sand and mud. The big stones only travel during rainy weather when the current is strong. In the dry, hot months of summer they lie in the river-bed waiting for the next heavy rain to roll them down a little farther on their journey. When at last they reach the coast they settle down in peace around the river's mouth; but in stormy weather they are disturbed again, and in course of time they get scattered far and wide upon the beach.

The sand and gravel, being lighter, are washed about by every tide; but by degrees the greater part is evenly spread out upon the shore and on the sloping bottom of the sea. The mud may be traced far out to sea in the brown, discolored water; but at last when it penetrates beneath the wave-tossed surface water and reaches the calm, untroubled depths, it too finds a resting-place. In the case of such a river as the Nile for instance, which empties into an almost tideless sea, the mud very commonly settles down at the river's mouth and forms a 'delta.

But rivers carry other substances besides those we can see. There is something else in river water, something very important, but which, like warmth and wind and mother's love and the force of gravitation, is quite invisible. This invisible freight is lime, of which oysters, crabs, shrimps, limpets and other sea creatures make their shells. After the river water has dropped its load of mud, it appears to the eye as pure

RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

and clear as a dew-drop; but it still contains this invisible stuff which the shell-wearing people of the sea are able to use in building those hard, solid crusts which protect their soft bodies so well from hungry neighbors.

The mud which colors river water brown is held 'in suspension'; but the lime we cannot see, is held 'in solution.' If you take two tumblers of water and dissolve a lump of salt in one of them, no one who was not by when you did it, can tell from looking at them which contains the fresh water and which the brine. Even if left in a still place all night, you will not find any sediment settled upon the bottom in the morning. The solid lump of salt has disappeared from sight and is said to be 'in solution.'

Now pure rain water can hardly dissolve any lime; but after the rain drops have soaked down underground they absorb a gas called carbonic acid gas. This is a poisonous gas given off by decaying roots and dead leaves, and by its help the rain can dissolve limestone rock, and thus it eats away great caves and tunnels in the hills composed of limestone. Enormous caverns are hollowed out during long ages in limestone rocks by the continued flow of streams, which dissolve the lime and, although they seem quite clear and pure, carry away the solid rock very slowly to the sea in solution.

Chemists tell us that all river water contains quantities of invisible lime, but that the ocean, which is of course composed of water brought down by the rivers, contains very little lime. The ocean is growing saltier every day; but the enormous quantities of lime seem to disappear. The fact is that every growing oyster, mussel, abalone, lobster, prawn and coral polyp is always busy taking the lime out of the waves, transforming it into a white solid and using it to build his stony crust. They do their work so thoroughly that unless the rivers were always bringing down fresh lime they would soon use up all the material in solution, and then they would have to stop growing for want of lime to build their shells with.

On the other hand if these shell wearers were to cease from their work, the ocean would in time become so limy that all the fish would be killed and their bodies would be petrified.

The chalk we use in doing sums upon the blackboard is composed of the shells of tiny little animals who lived in the ocean many millions of years ago and who never imagined as they swam and played among the dancing waves of that ancient sea that one day their shells would help you in your arithmetic.

These minute creatures which would look like fine dust to your naked eye, belong to a family called *Foraminifera*,— a long name, but rather a pretty one — which simply means 'hole-bearers' because their shells

HOW CHALK IS MADE

are pierced with innumerable little holes through which they stretch their hair-like feelers. These feelers, which also serve as swimming paddles, are made of a substance like the white of a raw egg; but they are much tougher than that material. There, on the surface of the ancient ocean they swam and sported under the sun and moon. Drawing in the water, they took out of it the invisible lime; and making this solid and visible, they built of it their exquisite little shells.

These dainty *Foraminifera* shells are among the most beautiful objects in nature. Seen through the microscope the patterns formed by the holes are so regular that you might suppose that they knew all about geometry and the designing of artistic patterns. But the little *Foraminifera* really know no more about shell-building than you do about bone-building, and yet you are slowly making your bones day by day out of the lime contained in your blood. You do it, but you know not how.

The lives of the *Foraminifera* were short but merry; and when they came to die they slowly settled down through the water, until at last they lay upon the ocean floor. Their numbers were so vast that some were always dying, and so a never-ending shower of their dead bodies was falling night and day until the bottom of their ocean home was covered thick with a soft gray mud, called 'ooze.' After a time the soft, slimy inner body decayed; but the shells remained in perfect preservation for millions of years. If you weighed out an ounce of 'ooze' and counted the shells, you would find nearly four millions of them. In fact there are just about as many *Foraminifera* in an ounce of ooze as there are people in the state of Texas. If you took a fine strainer and let a square mile of the sea surface run through, you would catch about sixteen tons of living *Foraminifera*.

Limestone rock is also largely made of *Foraminifera*. And even the beautiful marbles used for pillars and chimney-pieces are mainly composed of these microscopic shells which have been crystallized by heat and the pressure of overlying rocks, and have been streaked by various mineral stains and impurities which make the handsome veining we so much admire.

At the present time the Atlantic is thickly populated by *Foraminifera*, and while you are reading these words millions of their dead are falling softly down through the blue water to the bottom. By dragging a tin can at the end of a very long string you could dredge up millions of them; but unless you used a microscope, it would look like a handful of gray mud. In the course of millions of years this mud will have turned into chalk and will be used by the children, who will be born long after you and I have passed away, to do their sums with. P.

THE SENSES OF SMELL AND SIGHT



HE sensation known as smell is caused by the presence of very small particles of matter floating in the air. When these minute specks strike against the soft and sensitive lining of the nose, the sensation of smell is produced.

The sense of taste is very similar and is caused by matter in a finely divided state dissolved in the saliva of the mouth, which when brought into contact with the tongue gives rise to the sense of taste.

In the life of animals such as the dog, smell plays a very important part. In fact, it may be said that the chief pleasure derived by a dog from a journey on the cars is drawn from the pleasant whiffs and odors floating in at the windows from the cattle, the crops and many other things he passes on his route. If you close the windows, the dog grows sad. He gets but little satisfaction from what he merely *sees* through the glass, and, deprived of the interesting nature smells, he is very apt to curl round and go to sleep.

When a dog loses his master in a crowded street and succeeds in finding him again, he is seldom satisfied with sight alone, but must always assure himself that it really is his master by pressing his nose against his legs.

Birds, as a rule, fly so high above the earth that a keen sense of smell would be of little use to them, as odors do not travel very far. It used to be believed that vultures discovered the carrion on which they feed by the sense of smell; but it is now known that they use their eyes for this purpose. As they soar in great circles over the desert, the vulture which is nearest the dead camel left behind by a passing caravan, flies down and begins to feed. The vultures next to him, noticing his swift, downward flight in a straight line, know that he has found something interesting and follow him up. Those at a farther distance know this sign as well as we know the dinner bell, and thus in a little while the hungry vultures assemble from widely distant places for a family dinner.

The woodcock who thrusts his bill deep into moist ground in his search for worms, has probably one of the best 'noses' among the family of birds, being about equal in power to that of the apteryx, the wingless bird of New Zealand.

The pelicans, whose habit it is to hover over the water and dive for the fish they see below, appear to have no use whatever for the sense of smell, and so it seems to have completely disappeared. Young pelicans may possibly be able to smell; but as they grow up the nostrils become entirely blocked with bone and horn.


One of the strictest laws of nature is that powers unused are lost, and this applies to man as well as to the lower animals. L.

Young folk's Department

DANCE OF THE MONTHS

THE New Year comes in with shout and laughter,
And see, twelve months are following after!
First January all in white,
And February short and bright;
See breezy March go tearing round;
But tearful April makes no sound.
May brings a pole with flowers crowned,
And June strews roses on the ground.
A pop! A bang! July comes in;
Says August, "What a dreadful din!"
September brings her golden sheaves;
October waves her pretty leaves,
While pale November waits to see
December bring the Christmas tree.
They join their hands to make a ring,
And as they dance they merrily sing,
"Twelve months we are, you see us here,
We make the circle of the year.
We dance and sing, and children hear,
We wish you all a glad New Year!"— *Selected*

THE FAIRIES' TEMPLE

AR off in Cuba, away out in the woods, there's a place by the side of a clear pool and a little running stream where a clump of bamboo trees are nestled closely together. They're fairy trees I know, because I've heard them quietly whispering and singing together. But I never can hear what they're talking about, because they always say, "sh—" when I come near. Maybe they're afraid I'll tell their secrets.

You see, I'm only a boy, and sometimes when I'm bad and don't want to study arithmetic and spelling and such things, I never can see the fairies, nor hear them; but anyway, when I *am* good, and when I've fed the chickens and gathered the eggs, and done all my duties real well, then I just go running down to the shady pool to see if I can get a peep at the fairies that live there in their big bamboo temple.

THE FAIRIES' TEMPLE

And do you know how high the trees are? Higher than you can see! As high as the sky and the clouds. And they keep swaying and singing and creaking, in the still fairy-land that I'm telling you about.

There's a narrow little path leading to this temple, and o-oh! so many pretty little wild flowers and ferns and grasses and butterflies, all bright golden and many lovely colors, that keep flying around it.

Early in the morning the flowers are so pretty and fresh, with a bright dew-drop on each one. But I like the little blueish bells most of all, because the fairies hide in them. They always jump inside when I come running along, but I never say a word because I know they will always come out again as soon as I sit still in the temple.

But I must tell you about my little fairy friends. One day I worked very hard and did much more than my real duties; so when I finished I was tired, but awfully happy, because I knew that I'd see the fairies. I ran down my cool green path to the temple, and oh! how pretty it was, with the sun shining through the long grass where the dew fairies were just going to sleep. You know, the dew fairies always skip away and hide when the sunbeams come; because they're so delicate, and afraid they'll get sunburned, I suppose.

I'm always careful not to step on any of the flowers or fairies, even if I am barefoot, because each flower is a fairy's home. So when I reached the bamboos, I sat down on the velvety moss right inside the big grand doorway of the temple. It was still and warm even in the shade. There was a bright blue humming-bird taking a drink from the nice cool water that trickled down the rock of the cave, and a lazy-looking fat beetle was walking so slowly along (to his home maybe). A squirrel hopped up and stood looking at me, oh, so long! Why *did* he look at me for-such-a-long-time? so long — and-how-s-t-i-l-l — it-was! I began to feel a bit bashful, so I shut my eyes and put my head up against a pillar of the temple; how-quiet-it-was —

"Why are you here?" the little squirrel said. "Did you come to steal my nuts?"

"No indeed, little brother, I came to see the fairies," I said.

So he laughed and opened his big brown eyes, and took me by the hand; but do you know? I didn't have any hands! I had four little hairy paws and a big bushy tail! Well you can be sure that I felt very funny when we started off together.

Hi! how we scuttered around in the temple! We climbed up into the very tip-top story where the fairy mothers had their little fairy babies in cradles swinging way out in the sky! Then we ran down on the wide golden stairs that led to the floor below, where it was all polished and

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shiny! and such tiny little chairs and sofas! all in the shapes of shells.

And at the end of the room was a row of long beautiful sky-blue windows, with soft white clouds painted on them.

While I was looking at all the pretty things, my little brother pinched my ear. — "Listen!" he said. We heard such sweet, soft music! I can't tell you exactly just how it did sound.

We scuttered along downstairs, and there in the pretty little ball-room the fairies were having a dance. What a lovely dance! Up in the gallery among the tall golden pillars there were many fairy musicians playing the music; there were elves singing and playing on little flutes and harps made of grasses and leaves.

The tall golden pillars swayed and sang too. Because their music is not like ours; it is natural, and you can't always hear it, just like some boys never even see the beautiful colors in the sky. Maybe they don't care to, or perhaps they don't do their work and all their duties well.

But what do you think we saw next? A funny little door in the other end of the room, no bigger than an apple! I opened it, but there was nothing but pitchy blackness and a narrow stairway made of bamboo twigs. We were so curious to know where it led to that we started out and began to run down stairs as fast as our little legs would go: when, what do you think? My legs began to get longer and longer, until they were so long, and my feet so big, that the stairs wouldn't hold me! and down I fell, in the pitchy blackness! way, way down; it seemed as though I would never land anywhere! Till at last I did land with a thump right in the same place where I sat up against the big pillar. I opened my eyes, and there was my saucy little brother just standing on his hind feet eating nuts and laughing at me. So if I hadn't been curious, maybe I might have seen much more of fairy-land.

WILLIE





HEIGH-HO, HERE WE GO!

OFF for a romp across the grassy green,
are we. It is a sunny morning and all
the flowers are glad. We play, we sing,
we dance. We try to catch the sun-beams!

We watch the pretty little birds, and
look into the linnet's home. It is full of
hungry mouths!

We gather wild flowers to take to our
dear teacher. She loves fresh hillside ferns,
so we search for them under the bushes.

Then we run home, singing,

Heigh ho, here we go!

The day is new, the sky is blue,

And glad are you, I know —

Heigh ho!

CALENDAR SONG

SIXTY seconds make a minute,
Something sure you can learn in it;
Sixty minutes make an hour,
Work with all your might and power.
Twenty-four hours make a day,
Time enough for work and play;
Seven days a week will make;
You will learn if pains you take.

Fifty-two weeks make a year,
Soon a new one will be here;
Twelve long months a year will make,
Say them now without mistake.
Thirty days hath gay September,
April, June, and cold November,
All the rest have thirty-one;
February stands alone.

Twenty-eight is all his share,
With twenty-nine in each Leap Year.
That you may the Leap Year know,
Divide by four and that will show.
In each year are seasons four,
You will learn them I am sure;
Spring and summer, then the fall;
Winter last, but best of all.—*Selected*



ENTRANCE TO A SEA-CAVE, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

THE PALACE UNDER THE SEA

BY GWENDOLYN BRAE



IMMIE TRIPP was a dreamer, imagining everything different from the way most other people saw it. If the sky was clouded Jimmie would think about a clear rosy-pink firmament, until he became quite bothered when other people said, "Oh, how blue!"

Jimmie's favorite dream was about a palace under the sea. No one knows, not even Jimmie himself, how many hours he spent imagining how that magnificent palace must appear, away down there where no human being had ever been. He could see its glistening white pillars, with the green water washing up to doors that opened into inner doorways, with still other doorways behind — built so, you understand, in order to keep out fishes and mermaids and other sea-things which had no place under palatial roofs.

So often had Jimmie dreamed about the subject that the palace under the sea was almost as real to him as was his own home. Whenever he saw anything beautiful, or shiny, or odd, he wondered if some such object did not adorn the rooms, or hang on the walls, or embellish the corridors of the palace.

One day he told Elsie Frees, who lived next door, something about his imaginings; and no sooner had she heard his description than she began to wish actually to see some of the glories of the palace under the sea.

"Oh, Jimmie," she exclaimed, let's try to build something like it."

"It could never be done in the wide world!" said Jimmie, positively.

THE PALACE UNDER THE SEA

"Not exactly, of course," Elsie admitted, "but we could make it as like as possible."

"In the first place," argued Jimmie, "you never could get down under the sea!"

"The white cave, Jimmie, where the tide washes up to the entrance!" Elsie's eyes sparkled with enthusiasm. Jimmie sat thinking for a little while, and at last said, slowly,

"Well, the white cave is the nearest like the palace. We might see what we can do."

So they walked along the shore, crossed some high boulders, slipped off their shoes and stockings and waded out to what they had always called "The White Cave," because of its salt-encrusted walls and ceiling.

"That flat stone at the back *is* like the throne," said Jimmie.

"And those low stones," whispered Elsie, "could be seats for courtiers."

"Of course," said Jimmie, "there is a lot of work to do to make it anything like the real palace. There should be green draperies, very rich-looking."

"I will bring my green silk shawl next time," Elsie rashly promised.

"And perhaps Mother will let me take the old velvet curtains that are stored in the attic," volunteered Jimmie, though his voice showed that he was not very certain on this point.

They sat down on a stone at the entrance of the cave, and looked out. Huge waves, that broke far up the coast, went racing past the opening of the cave with such swiftness that Jimmie could almost feel that he had really come down into his wonderful dream-palace and that he was looking out between its portals, into the depths of the sea itself.

"Oh, let's hurry out before the tide gets higher," said Elsie suddenly. They picked up their shoes and stockings and ran for the rocks, but the tide was already so high that they were drenched before they reached the sands; and this was one of the reasons why neither of them was permitted to go to the shore for several days, but when they did return, the palace furnishing was begun in earnest. They worked busily for hours, placing all the things that they had brought with them, discussing the necessity for this article and that one, and wishing for others which they knew they could not have.

When they went home that afternoon, each had promised to return on the next day with many artistic and useful objects for the converting of the old white cave into a "really and truly palace under the sea."

However, the next day Elsie went with her parents for a long visit in the city; and so it came about that Jimmie was alone nearly all summer

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long, fitting up the cave, bringing it nearer and nearer to the impossible splendor of his dreams.

One morning, after Jimmie had gone out of the gate, Mr. Tripp came into his house suddenly and inquired of his wife if she had noticed that things seemed to be disappearing from the place.

"Yes," said Mrs. Tripp, anxiously. "Several things that I have had stored in the attic are gone. I have just missed the two big gilt mirrors."

"And I couldn't count what is missing from the stables and barn," said Mr. Tripp, soberly. "This morning the carriage lights are gone!"

"The carriage lights!" repeated Mrs. Tripp. "What do you suppose it means, James?"

"Where's Jimmie?" asked Mr. Tripp.

"He's gone off to the shore, I think," answered Mrs. Tripp. "He goes down that way every day."

"I think I'll just take time to go and find him, and see what the lad is doing. Do you want to come, Mother?"

Mrs. Tripp left her work and she and her husband walked in silence. They had built up great hopes for Jimmie, their only child, and so when they climbed over the rocks and stood at the entrance of the white cave, Mrs. Tripp went suddenly white and sat down. Jimmie did not see his parents at first, so busy was he. Mr. Tripp stepped inside, still unnoticed. There was Jimmie, in the midst of the glories of his "palace under the sea," hangings, bric-a-brac, articles of furniture, and odds and ends of things that he had never been given permission to take from his home, and other things that had never been in the possession of any member of the Tripp family.

"Jimmie, where did you get this?" Jimmie turned a startled face towards his father, who was holding a gilded wand.

"Why, I found that outside the schoolhouse, after they had had the tableaux," answered Jimmie, stolidly.

"Did anyone give it to you?"

"No, Father."

"Do you know what people are called who take what doesn't belong to them?"

Jimmie was silent. He knew the answer to his father's question but, for the first time in his life, Jimmie was seeing how far he had gone away from the *right* of things, through his dreaming, and trying to carry out his dreams. It had never before occurred to him that other people might not have been willing to contribute to the beautifying of his 'palace,' if they had been asked for the articles that Jimmie had brought down to the white cave.

All that day Jimmie and his father worked, after Mrs. Tripp had

THE PALACE UNDER THE SEA

been assisted home, in an effort to undo the mischief that the boy had done. The things that had come from their own attic and barn were carried back after they had gone to each of the other places from which Jimmie said he had procured 'palace-furnishings.' In each case Jimmie explained in his own way to the owners how he had come to take that which was not his; and when all the restitutions and apologies had been made, the boy was no longer a dreamer. He had begun to realize something about life's responsibilities; but when the town constable called, after supper, and Jimmie and his mother and father had a long and very grave talk about the seriousness of what Jimmie had done, they all knew that the boy had learned his lesson.

Jimmie never again visited the white cave until he was a grown man, and it was a long time before he could bear to think of his favorite old dream. None the less, he could not have become the successful and respected business man that he is today, had it not been for his magic 'palace under the sea.' For there he has always had a very suitable place in which to store away his fugitive dreams and odd schemes that might otherwise still have been lying about his busy offices, hindering him in his great work. Sometimes even now, when a young man comes to him with a visionary idea that could not be put successfully into practice, Mr. James Tripp, Jr. will say, with a kindly smile,

"No, my boy. That could never be worked out anywhere in the wide world except in my 'palace under the sea,' " and nearly everybody who knows Mr. James Tripp, Jr. knows exactly what he means by that.



ON THE ROCKS AT PIGEON CAVE, MASSACHUSETTS

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS

A LOTUS GROUP MOTTO, 1918

ARE you almost disgusted
With life, little man?
I'll tell you a wonderful trick
That will bring you content-
ment

If anything can —
Do something for somebody, quick!
Do something for somebody, quick!

Are you "awfully tired"
With play, little girl?
Weary, discouraged, and
sick?

I'll tell you the loveliest
Game in the world —
Do something for somebody, quick!
Do something for somebody, quick!

Though it rains like the rain
Of the Flood, little man
And the clouds are forbidding
and thick,

You can make the sun shine
In your soul, little man —
Do something for somebody, quick!
Do something for somebody, quick!

Though the skies are like brass
Overhead, little girl,
And the walk like a well-heated
brick,

And all earthly affairs
In a terrible whirl —
Do something for somebody, quick!
Do something for somebody, quick!

THE HEART-GIFT



THE children had been looking at the ornaments on Grandmama's writing table. A little pair of china shoes decorated with holly especially took their fancy. Waiting for tea, they were a little restless and their Mother looked anxiously to see if they were disturbing 'Grannie.'

At Gertie's question, "Grannie where did you get the *dear* little shoes?" the old lady smilingly laid aside her knitting.

"Ah," she said, "it was a heart-gift that, my dear; it is one of Grannie's most precious treasures."

Ernie, who had been fingering them, quickly stopped, and drew near. Tom and Addie seated themselves at her feet, and Grandmama began.

"Long ago, when your Mother was a little girl, we lived in the city, and a poor charwoman used to come to do the scrubbing for us once a week. She was a widow, with three little boys to feed and clothe, and often unable to get enough work even for food, while at the best of times it was a struggle. We were not very rich either in those days, but I used to save what I could for her in the way of food or clothes, and the

THE HEART-GIFT

children's broken toys went to the little ones, with now and then something new for Christmas or birthday times.

"The elder boy Charlie was about ten years old and, being an obliging boy, ran messages for the neighbors, the pennies he received in return being, as you may imagine, very useful.

"One day near Christmas time, he came to our house on a message from his mother. Having delivered this to me, he stood for a moment with a tiny brown paper parcel tightly grasped in his hand; then thrusting it into mine, with 'Wishing you a Merry Christmas' he ran away. Taking off the paper, what do you think I found?"

"The little shoes," cried the children in one breath.

"Yes," said Grandmama slowly, "*the little shoes*. And afterwards his mother told me, it was all his own idea. 'Mother,' he asked her, 'may I save my pennies, and get something for Mrs. Browne, she is always giving us something, and we never give her anything,' and 'he bought it himself,' she told me, so proud and pleased.

"Do you wonder that these little shoes should be something precious to me, bought at a real personal sacrifice by a grateful loving little heart? And, I keep them on my desk," said Grandmama, "to put all my odd pence and half-pence in, for the aid of other little children."

Then Nurse came to say that tea was ready, and as the children passed the table little Ernie slipped his only bright penny, treasured up for a tin trumpet, into the little shoe. "For little hungry boys," he said to himself, "good little boys like Charlie, with no kind Grannie to help them."

"Bless his little heart," was Grannie's unspoken thought, observing his action as she wiped the happy tears from her eyes. "He will be such another."

E. I. W. (Australia)



THE ROSES AND THE SUN

IN the garden the roses were smiling and nodding at the sun, but when it went in they wilted and wept.

One day the sun went in and did not come out for a whole week.

A few days afterwards the roses felt their leaves coming off. And what do you think? It was winter!

The roses sank into the ground and did not come out till the next spring.

RUTH M. (Age, 6½ years)

THE WONDERFUL WEAVER

BY JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

THERE'S a wonderful weaver
High up in the air,
And he weaves a white mantle
For cold earth to wear.

With the wind for his shuttle
The cloud for his loom,
How he weaves, how he weaves,
In the light, in the gloom!

Oh with finest of laces
He decks bush and tree;
On the bare, flinty meadows
A cover lays he.

Then quaint cap he places
On pillar and post;
And he changes the pump
To a grim, silent ghost.

But this wonderful weaver
Grows weary at last;
And the shuttle lies idle
That once flew so fast.

Then the sun peeps abroad
On the work that is done;
And he says: "I'll unravel
It all, just for fun!"

MILDRED'S LETTER

*"I enjoy reading my 'Râja-Yoga Messenger' very much. Every time I get it I think of how far it has to come just to have me read it. Love to all,
Your friend, Mildred."*

MILDRED and her sister Alice live in New York State on a farm in beautiful Wyoming Valley — the very locality, indeed, where once lived Mary Jamison, the famous 'white squaw.'

They are the youngest members of a large and happy family, and they are the merriest and the busiest little girls you could imagine.

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They love and attend to all the fluffy chicks and the fuzzy ducklings; they find names for the wee calves and colts and the tiny white lambkins. They nurse the weaklings until they grow strong, and in the winter when the snow is high, sometimes they bring a sick little creature into the warm kitchen, where they feed and love it until it is well once more.

You would enjoy hearing Mildred and Alice sing, and you may be sure it would be a great treat to them if they could hear the Râja-Yoga Chorus. Although they live so far away from lovely Lomaland, sometimes when papa and mamma and brother and the big sisters are all singing so happily together, perhaps Mildred and Alice will think of the Râja-Yoga boys and girls, who believe that all joyous singing goes out to make the hearts of the people in the great, sad world a little happier.

WHEN BOBBY AND JACK HAD A HOLIDAY



BOBBY, what shall we do today? I want to have some fun."

It was a holiday that day, no school, and surely that was cause enough for excitement. The weather was fine, too; it had been raining the night before but the sun was shining now, which put a good face upon everything. The day was certainly ripe for holiday making.

"I don't know" said Jack, "but let it be something exciting."

"Say," said Bobby, "I wish we could make our garden look real nice."

"Gardening," said Jack "do you call that exciting, why that's *work* — and we've got holiday today! Why Bobby what are you thinking of?"

"Well we could go and hoe up all those weeds in the cabbage patch, and that would be a big surprise for father when he comes home tired this evening, because he hasn't a holiday like we have."

"But Bobby, that's work; and besides father's expecting to have to do it anyway and he doesn't mind; you know he always says he likes to see the place look nice and doesn't mind what it costs him in time."

"The more reason why we should make it look nice," said Bobby.

"Well you can if you like, but I'm going off to have a good time."

So off he ran, jumped over the fence at the end of the garden, and was soon out of sight.

Bobby, with a determined face, went to look for the hoe, to start work on the weeds.

"I wish Jack had stayed with me," he said to himself; "we could have had such fun having a race."

After the hoeing was done various other little attempts were made to clean things up to give a look of tidiness everywhere.

BOBBY'S AND JACK'S HOLIDAY

In the evening father came home more tired than usual.

"You are not going out in that garden tonight, are you dear?" Bobby heard Mother say.

"Must," said Father; "I promised myself I would get that cabbage patch cleared tonight, and cleared it has to be."

Bobby followed his father out into the garden and watched him take the hoe.

Just at that minute Jack came running in through the gate shouting, "Say Bobby you ought to have come, we've had such a lovely time."

But Bobby hardly heard him, he was watching his father walk down the garden path; then he saw him stop suddenly and heard him say, "Why what's this? Who has been doing this? And," looking round, "the paths look so nicely swept too." He turned and faced his two little boys.

When they saw his pleased and surprised face, and heard him telling Mother all about it afterwards, whom do you suppose felt the happier, Bobby or Jack?

MORA

THE WIDE SEA



Can this be the little girl who "dabbled her little Japanese toes" in the waves across the wide, wide sea?

THEY say the sea is very wide,
Touching the world on every side;
And that these waves that play with me
Have come across the world, maybe.
Dear wide and friendly sea, how queer!
Perhaps this wave my toes touch here
Has run along some foreign strand,
Where children of some foreign land
Play, and build castles in the sand,
And love it, just the way I do;
I think it's very strange, don't you?
And in this very wave — who knows —
Some little Japanese girl, I s'pose,
Dabbled her little Japanese toes.
If ever you go back once more,
Where children play on some far shore,
Please say a child from far away
Would love to join them in their play.

HOW THE FLOWERS TOLD BETTY WHAT TO DO



"WHAT shall I do, mother?" asked Betty one sunshiny Saturday morning.

"Do?" said her mother; "why, child, can you not use your own little thinker and think of something to do? Go and ask the flowers what to do."

"Ask the flowers? Why, how could they tell me what to do? Flowers cannot talk," Betty said.

"Suppose you go out to Uncle Ben in the arbor there and ask him about the flowers telling what to do. I believe he can help you," her mother said.

"Oh, Uncle Ben will know something to do!" Betty said, as she skipped along the walk to the arbor where poor crippled Uncle Ben sat in the warm sunshine.

"Good morning, Uncle Ben," Betty said; "Mother said for me to ask the flowers what to do, just as if they could speak and tell me. Isn't it funny, just as if they knew!"

"Seems to me that plants and flowers know a good deal, when you come to think of it. They seem to know enough not to grow any thing but their particular kind of flowers, and a violet never makes the mistake of getting the red color out of the soil for her blossoms instead of blue, and yet she lives there right under the red rosebush," Uncle Ben said.

Betty opened her eyes wider.

Uncle Ben continued: "They are telling me plainly what to do, only with my old crippled knee I am unable to answer them, and it makes me very sorry."

"Oh, tell me what they are saying to you and perhaps I can do it! Which one is speaking to you? Can I hear it?" Betty asked.

"It is not speaking, it is just telling plainer than words. It is in trouble, and it wants some help," Uncle Ben said.

"One of the flowers in trouble and wants help?" Betty queried. "Uncle Ben, what can you mean? Could I do anything for it, could I help it?"

"Look yonder at the forgetmenot, doesn't it look as if it were in trouble?" Uncle Ben asked.

"Is that what you mean? Why yes, it is drooping because it wants water; 'tis thirsty, poor thing!" and Betty ran for her little watering-pot, and soon the little plant was refreshed by a cooling shower.

"Now what other plant is telling its troubles," said Betty. "I see, just look at this heliotrope, it is wet enough but still it droops."

"It needs shade until it gets used to its new home," said Uncle Ben; "and if you put that box over it for a little while it will soon revive."

HOW THE FLOWERS TOLD BETTY WHAT TO DO

"Now what next?" Betty asked after she had placed the box as Uncle Ben directed.

"See if you cannot tell yourself by this time," said Uncle.

"Oh my, I should say so! Here are these little pansy plants being smothered by this old pig-weed," and she spent some time in freeing them.

"And here is a geranium with lots of dead blossoms needing picking, and here are a lot of poppy seeds to gather, and here is the smylax calling



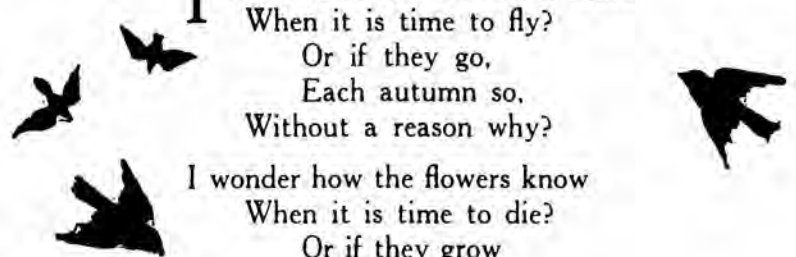
TIME NEVER DRAGS WITH THE GIRLS AND BOYS OF THE
RÂJA-YOGA SCHOOL

for strings to climb on, and here is a rosebush that needs tying to the stake and Well! the flowers are certainly telling me plenty to do to keep me very busy, and it is real fun too, for they seem just like little folks, sort of real folks when they tell you things like this, just like little friends to play with and who need your help. Why I didn't know that flowers could make me feel like this just because I tried to help them. And it is fair too. They give me their lovely blossoms to pick and why shouldn't I help them?" And Betty clapped her hands and laughed.

"Helping and sharing is what Brotherhood means," Uncle Ben quoted, and then he went on, "Indeed they become very dear little friends when you learn to know their language. But you cannot really begin to know much about them until you learn to take care of them and watch them grow. The more you love them and work with them, the more they will tell you. And you will learn some wonderful secrets from them. EDYTHA

QUESTIONING


BY ZELLA



I WONDER how the birds know
When it is time to fly?
Or if they go,
Each autumn so,
Without a reason why?

I wonder how the flowers know
When it is time to die?
Or if they grow
Beneath the snow,
Where they all winter lie?

PIXY PAN'S VISITOR

ING, ting, ting", said lit-tle brown Tow-hee.
"Please may I have a few of your stray seeds
for break-fast?"

Lit-tle green Pix-y Pan in his cage on the porch
with his cup full of seed makes no ob-jection. Pix-y has
more than he can eat and is glad to share it with the lit-
tle wild bird.

"Chee wee" says Pix-y, "Are you hun-gry? Does-n't
any-bod-y give you a cup of seed for break-fast?"

"Ting-a-ling. Oh no! not a cup full. Kind folks throw
me crumbs once in a while, but now I have my lit-tle
mate on the nest to feed too and I have to hunt a long
time to find e-nough for both."

"Chee wee," says Pix-y Pan, "come and have break-
fast with me eve-ry day."

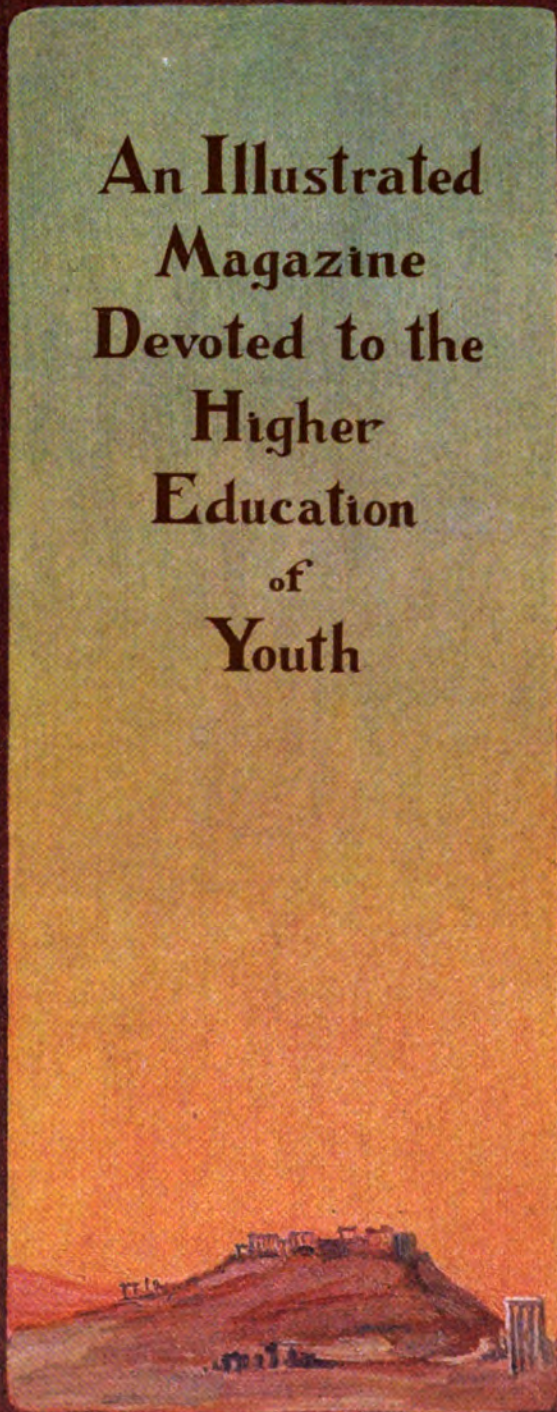
"Ting-a-ling, thank you!" says lit-tle brown Tow-hee.
"I will come eve-ry time you are out of doors in your cage."

So eve-ry day when Pix-y is out of doors, lit-tle brown
Tow-hee comes ringing his lit-tle bell notes, "ting-a-ling"
as he flutters down be-side his lit-tle green friend, Pix-y
polly with the cup of fresh seed for both in his cage. EDITH

No. 2.00

RĀJA-YOGA MESSENGER

An Illustrated
Magazine
Devoted to the
Higher
Education
of
Youth



The Râja-Yoga College

(Non-Sectarian)

Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

KATHERINE TINGLEY, Foundress and General Directress



The Râja-Yoga system of education was originated by the Foundress as a result of her own experience and knowledge. Râja-Yoga is an ancient term: etymologically it means the "Royal Union." This term was selected as best expressing in its real meaning the purpose of true education, viz: the balance of all the faculties, physical, mental and moral.

The Building of Character

One of the most important features of this system is the development of character, the upbuilding of pure-minded and self-reliant manhood and womanhood, that each pupil may become prepared to take an honorable, self-reliant position in life.

In the younger as in the older pupils, the sense of individual responsibility and personal honor is aroused.

The Pupils

The Râja-Yoga College comprises two general departments of instruction: (1) The Râja-Yoga Preparatory School and Academy, for boys and girls respectively (separate buildings). (2) The College proper, for students following the collegiate courses.

The Studies

The studies range from the elementary to those of a university course, including the following: Literature, Ancient and Modern Languages, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Surveying, Mechanical Electrical and Civil Engineering, Law, the fine Arts, Music, Industrial Arts, Practical Forestry and Horticulture, Domestic Economy, etc.

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THE SECRETARY, RÂJA-YOGA COLLEGE

Point Loma, California

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Devoted to the Higher Education of Youth

Conducted by

Students of the Râja-Yoga College

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BLUSTRY MARCH

BY A LOMALAND STUDENT

MARCH goes howling in the dales,
Wild with stinging sleety gales;
Beating back soft rains of spring,
Harsh with deep frosts lingering.

March goes whistling on the hills,
Up and down and where he will;
Crashing through the silent pines,
Sings and shrieks and laughs and whines.

March goes whirling through the town,
Tears the nests of old days down;
Tosses caps and tangles curls
Of rosy romping boys and girls.

CLASS-WORK THAT IS LIFE-WORK



ÂJA-YOGA class-work differs from that of many schools in the very particular in which Râja-Yoga life differs from other ways of living. This difference lies in the definite lofty ideals out of which is gathered the very essence and whole strength of life itself. In the Râja-Yoga system what was barren lesson-learning becomes full-fruited lifework, and the recitation-hour is a complete little harvest of that which is sweet and ripe in the pupil's mind.

Is not this daily meeting of class-mates, this studying together, this give and take of recitation a good part of earnest life? To learn to remain controlled under trying circumstances, as when a misunderstanding occurs; to remember dignity and courtesy under the quick flash of discussion; to hold back the desire to outshine others; to sacrifice ease to work, in order that the whole class may not be retarded: these are parts and very important parts of Real Life, not simply introductions to living.

RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

Class-work is preliminary, in most cases. He who has spent fifteen years in completing a high school or college course, is considered merely to have been preparing himself for life that is to be met in later years. Attend a 'Commencement Day': the graduation essay says that all is yet to happen; life lies ahead. A Râja-Yoga child knew he was rehearsing the intense drama of intelligent existence during the first moment when he joined his little comrades in a Râja-Yoga study-hour, and that he had taken his place in the world when he stood up in a Râja-Yoga class-room to recite to his teacher that which he had learned.

Class-life at Point Loma contains all the elements of other living. Here, as well as elsewhere in the world, the impulsive lower self stands ready to spoil the learner's efforts; here, as well as elsewhere, the ancient soul awaits its opportunity to shine out in obedience, in modesty, in self-restraint, and in loving kindness. It patiently awaits its chance to show life's meanings that are lying very elusively, sometimes, behind the lesson's words.

Here is the place where the difference shows between Râja-Yoga class-work and the other kinds. Almost any one can sit behind a desk and ask questions out of a book and get back answers; but how many are there who can see behind the words the chance which the child's soul is awaiting? At the right moment and in the right manner the Râja-Yoga teacher brushes away all that obscures the sight of the young eyes and Real Meanings come out. Such is Râja-Yoga teaching. D.

POINTED SPEECHES

(REWRITTEN FROM BACON'S *Apothegms*)



ICERO called pointed speeches *salinas*, salt-pits, out of which the salt of wisdom may be extracted, to be sprinkled where one pleased.

The saying, "He that flies may fight again," is said to have originated with Demosthenes, upon being reproached for fleeing from a battle-field.

Solon compared the people unto the sea, and orators and counsellors to the winds; for the sea would be calm and quiet if the wind did not trouble it.

Bion asked an envious man who was very sad: "What harm hath befallen thee, or what good hath befallen another man?"

Cato Major, at the time many of the Romans had statues erected in their honor, was asked by one why he had none. He answered: "I

POINTED SPEECHES

would much rather men should ask and wonder why I have no statue, than why I had one."

Epictetus used to say: "One of the vulgar in any ill that happens to him blames others; a novice in philosophy blames himself, and a philosopher blames neither the one nor the other."

Plutarch said of men of weak abilities who had been appointed to great places that "They were like little statues set on great bases, made to appear the less by their advancement."

Philip of Macedon was petitioned to banish a certain man who had spoken ill of him, but he replied to the petition negatively, saying: "It were better that he speak where we are both known, than where we are both unknown."

Cato said: "The best way to keep good acts in memory, is to refresh them with new."

"It is a strange thing," said one of his friends to Aristippus, "why men should rather give to the poor than to philosophers." He answered: "It is because they think they themselves may sooner come to be poor than to be philosophers."

Pompey was once made commissioner to send grain to Rome in a time of famine, and when his ship put out to sea the weather was extremely tempestuous, so that he was advised by all his friends not to set out; but Pompey said to them: "The necessity is that I go, not that I live."

ANIMALS AND HUMAN SPEECH

"ANIMALS have much more capacity to understand human speech than is generally supposed. The Hindûs invariably talk to their elephants, and it is amazing how much the latter comprehend. The Arabs govern their camels with a few cries, and my associates in the African desert were always amused whenever I addressed a remark to the big dromedary who was my property for two months; yet at the end of that time the beast evidently knew the meaning of a number of simple sentences. Some years ago, seeing the hippopotamus in Barnum's museum looking very stolid and dejected, I spoke to him in English, but he did not even open his eyes. Then I went to the opposite corner of the cage and said in Arabic, "I know you; come here to me." He instantly turned his head toward me; I repeated the words, and thereupon he came to the corner where I was standing, pressed his huge, ungainly head against the bars of the cage, and looked in my face with a touch of delight while I stroked his muzzle. I have two or three times found a lion who recognized the same language, and the expression of his eyes, for an instant, seemed positively human."

From the writings of BAYARD TAYLOR

RĀJA-YOGA PROTECTION



A CLOSE observer of animals, particularly of the untamed animals, must have noted that until they have learned to perfectly support life and resist foes, the mother-teacher exacts from her young an instant obedience; also, that she manifests extraordinary wisdom, or instinct if you please to call it so, in protecting her young from the attacks of enemies. Birdlings know that safety lies in an immediate response to the mother-bird's danger-call, for it is one of nature's laws that in confident obedience lies the secret of all protection.

It is perhaps the saddest of all the facts in life that many children have actually less protection and less true training in the matters that life shall exact of them than have the young of these simple wild creatures. The child-nature is astonishingly complex; on all sides lurk frightful dangers, unguessed by some parents; but if these parents had but a little of the lost wisdom of protection there would return to them also needed strength to successfully protect, successfully combat.



Now, Rāja-Yoga teaching is, in the highest sense, an all-wise mother-love. Katherine Tingley, because of her great knowledge of the needs of children, begins very, very early that training which she knows shall make them powerful to withstand the attacks of all enemies, within and without. Through her great love she baffles all foes, wins fight after fight, in her protection of these fortunate little children committed to her care, until they shall have grown strong to support life wisely, to combat successfully, and, in their turn, to train the little ones of another age in this protective wisdom. They, feeling, knowing, where safety lies, render to her, through their beloved Rāja-Yoga teachers, joyous obedience. Indeed, Rāja-Yoga has splendid lessons to teach the world regarding this law of protection through confident obedience.

ZELLA



SPRING SONG

"**A**WAKE," said the sunshine, "'tis time to get up;
Awake, pretty daisy and sweet buttercup;
Why, you've been sleeping the whole winter long!
Hark! hark! don't you hear?
'Tis the bluebird's first song."
"Awake!" call the streamlets; "we've lain here so still,
And now we must all go to work with a will."
"Wake!" says the warm breeze, "and you, willow tree,
Come, put on your leaves in a twinkling for me!"
"Awake," breathes the air from the blue sky above;
"Awake, for the air is all beauty and love.
Wake, little children, so merry and dear;
Ah! what were the spring, if you were not here!" — *Selected*

LEAD PENCILS

THE manufacture of lead pencils in similar form to the familiar article of today dates from a period immediately following the discovery of the once famous Borrowdale mine, in Cumberland, England, in the year 1564. At a much earlier period metallic lead was used for marking on parchment, paper or other material, and it is doubtless owing to the earlier use of this substance that the erroneous term 'black lead' has been applied to plumbago or graphite, the mark produced by the latter being much blacker than that from metallic lead.

The history of the lead pencil, for nearly three centuries, is closely associated with the fortunes of this mine. The product was so greatly desired, and was so closely maintained as a monopoly, that in pursuance of an Act of Parliament the mouth of the mine was guarded by an armed force, and to maintain the monopoly and conserve the supply the mine was only worked during six weeks in each year. To prevent pilfering, the mine was closed by flooding.

The manufacture of the modern pencil requires considerable technical knowledge, and involves a large number of operations. The graphite is pulverised and mixed with clay in a dry state, then moistened and milled to the requisite fineness. In a plastic condition it is forced through a series of compressors, from the holes of the last of which it emerges at a slightly greater thickness — to allow for shrinkage — than that ultimately required. The degrees of hardness are primarily obtained by varying the proportions of clay and graphite. B.

NEVER CONSENT TO BE CRUEL

WE should never in any way consent to the ill-treatment of animals, because the fear of ridicule, or some other fear, prevents our interfering. As to there being anything really trifling in any act of humanity, however slight, it is moral blindness to suppose so. The few moments in the course of each day in which a man absorbed in some worldly pursuit may carelessly expend in kind words or trifling charities to those around him — and kindness to an animal is one of these — are, perhaps, in the sight of heaven, the only time that he has lived to any purpose worthy of recording.

—SIR ARTHUR HELPS

LESSONS IN CONFIDENCE



HE young birds of spring are growing up and are now taking their final lessons from the wise and patient mothers.

One evening last week a grackle was giving a peculiar lesson. She was hopping quickly up the side of a canyon, picking up seeds that lay undiscovered by other birds in that unusual place. Upon reaching the top she would take a seed in her beak and fly down to one of her astonished young ones, and then would ensue an animated bird conversation—something like this, we may imagine:

"Please try, little one. It's so easy, and there are such delicious seeds."

"It's so steep, mother! I'm afraid I'll fall."

"Oh, no! You'll be so excited over finding seeds, you won't think of falling. See, you go up like this! It's so easy."

Away she would go again, hopping lightly, rapidly, until she had reached the top; but soon night fell and she took her timid children home to bed, their lesson still unlearned.

We were present at another lesson, taught by a mother house-finch. We were knitting shawls in our quiet room one afternoon when all at once we heard birds outside the window. A mother and two little finches had alighted on the telephone wire, and the little ones were sure it was not a safe place. They evidently preferred a nice, solid tree or a fence or the garden walk.

"I'm falling!" chirped one, hoarsely.

"Oh, dear, so am I!" chirped the other, at the same time.

"Why, no, you're not. This is a lovely place to alight. It's so high and you can see so far around you," said the mother, cheerfully.

Then she suddenly left them and flew to one of the posts of the swing where the Râja-Yoga children play so happily.

What a clamor they set up! The telephone wire swayed with their

AN OLD STORY

excited fluttering, and they chirped so loudly we thought they would injure their throats. In a few moments they found they were not falling, after all, and, gathering up great courage, they flew together over to the swing-post. And we imagined the soft notes of the mother to be the way she had of saying: "Good! That was splendidly done, children!" W.

AN OLD STORY



WILL you hear this little story out of a reading-book of thirty years ago? Perhaps it was an old story in those days and perhaps, because it may well be a true story, it will be told for many days and years to come. It lingers in memory in this guise:

There was building, in a certain busy little village somewhere in England, a chimney so high that it aroused the wonder of all who beheld it. It was so high indeed that nowhere thereabouts could there be found a ladder long enough to reach but half the chimney's great and daily increasing height, so that the men who were at work upon the chimney traveled to and from its top by means of a rope running through a pulley.

The day came when the chimney was completed. For the last time the brick-masons had gone to their perilous work at the top, and for the last time, rejoicing to have come safely to the end of their task, they had come down — all except one man. There he stood between the sky and earth, as seemingly near the one as the other, and with no visible means of rescue from the dangers which confronted him. For, as the last of his fellow-workmen had reached the base of the chimney, the rope to which he clung had parted and fallen about him.

You may be sure there had gathered about the place a crowd of idlers, and you may be still surer that some one of them ran with the ill tidings to the home of the helpless man who was at the top of the chimney. His wife came at once, and placing her hands to her lips, she called to him: "Unravel your stocking, John!"

John understood her, and as he hastily began to follow her brief instruction, she added; "Begin at the toe!"

Of course you know the rest: John fastened a bit of plaster to the end of the raveled yarn, and to this slender thread of communication between them his good wife fastened the twine she had brought in her pocket. Then stronger hands than hers tied a new rope to the twine. This John slipped through the pulley and came down. He stood laughing among his fellows once more, then went home with his good wife who had knitted the stocking whereby his life had been saved. WINIFRED

A VISIT TO THE HOME OF RAPHAEL



WE are about to visit one of the most famous and picturesque of the mountain towns of Italy, the home of one of her greatest artists and once a center of Italian art and culture.

The city we are to visit is far-famed Urbino, in the Appenines, where Federigo da Montefeltro, Guidobaldo his son, and the illustrious Elisabetta Gonzaga, his daughter-in-law, called 'the first lady of the world,' all contributed to rear 'the Italian Athens.' Here, in a simple brick building on the slope of a steep hill overlooked by an ancient fortress and the magnificent Palace of Urbino, was born in 1483 the child who made the fame of this city immortal — Raphael Sanzio.

We are starting for Urbino from Fabriano to the south, and as the trains run but twice daily we must begin our four hours' journey by rail through the grand old Appenines about five in the morning. Our way is full of interest and beauty: rolling hills, precipitous crags, deep valleys down which rush cascades, with here and there lovely little hamlets in leafy vales, whose sheep and cattle dot the grassy slopes that close them in.

Soon we enter the broad valley of the Metaurus by way of the ancient Via Flaminia, the great highway built by Caius Flaminius, 220 B. C. How much history this great road has seen! It has resounded to the tramp of Roman legions pressing onward with gleaming shields and banners flying in their march from Rome to the Adriatic. It has witnessed the wild splendor and ferocity of hordes of barbarians, eager for pillage, pouring on dying Rome. But now all vestiges of these days are gone and the peaceful valleys and silent mountains among which our train threads its way bear no witness to what has been. At last we have skirted the last mountain and threaded the last glen and pull up suddenly at the foot of a huge peak which bars further progress by rail.

Leaving the train, we continue our journey in a diligence that resembles the car we have just left but is drawn by three horses. In this conveyance we climb around the eastern side of the mountain of Urbino, whose twin peaks are crowned by the city of Raphael's birth.

Urbino reached the height of her fame and prosperity as an independent republic in the Middle Ages. Then she fell into the hands of the Montefeltro family, whose rule, however, contrary to the accepted order of things in those days of petty tyrants, proved truly a blessing to the city. In 1482, one year before the birth of Raphael, died Duke Federigo Montefeltro, whose name is gratefully linked with the splendid memories of his great duchy. Federigo, a great soldier, feared even by the great Sforza, was a man of arts and letters, patron of science and philosophy, champion of true chivalry, lover of his people — he and his children caused the fame of Urbino to fill all Europe.

A VISIT TO THE HOME OF RAPHAEL

There above us it towers — the Palace of Federigo — in its day the greatest ducal palace in the peninsula, which in its grand proportions, perfect taste, and rich furnishings, was "rather a city than a palace," declared Castiglione, friend of Raphael and honored guest in Federigo's and Guidobaldo's assembly. It rests upon the western slope of the eastern mountain, its courts and gateways hidden amid great trees through whose upper branches countless windows look forth like myriad jeweled eyes. Out of the shadows of its forest of gardens rise picturesque round turrets, keeping watch over the town that spreads down the mountain side and drops cascade-like through the widening gorge to a broad valley.

Here lived Federigo Montefeltro, the enthusiastic patron of learning, whose city and court was a commonwealth of culture, where personal merit was the chief passport to the best society characterized by a high morality and a true love of all that was noble and uplifting. Egerton Williams in 'Hill Towns of Italy' tells us:

"It was brilliant not merely with silks and precious stones, but with intellect and culture; its stately halls were filled with visiting artists, scientists, and philosophers, and its walls were adorned with numberless paintings, sculptures, drawings, mosaics, and woodwork, the finest that the art of the Renaissance could produce and unlimited wealth could obtain. Among the artists were Piero della Francesca, Timoteo della Vite, — who first aided the growing genius of Raphael, — and Justus van Ghent, the Flemish master."

To this court, which another writer describes as a "paradise of rare device and perfect art," came the sons of princes for military education, scholars to extend their learning, artists to enjoy its liberal patronage. It was to this court under Elisabetta that Castiglione dedicated his great work *The Courtier*, in which he bestows the highest praise on this illustrious and high-minded lady. As the wife of Federigo's only son, Guidobaldo, she most ably assisted him in maintaining and enhancing that wonderful renown won by his father for the city of Urbino.

Let us now pay a visit to the birthplace of Raphael. It is Sunday. The air is filled with the Sabbath bells, and we pass on our way stalwart men in wide velvet breeches and black wide-awake hats, dark-eyed women in the fringed mantillas of eastern Italy, descendants of Duco Federigo's valiant mountaineers who were not to be overcome by Sforza's power. They are trooping into this hill town to worship and to market. In the piazza below the old church of San Francesco is a brave array of wares — haberdashery, kerchiefs, pottery, poultry, and fruit.

We pass into the very heart of the city and come upon many streets such as that shown in one of our illustrations. Looking at this picture and then reading in the book previously mentioned, we get a vivid impression of this quaint old hill-city.

"From a little street descending the hill east of the fortress I saw the city piled upon the

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opposite peak about the turreted palace, and falling thence to the gorge so far below. I descended this street, or by-way, which wound in steps back and forth upon the cliff, between dwellings perched like the eyries of birds. Nothing more picturesque could be found than the vistas down it, and down its leaping cross-ways, of steeply falling old tiled roofs and crumbling façades; of people toiling up the worn brick steps, cleft by a channel for the rain to rush in like a cataract; of children playing in the spots of sunshine that filtered through the walls, and at the end of the vista; of houses climbing again upon the opposite hill to the vast menacing towers and flying turrets of the palace."

Climbing another steep street we reach half-way up the brown fifteenth-century house of Giovanni Sanzio, father of Raphael. On entering this building, so dearly cherished by the city, we find it very clean and tidy, but holding little of interest beyond a few framed engravings of his pictures and some antique furniture; the rooms are low, with paneled ceilings and red bricked floors. Though the house itself brings to mind very little of the spirit of the great master, yet one could hardly conceive of a more perfectly fitting environment for the birth of this boy than Urbino, the city of sunlight, beauty and artistic life.

Raphael, radiating sunshine and the fresh vitality of his mountain home from his very being, was beloved of all who knew him. One can well imagine him: a curly headed little fellow, living out of doors in the golden Italian sunlight, playing in the quaint winding streets, running off to see the Duke of Urbino and his knights and ladies come riding up the hill from the chase in splendid array that dazzled the eyes and rejoiced the heart of this little artist lad. All accounts we have of him make reference to the beautiful nature of this wonderfully gifted boy. He is spoken of as graceful, modest, good-natured, ever ready to conciliate, and filled with a most refined consideration for others under all circumstances. We can imagine the joy of his father, Giovanni, himself a painter, on discovering the seeds of this supreme talent in a nature at once so richly endowed with qualities even more precious and lasting than artistic gifts. Giovanni directed his son's early efforts but died too soon to be able to mold the boy's genius. Nevertheless, the good man was wise in his appreciation of the value of home influences, and was most careful to cultivate in his son gentleness and refinement, taking pains to prevent his association with persons or environments which might coarsen the young nature.

When Raphael was only eleven years of age his father died, and a few years later he became the pupil of Pietro Vannucci, known to the world as Perugino of Perugia. This master, like all others, was fascinated by the charming manner and artistic precocity of the boy, and exerted his utmost pains on his pupil's instruction. Young Raphael had already become familiar with the wonderful art treasures in the Palace of Urbino, where his father was always the welcome guest of Federigo or Guidobaldo.

A VISIT TO THE HOME OF RAPHAEL

From this time forward the great artist spent most of his time in other parts of Italy, returning from Perugia, Florence, or Rome only for short periods. But the beautiful historic hill-city of Urbino will always shine with the reflection of the artist she gave to the world. When one thinks of her glorious mountains, her splendid palace, and the glories of Renaissance art and learning that flourished there in the early sixteenth century, all these will be but the fitting and exalted setting to the life that was not for an age or a century but for all time.

Giorgio Vasari, a contemporary of Raphael's, paid him this tribute:

"No less excellent than graceful, he was endowed by nature with all that modesty and goodness which may occasionally be perceived in those few favored persons who enhance the gracious sweetness of a disposition more than usually gentle, by the fair ornament of a winning amenity, always ready to conciliate, and constantly giving evidence of the most refined consideration for all persons, and under every circumstance. The world received the gift of this artist from the hand of Nature, when, vanquished by Art in the person of Michel Angelo, she deigned to be subjugated in that of Raphael, not by art only but by goodness also. And of a truth, since the greater number of artists had up to that period derived from nature a certain rudeness and eccentricity, which not only rendered them uncouth and fantastic, but often caused the shadows and darkness of vice to be more conspicuous in their lives than the light and splendor of those virtues by which man is rendered immortal, — so was there good cause wherefore she should, on the contrary, make all the rarest qualities of the heart to shine resplendently in her Raphael; perfecting them by so much diffidence, grace, application to study, and excellence of life, that these alone would have sufficed to veil or neutralize every fault, however important, and to efface all defects, however glaring they might have been. Truly may we affirm that those who are the possessors of endowments so rich and varied as were assembled in the person of Raphael, are scarcely to be called simple men only, — they are rather, if it be permitted so to speak, entitled to the appellation of mortal gods. . . .

"When this noble artist died, well might Painting have departed also; for when he closed his eyes, she too was left as it were blind. But now to us, whose lot it is to come after him, there remains to imitate the good, or rather the excellent, of which he has left us the example; and as our obligations to him and his great merits well deserve, to retain the most grateful remembrance of him in our hearts, while we ever maintain his memory in the highest honor with our lips. . . .

"And in addition to the benefits which this great master conferred on art, being as he was its best friend, we have the further obligation to him of having taught us by his life in what manner we should comport ourselves towards great men, as well as towards those of lower degree, and even towards the lowest; nay, there was among his many extraordinary gifts one of such value and importance, that I can never sufficiently admire it, and always think thereof with astonishment. This was the power accorded to him by Heaven, of bringing all who approached his presence into harmony. . . . And this happened because all were surpassed by him in friendly courtesy as well as in art; all confessed the influence of his sweet and gracious nature, which was so replete with excellence, and so perfect in all the charities, that not only was he honored by men, but even by the very animals, who would constantly follow his steps, and always loved him."

A beautiful marble statue of Raphael by Luigi Belli stands in the Piazza in front of the Palace. It represents him in the graceful costume of that period — loose tunic, knee breeches, flowing coat and small cap. The benign expression of his countenance, like one of his own lovely pictures, seems to reflect his sweet disposition and noble soul. M. M.



CILGERRAN CASTLE ON THE TEIFI, IN WALES



O doubt you will be tempted to pronounce this Siljerran; but the temptation should be withstood. The first syllable is *Kil*-; just the same word as you get in the first syllable of Killarney; and as for the *g* in *-gerran*, it is like *g* in *get* or *egg*.

You might think from the nice modern-looking boat in the picture that Cilgerran was what might be called a thoroughly up-to-date place; in reality it is only about as up-to-date as fairyland. That boat suggests false pretences; you would not see a boat there often; but you would see, every day, little round or oval coracles, woven of withes like a basket, and covered over with hide on the outside. They skim over these dark reaches of the Teifi, in the evenings, light on the surface like the petals of roses might; in each its fisherman sits, paddling with a thing rather like a big wooden spoon, ever so quickly up the stream, and then throwing out his line, and floating down with the current.

Cilgerran is about seven or eight miles up the Teifi, and two or three above the town of Cardigan. It was a very busy place in the Middle Ages; doing a brisk trade in battles, sieges, sorties, and the like. Some Norman Lord Marcher would have built that castle; but there would have been another castle there before he built it, and no doubt another before that, and so on. You might think it would not be much to storm such a place; but it would be harder than it looks.

But all those

"old unhappy far-off things
And battles long ago,"

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remain now only as a stillness, perhaps a little touch of sadness, in the fairy beauty of Cilgerran; the Tylwyth Teg, the Beautiful Family of the fairies, have made this haunted river and its tree-shadowed lonely banks their own long since; they do not mind the fishermen in their coracles, any more than they mind the herons that watch the water from the tree-tops, or the little wind of evening that comes wandering up through the windings of the river between the hills —

"A song comes drifting on the breeze
To rouse the dreaming heron;
It's dear knows what he hears and sees
When the moon is o'er Cilgerran "

K. V. M.

ARCHITECTURAL STYLES AND THEIR MEANING

CHAPTER XXXI: MOHAMMEDAN ARCHITECTURE IN SICILY



THE great churches and palaces of Sicily form a curious and interesting link between the East and the West. The beautiful cloister shown in the accompanying plate might easily be taken for a rather unusual example of Early Gothic of the thirteenth century. The openings are spanned by graceful pointed, or 'broken,' arches such as we naturally associate with the pure Gothic. But they belong to another architectural 'family' or lineage; the design of the cathedral of Monreale, Sicily (A. D. 1174), of which this court is a part, has no connexion with the Christian northern pointed style, but is a fine example of the unique blend of Greek and Saracenic art found in Sicily. The pointed arches are Oriental in origin. We have already seen varieties of the pointed form in Egypt, Syria, Persia and India, and have traced them back to great antiquity in Assyria.

Sicily has been the scene of numerous invasions and settlements. Greeks, Carthaginians and Romans overran it in turn: the Byzantines occupied it in the early centuries of the Christian era, until in 827 the Mohammedans invaded and held it till 1016, when the Norman knights conquered the island. Immeasurably superior though the Mohammedan culture was to that of the Normans, no great edifice remains which can be positively attributed to the period of Moslem colonization. There are, however, many buildings whose Saracenic design or ornamentation is so unmistakable that it is clear the Norman Counts wisely employed their skilled and artistic Mohammedan subjects as architects and decorators. The church of San Giovanni at Palermo (1132) would pass for

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for pointed arches were used in Oriental styles which differed from it in nearly every characteristic.

The Roman round arch held its own till the middle of the thirteenth century, after which we find nothing but pointed arches for several centuries, except in Italy (and to a degree in Spain) where the Gothic style was never fully accepted. Italy did not adopt the Mohammedan pointed arch so widely found in Sicily. Broadly speaking, Italy was faithful to the Roman round-arched principle and resisted the pointed style, whether it came from the South or the North.

We find examples of the pointed arch in Southern France (Provence) early in the ninth century, but it did not come into general use until three hundred years later. Even in Provence it was not used for windows at first, but only for spanning wide spaces within; the pointed window seems to have developed gradually from the idea suggested by the pointed roof-vault.

There is no proof that the Oriental pointed window was the parent of the Gothic one. It is not impossible, though, for the Crusaders must have observed it in the East. But if it were so, we should expect to find pointed *windows* at the earliest period in France instead of only pointed vaults and other wide spans. The Norman-Saracenic Sicilian buildings may have had some influence in suggesting the pointed arch to the French, but, if so, the connecting links are lost.

In a later chapter we shall examine the early pointed arches in Provence for they are closely connected with a most important subject — the real difference between the Gothic and every other style. R.



MUSIC by its hidden, divine power grasps the human heart, stirs it, wraps it about itself and modifies it at will. Now it disturbs, then cheers it; now fills it with love or fright and then moves it to mirth or tears, and all through the secret work of harmony and especially by virtue of song.

Not only the ancient heroes cultivated music, but also the great legislators and philosophers did not consider themselves complete unless they had a knowledge of music. GIAMBATTISTA MANCINI

THE DOVES OF VENICE

BY LAURA WINTHROP JOHNSON

I STOOD in the quiet piazza,
Where come rude noises never;
But the feet of children, the wings of doves,
Are sounding on forever.

And the cooing of their soft voices,
And the touch of the rippling sea,
And the ringing clock of the armed knight,
Came through the noon to me.

While their necks with rainbow gleaming,
'Neath the dark old arches shone,
And the campanile's shadow long,
Moved o'er the pavement stone.

And from every 'coigne of vantage,'
Where lay some hidden nest,
They fluttered, peeped, and glistened forth,
Sacred, serene, at rest.

I thought of thy saint, O Venice!
Who said in his tenderness,
"I love thy birds, my Father dear,
Our lives they cheer and bless!

"For love is not for men only;
To the tiniest little things
Give room to nestle in our hearts;
Give freedom to all wings!"

And the lovely, still piazza,
Seemed with his presence blest,
And I, and the children, and the doves,
Partakers of his rest.—*Selected*

THE FAIRIES

"I WONDER," said blue-eyed Fanny,
"How all the tiny buds know
Winter is gone and spring is here
Waiting for them to grow!
"Don't you believe that the fairies
Whisper the news in the night;
And, for love of them, the blossoms
Open their eyes to the light?" — *Selected*

ONE OF NATURE'S NOTEBOOKS



NOT long ago, in the neighborhood of some large factories, it was noticed that the trees and plants had become quite weak and sickly and the fumes from the tall chimneys were blamed as being the cause of it. The question was, as to how this could be proved.

An ingenious botanist was consulted in the matter. He set to work at once and cut down several of the injured trees, and starting with the outer layer of wood, he began counting the rings. As everybody knows, a tree makes one layer of wood or ring with each season's growth.

After he had counted several rings, he found there was a sudden change, and at a certain point the rings became thicker. This very plainly showed that more growth had been made during the earlier years and therefore the trees must have lived under healthier conditions. He then enquired the date at which the factories had been built, and the year coincided exactly with the place at the cut-off end of the trunk, where the rings suddenly became thinner.

His discovery, taken together with other ascertained facts, proved beyond any question that the trees had been half-poisoned by the manufacturies, and gives us one more proof of the accuracy with which Nature keeps her records.

By looking at the rings at the end of the first wooden post you come across, you can tell in a moment whether the rings were made in a dry season or in a wet one. The dry, hot summers are less favorable to rapid growth, and thus the narrow rings show that little rain fell during those particular years, while seasons of pouring rain leave the record of their date by making broad rings with the abundant sap sucked up out of the wet soil by their roots.

By putting two and two together and keeping our eyes wide open, we can read the notes which Nature is always jotting down. Nature is like an open book to those who know how to read her records. P. L.

THE TULIP AND THE BUMBLEBEE



OUT in the garden, the sunshine was coaxing a lovely pink tulip to open her blossom. Little by little the leaves unfolded and when at last she shook out her pollen-covered stamens and her fragrance floated free, she had a visitor, a great black and yellow bumblebee.

Every day the bee visited the pretty tulip and gathered the sweet honey from her cup and filled the little baskets he carried on his black legs with the yellow pollen, which she saved for him. And he in his turn hummed to her his merriest tunes as he gathered the store of sweets.

The little bee and the tulip were very happy through the bright spring days.

One day the tulip noticed the bee was not so busy as usual. His wings did not hum as merry a song. He seemed worn and tired as he crept close to the heart of the tulip and lay still. "He is tired and sleepy; I will rock him gently, and he will sleep and rest," said the kind little flower. So she rocked him very gently.

By and by the sun went down and it was night, and still the bumblebee did not wake. Morning came with a sharp wind which swayed the tulip, and the bee rolled out and dropped on the ground. Then the tulip knew that the bee's time had come to spread his invisible wings and fly away to his rest, and that what had rolled out upon the ground was only his worn-out body; so she was glad for the tired little bee.

Again came the wind and scattered the petals of the tulip, and one, dropping on the body of the bee, curled about it like a little soft blanket and covered it up.

Then it was that the tulip knew that she was going to her rest also. Slowly she pulled all her soft green leaves down into her white chamber under the ground. And then she pulled in all her little white roots, and put a hard brown case about her bulb, and went to sleep.

The winter rains came, and the cold frosty air, and the snow, and the tulip slept well in her little warm bulb in the ground. And the bumblebee, too, rested safe from the winter storms on his invisible wings until the spring came again.

Then the sun woke the tulip, so that she again sent up her pretty curling leaf and bright flower, just as she had done the last spring. And when the sun had again coaxed her lovely pink blossom to open, her old friend the bumblebee, in a new shining black and yellow body, came flying to her, humming his same merry tune, taking the sweets she had in store for him just as he did before. And the tulip and the bumblebee were again happy together all the bright spring days. EDYTHA

HEN-AND-CHICKENS



DUDLEYA PULVERULENTA

THE beautiful plants of the *Dudleya pulverulenta* adorn the hillsides of Lomaland in early summer. They belong to the Stonecrop family. The neat rosette of thick, fleshy leaves from which the flower-stem rises, is often a foot and a half across and reaches above a man's knees.

Pulverulenta, as we need hardly remind the young Latin scholars reading our pages, means 'powdered'; for the whole plant is dusted over with a fine 'bloom' like a grape or plum. Through this delicate, powdery film the light green of the leaves is clearly visible, and the pale red of the flowers glows through its veil of gray, like a pink rose seen on a foggy morning.

The name 'Hen-and-Chickens' is bestowed because of its habit of throwing out a circle of young plants around its base, so that it resembles a hen surrounded by her brood of chicks.

The thick, juicy leaves grow apace during the copious rains of spring, and serve as a reservoir of water to tide the plant over the warm, bright months of picnic weather which go to make a Lomaland summer. They look like little century-plants with their pointed leaves radiating from the central axis, and they also resemble the century-plant in their habit of storing up the rain-water in their leaves.

Many of these water-storing plants can live for an amazing length of time when utterly uprooted and kept in a dry place indoors. Except at the time of putting forth their leaves, they part with their moisture very slowly. The bulbous stem of an *Ibervillea* has been known to live unwatered and under cover



DUDLEYA SHELDONI

RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

for twenty years. Plants which have no arrangement for the storage of water, could hardly live twenty days if hung up in a dry room.

One of the strangest of these water-storing plants, known as the Wild Cucumber or Chilicothe, is quite common here. You would never suppose from its graceful, ivylike foliage which drapes the stones and many an ugly stump, that it grows from a huge, potato-like root as big as a boy lying buried deep underground. In the museum of the Chamber of Commerce at San Diego lies one such root surrounded by stuffed birds and fossils, and every spring its fresh green foliage is punctually produced.

Dudleya sheldoni is a near relation of *pulverulenta*, but lacks the powdery covering; the leaves are light green and the flowers are pink.

The Indians used the leaves for making soothing poultices. P.

SPEAK GENTLY

Speak gently! it is better far

To rule by love than fear:

Speak gently! let not harsh words mar

The good we might do here.

Speak gently! 'tis a little thing,

Dropped in the heart's deep well,

The good, the joy, which it may bring

Eternity shall tell.— *Selected*

BIRD NEWS FROM LOMALAND

IT has been noticed that on chilly bright mornings the top twigs and bare branches of the tall eucalyptus trees on the hill facing the east are covered with little birds at sunrise. They keep flying up from the canyons and western slopes (scores of them—linnets, warblers, finches and sparrows) to get warmed by the first rays of the rising sun.

Mistress humming-bird was seen bargaining with a rose vine for a bit of string which tied up the branch. After several futile attempts to fly away with the loose end, she was seen going away with a bit of a down feather cast off by the parrot.

We might do a bit of brotherhood work by tying a little bunch of fluffy string where she may find it, close to the rose vine string.

When the birds are hurrying about taking their baths even late in the day, hunting everywhere for food and coming down and alighting in flocks and scurrying about restless and uneasy, then we may look for a storm, as this is often an indication.

As early as the first of February the linnets and other small birds seem to be hunting suitable places for nests. Already they are going about in pairs, and seem to spend considerable time in proximity to the particular spot that they have decided is to be their home. EDYTHA

SELF-PROPELLED VEHICLES



If one were asked off-hand which of the three modes of locomotion: the railway, the bicycle or the automobile, was the most modern, one would doubtless name the latter without much hesitation. True, it was the last to popularize itself; but as regards date of invention, it comes first on the list. It will perhaps be not uninteresting to notice briefly why the automobile was so long retarded in its development.

In 1769 Cugnot, a Frenchman, invented a vehicle which propelled itself by means of a steam-engine. Either through lack of energy on the part of the inventor, or lack of support on the part of the public, this steam-truck of Cugnot's served no other purpose than that of establishing the possibility of a self-propelled vehicle. There may be seen today, in the Museum of Arts and Measures in Paris, a truck of similar design constructed by Cugnot a year or two later. The idea of a self-propelled vehicle was also taken up in England, and some notable results were achieved during the first half of the nineteenth century.

Unfortunately, public opinion in England was very much against this innovation: it was declared to be a menace to traffic, to pedestrians and to the roads; and further progress in this direction was effectually brought to a stand-still by a law providing that all locomotives moving on a highway should be limited in speed to four miles an hour, and should invariably be preceded by a man waving a red flag! This was as late as 1865.

In 1860 the gas-engine was made practical. It was not, however, until 1885 that a suitable driving mechanism, the automobile engine, was evolved. Since then the progress of the automobile industry has accelerated steadily, especially in America, France and Germany, and in England since 1896 — when the above-mentioned ridiculous statute was repealed — until it has assumed its present gigantic proportions.

In contrast to the humble beginnings of the automobile, the introduction of the steam engine caused quite a sensation. This was undoubtedly due in part to the character of its inventor, George Stephenson, who persisted in pushing the matter through, in spite of all sorts of opposition. In fact, his *Rocket* has become historical, while no one ever hears of Cugnot's first automobile.

It is to the coal mines that we are indebted for the feature which radically distinguishes the locomotive from the automobile: the fixed track. As far back as 1630 wooden rails were in use in a colliery at Newcastle, England, to run the cars of coal upon. Iron rails were first used in 1767; instead of the flange being on the car-wheels, it was cast on

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the rail itself. The wheels were of the ordinary pattern, with flat tires. In 1789 flanged wheels were introduced.

One fact which held back the development of the locomotive for a long time, was that learned mathematicians of the day had proved conclusively that any locomotive strong enough to propel itself along a smooth iron rail would have to be so heavy, in order to possess the necessary tractive force, that it would inevitably smash the rails. This led inventors to endeavor to construct an engine with toothed wheels, which, as can be imagined, soon jolted itself into scrap iron.

Perhaps the most extraordinary freak produced among early attempts at locomotive construction appeared in 1813. It was built like an ordinary car, and ran on rails; but the motive part consisted of a set of mechanical legs which projected backwards and kicked the contrivance along, just as a man moves a boat by poling against the bottom of the stream. This extraordinary monster actually attained a speed somewhat inferior to the ordinary rate of walking; but it finally blew up. M.

LEATHER TANNING

THE origin of tanning is lost in antiquity, but specimens of leather exist in our museums taken from the ancient temples and tombs of the Pharaohs, showing that good leather was manufactured, and even excellently dyed and finished, many thousand years B. C.

One of the earliest forms of tanning was by oil and smoke, the process of which chiefly consisted of rubbing the skin with soft fat and afterwards exposing it to smoke produced by burning green wood, similar to the process still used by various Indian tribes.

The art or craft of tanning has not undergone any radical changes, and in general the method is very much the same as was practised centuries ago, the main difference being that materials have been introduced which have a more rapid action than the old oak-bark method, such as, chestnut wood, mimosa bark from Australia and South Africa, and *quebracho* ('break axe' — indicating the extreme hardness of the wood) from Argentina.

Each of the various materials possesses certain characteristics, and the art of tanning leather satisfactorily depends on the blend of the materials used, which are generally in the form of concentrated liquid extracts of the woods and barks, and, instead of taking from one to three years as in the 'good old days' when only oak bark was used, the process can often be completed in as many weeks.

T. B.

SOMETHING ABOUT STOVES



THE word 'stove' originally meant 'a heated room.'

The most important uses of the stove are to keep the body warm and to cook food.

At first when a fire was made there was no hole in the roof for the smoke to pass through, so the whole room was filled with it; but the people endured it on account of the warmth, and the better taste of the cooked meats. After a while a hole was made in the roof to allow the smoke to go out. This was the first 'stove.' The first roasting was done by fastening the meat to a rod arranged in a horizontal position above the fire. When one side was roasted this rod or 'spit,' as it was called, was turned so as to get the other side roasted.



A hole was made in the ground for boiling food. Water was poured into the hole, and heated stones were put into it, which boiled the water in a short time.

After the use of clay was discovered earthenware began to be used.

These methods were very inconvenient, but it was still a long time before any better ones were invented for cooking food.

As the early in-lands around the Mediterranean need much heat, they but used what are or warming pans. in Spain and other where stoves are not is filled with burning around from room to

The brazier was also; however the of a colder climate, caust.' They built a clay pipes connecting rooms in the house. Rome in 476 A. D., being used, and their and cooking



habitants of the diterranean did not did not invent stoves known as 'braziers,' These are still used warmer countries, needed. This brazier charcoal and carried room as it is needed. used by the Greeks Romans, on account invented a 'hypo-fire in the cellar with it with the different With the fall of the hypocaust ceased methods of heating were lost.

About the eleventh century the chimney began being used in England, and by the fifteenth century it was very common.

As the fireplace did not heat all parts of the room, people began thinking of something better; and this led to the invention of the furnace and the modern stove.

ALICE W.



Young folk's Department

"The little children should give as much time to music as to their other duties. Music is the song of the soul."—Katherine Tingley

SYMPATHY

BY A STUDENT

I MADE my doll a nice new shawl,
Some shoes, a hat and dress;
And then I took her out to call
On Susie's dolly, Bess.

Bess recently has had a fall,
And wears a constant frown;
Except what she had for the ball,
She owns not one nice gown.

We felt so bad we gave her all
The clothes my dolly wore:
The dress and hat, the shoes and shawl!
But I can make some more.

'THE EYE OF HEAVEN'



HIS little fairy lady *Iris Chrysolora* makes her springtime bow to you! She is wonderfully fair to behold and oh, but her godmother was happy the day her canary-colored bloom began first to unfold!

Can you see the three long, wavy silken petals standing out, and the three broad perianth segments curving out and down, each one bearing across its center an upward-turned banner? It is three separate flowers in one.

Below, where the banners rise, closely concealed are the pistils and stamens. The center of the flower, where all three upright waving petals unite, is a glistening cup. One day Godmother poured a thimbleful of water into this *Iris Chrysolora's* cup, and not a drop was spilled!

One of the poets calls the iris the 'eye of heaven.' Do you know the reason why? Because of this little water-cup reflecting the blue sky?

Does not the iris remind you of Joan of Arc and her lily-embroidered banner? But *Iris Chrysolora* is a yellow blossom, not white like the *fleur-de-lis* of the warrior maid. It is just a bit of vivid color in a Lomaland corner whispering of spring and hope and new, new joy. GINEVRA

LITTLE BIRDS AT NIGHT

By E. E. P.

ON the edge of the canyon down by the sea,
Is a gray salt-bush, well known to me;
And there, when the sun sinks into the deep,
Dozens of dicky birds go to sleep.

As soon as the sun goes down in the west,
Each little bird finds his place of rest,
And you, if you happen to pass along,
May hear wee bits of a good-night song.

Twitter and chirp and rustle of wings,
Lovely sounds that the dear night brings.
Then all is quiet, still and dark.
The bird's night lamp is the glow worm's spark.

A downy pillow for each little head,
Is under a little bird's wing, 'tis said.
And they warm their feet when the weather is chill
In their feathery petticoats, ruffle and frill.

So all night long in the bush so gray,
The little birds sleep till the peep of day,
When they all awake and away they fly
Up to the tree tops, ever so high.

They watch the sun rise over the bay
Singing to welcome the beautiful day.
But the salt-bush home the birds love best
When the shining sun sinks into the west.

ON THE HILLSIDE



HE children had been playing on the hillside all the afternoon, rolling down the smooth green slopes and gathering great bunches of wild flowers. The hot sun and their scampers had made them tired, and now they lay down under the furze bushes and told fairy-stories.

One of the little girls, who was dreamy and thoughtful, seated herself a little way off from the rest, beneath a tall eucalyptus tree, and gazed across the green-gray hills to the azure bay beyond. The afternoon was still and drowsy, and the little hamlet in the hollow seemed to lie

RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

under a spell of a thousand years' slumber. She rested her head against the gnarled trunk, dreamily weaving a flower-garland of the blossoms in her lap. The bleating sheep grazed tranquilly near by. The shadows lengthened, and the humming gnats buzzed round her head, encouraging her eye-lids to droop and hands to fall idle in her lap. Soon she fell asleep, and a dream floated through her mind. She dreamed that the flowers of the field were like little children, and they wove themselves into a wreath to crown some dear one's brow.

"Come," said one, "we will put daisies in the chain, for they will bring her smiles and joy, but their petals must be tipped with the pink of love, and their hearts must be of purest gold."

"Yes," said another, "and let the nodding hare-bells ring out their fairy music in her ears; they will drown all sounds of discord around her, and will bring her Peace."

"Yes, yes, and the golden buttercup, and the paler cream-cup — pray do not forget them, for they will give her faith and hope."

"Ah," cried one, "you have left out the little blue flower growing by the brook. It always calls 'Forget me not' — and it will bring her memories, sweet and tender."

"The white marguerite too, could you leave that out? It will tell her that it loves her, and will bring cheer when she is lonely."

"And the blue corn-flower, for it will give her strength and courage; she will need them some day."

"The gay poppy too, must join our gift, for she offers sleep, and that will lull her sorrow, should she ever be sad."

"There is some 'Old-man' yonder, by the hedge. Will you not put that in, that it may bring her the fresh breath of her own hillsides wherever she may wander?"

"Aye, and the golden broom, with its honey-laden blossoms; it will give her sweet thoughts and happy laughter."

"The Black-eyed-Susans too, with their ragged petticoats, will bring her everlasting sunshine."

They held the wreath aloft, laughing for joy at their handiwork.

"Only see, how beautiful it is!" they cried. "Surely these fairy flowers will always crown her brow; oh, they will live forever in her heart! Let us set it upon her head now, for she sleeps, that her awakening may be joyous!"

They bore the wreath away, their merry laughter echoing over the hills.

She opened her eyes, as the golden sun dipped beneath the horizon; and putting her hand to her head, felt a garland of all the wild flowers of the field. She looked around to see if her companions had been near; but she saw only the little flowers, nodding and dancing in the breeze. M. L.



THE SUNSET LAND



HE sat on the shore, his little feet in the warm sand. He was watching the sun sinking lower and lower to the beautiful sea; his eyes were bright with a smile. A basket of shells lay beside him: he loved these pink and white and yellow shells, which he called the mermaids' flowers.

He saw a small boat coming towards the rock on which he stood: its sail was like a rainbow, dazzling in the evening light. A mermaid swam beside the boat, guiding it to the rock. Soon he was seated in it, sailing swiftly over the water, which seemed to change its color with every ripple. He sailed on and on, towards the sun.

There were tall trees, with strange flowers in bloom, and birds that sang songs like the sunset, beautiful and sad. He saw shells on the shore, shells lovelier than any he had picked on any beach where rugged pine-trees grow and wild doves coo in the twilight. There were flowers blooming in the green fields: some were like great golden-hearted pansies, others like wild roses that had caught a glow from the evening sky.

As he stood in the glory of the setting sun, wondering at the loveliness of the flowers around him, he heard a sound near him, and a gleam of the loveliest violet flashed under a rose-bush. Soon he saw that they were tiny shining forms, dancing on the grass among the flowers. Some were pink and blue, others white and gold, but all were of the palest colors. These were the fairies of the Sunset-Land, that came and danced at every sunset.

When the twilight came, and the colors in the sky grew pale, a soft

breeze swept over the flowers, and as suddenly as they had come, the shining forms disappeared. He watched them tripping to the water, where the beautiful shells were lying on the sand. He saw the fairies enter them, and as the last ray sank below the water, there was not a shining form left on the shore.

He had fallen asleep on the shore, and when he awoke the pale star in the west was shining in the fading glow of the sunset. TAMIKO S.



THERE was a lovely blue flower growing beside the lower path between Big Farm and Small Farm, where Dan and Effie lived. I mean to say (did you understand without explanation?) that Dan lived at Big Farm and Effie at Small Farm, and that there were two connecting paths. No one needed to walk around by the public road, unless he wished; but if you were grown up or in haste you chose the upper path; if you were a child with time to spare, and if you liked the friendly little people of woodland and stream-bank, you always took the other way.

Just where the lower path began to make up its mind to cross the brook, there appeared one summer, when Dan and Effie were nine years old, an unfamiliar low-growing plant, with a glorious crown of blue flowers. No one knew its name, and no one but Dan seemed to care whether it had a name or not. Dan cared. Dan always wanted to know more and more about all the things that lived in his neighboring wonderland of woods and field and brave waters running along between.

Effie, too, liked the trees and flowers and wild creatures; but Effie at that time had begun to think too much about Effie. You know what I am saying: she was growing vain and selfish. Although it is difficult to speak of it, and, until you know the story, still more difficult to believe it, Effie had become jealous of the little blue flower!

The first cause of her jealousy was this: Dan loved everything that was blue. Bluebirds, the afternoon skies, the reflecting stream, Dan thought the prettiest sights in the world.

When Dan first saw Effie, she was standing in a huge bed of bachelor buttons, staring at him from within her big blue sunbonnet.

"You look like little Princess Flower-Eyes, Effie," Dan had said.

"Who is Princess Flower-Eyes?" asked Effie.

"Why, don't you know? Princess Flower-Eyes was the child of the

THE FLOWER THAT FORGOT

summer clouds. She wore blue and silver, and her eyes were like pools of sapphire," said Dan.

Effie looked mystified, as she admitted, "I don't even know what *pools of sapphire* are."

"That means blue — beautiful blue," explained Dan. "I am going to be an artist some day, Effie, and then I will paint you a picture, and you shall see."

Effie had never before had a child playmate, and so it made her very happy. So when Dan went down on his knees one day, beside the newly-discovered flower, and told it that it was the most wonderful blue thing he had ever seen, Effie quite new to her and which

Whereupon she did will always be ashamed. done, but she kept through the autumn as it had come spring-flower showed signs of the summer for Dan, bud as it appeared. Two again to put forth buds, but



began to have a queer feeling she did not understand. something of which she It was not immediately thinking about it all and winter. As soon time again and the getting ready to glorify Effie nipped off every or three times, it tried Effie destroyed them all.

Dan was watching patiently for the blossoms to come. All winter he, too, had been thinking. He had been mixing colors, in an effort to find out how to imitate the wonderful blueness of the little flower, the like of which he had never seen elsewhere; and he had been eagerly awaiting the coming of spring and summer, in order that he might study its hue and form; and perhaps begin, without waiting to grow up, to try to reproduce what only his eyes saw and his heart felt, when he had seen the blue flower for the first time.

The voice of Effie's conscience was not mute, but as the days passed and she saw how sad Dan was becoming, it was more and more impossible for her to tell him what she had done. She was doubly troubled, because Dan never again said to her that her eyes looked like blue blossoms, in spite of the fact that she had removed the cause of her jealousy.

One day, as the children were returning from school, Dan said to Effie, "Perhaps the blue flower forgot to make buds this year. It is so dark there where it stands that maybe it doesn't know that it is almost summer."

"Do flowers ever forget?" asked Effie, with burning cheeks.

"I don't know," replied Dan, "but it's so strange. It looks so strong and well, and yet not one bud has come out. Oh, if I could just see that

RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

blue once more! It seems to me that I just can't wait until another summer."

Effie did not speak.

"And no one knows its name," added Dan, mournfully.

"Maybe we can find out the name. Maybe it tells in the big garden book. I will ask Father to look tonight," Effie promised, excitedly. It seemed to her then that she would give worlds to undo the wrong she had done.

But no — it did not 'tell' in the big garden book.

School closed, and after a while Dan began to take the upper path because he was almost always in a hurry and the lower path was no longer altogether attractive to him, because his disappointment about the little blue flower was keener than anyone but an artist could understand.

Then Effie found herself often alone, suffering a real pain every time she passed the bend where the little flower should have been blooming. One day she sat down there, to think. She said to herself that Dan was a dear good boy. She could see, at last, that what he had said to her about Princess Flower-Eyes had not been so much for the sake of pleasing her, as it had been the natural expression of Dan's artistic nature; and she began to see how 'little' she had been to prevent the flower's blooming, in order that she might win Dan's praises for herself. Tears stood in her eyes, but she dashed them quickly away, because as she looked down she saw that the little plant at her feet had put out a fresh bud!

A fresh bud! Dan should have his wish fulfilled, after all! He should see that heavenly blueness before the summer passed!

Effie examined the plant carefully. She wondered if it were in a perfectly suitable place. Did it get sunlight enough? Was there moisture at the roots? Wasn't the soil too hard?

Every day, as soon as she was up, Effie ran down to see how the bud was developing, to sprinkle a few drops of water on the plant, and to loosen the earth about it. On the fifth morning blue began to show at the tip of the new bud, and then, as fast as she could go, Effie ran up to Big Farm.

"Come out, Dan," she called. "I've a great surprise for you!"

"All right, in just a minute," answered Dan, cheerily; Effie could see that he was surprised at her changed manner.

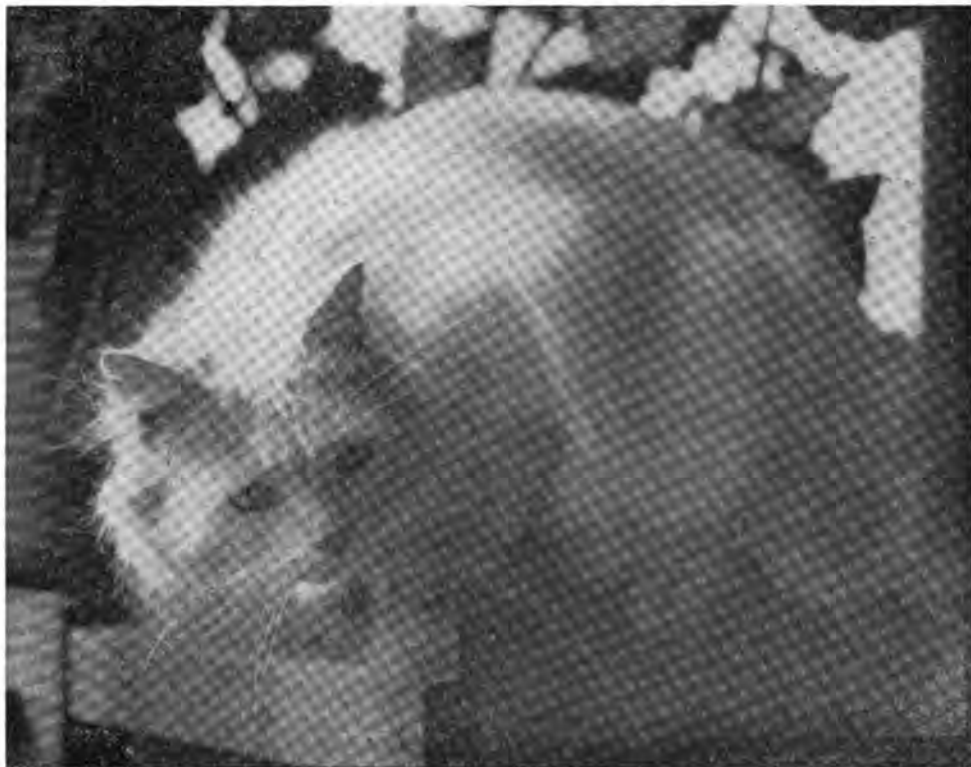
They walked silently along the lower path, but when they came to the bend and Dan knelt down beside the little blue flower, Effie could no longer keep back her tears.

"Well, it didn't forget, after all," said Dan, laughing.

"No, Dan, I was the one who forgot," said Effie, running off to Small Farm, to hide her embarrassment from her playmate.

THE CHILD AND HER PUSSY

And then it was Dan's turn to forget. He forgot everything else in the world, but that he had found again the wonderful blue he had been dreaming about. Then the little flower began to forget something, also; the little flower forgot that it was blooming out of season, and went on furnishing the young artist with flower models all through the summer and early autumn, up to the very beginning of the frosts — something that has never happened since. GWENDOLYN BRAE



THE CHILD AND HER PUSSY

BY E. TAYLOR

I LIKE little pussy, her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her, she'll do me no harm;
So I'll not pull her tail, nor drive her away,
But pussy and I very gently will play:
She shall sit by my side, and I'll give her some food;
And she'll love me, because I am gentle and good.
I'll pat little pussy, and then she will purr,
And thus show her thanks for my kindness to her.



A STORY OF LONG AGO



T was night. The little Prince, born when Hesper, the evening star, shone bright over the flaming ocean, slept, guarded from every harm by faithful watchers. The firelight shone on hangings of silk and velvet, and gold and gems reflected the leaping flames.

Slowly the embers faded and sleep closed the eyes of all the watchers in that royal chamber, except one old, old servant, the nurse, trusted above all others by the king. When only she remained a wakeful witness, a radiant form stepped into view, and another and another, till seven wise Spirits stood grouped around the cradle, to confer their gifts on the king's sleeping child.

The first Spirit breathed love of right into his soul; the second, daunt-

A STORY OF LONG AGO

less courage to uphold the truth; the third, the power to act; and the others, the gifts of music, poetry, and art. But the seventh, the Spirit of Light, holding the pretty babe against her heart, said: "My gift is Wisdom. When this royal soul has sought and found its secret source, he may take possession of the others, for then only will he be able to use them."

Morning dawned. The Spirits had departed, but the old nurse resolved to train the Prince in such wise and careful ways that he would have the power to find the Light Spirit's priceless gift.

So through all the golden years of childhood, the Prince was taught by precept and example all things befitting his high estate. None but the old nurse, however, knew what latent power was waiting to be aroused in the heart of her young charge. She watched and waited, striving to awaken in the Prince the desire for the gifts conferred upon him — grieving when she failed, but ever trusting, and holding fast to the pledge she had imposed upon herself.

So, at last, as was the custom of that land, the Prince was sent into the world to prove his worth and his right to his father's dominions.

He had many adventures and successes, and some failures, till at length he began to long for something better than he had ever done before. So, when his own efforts had awakened the flame of aspiration in his breast, the seventh Spirit appeared to him and said: "My son, deep in the iron rocks of yonder mountain cave lies embedded a stone of radiant light, the stone of Wisdom. If you are to be the Prince you really are, seek it out; neither fail nor falter on your quest, though every evil spirit of earth bar your way."

She vanished, and all eager for the task the Prince set forth upon the quest.

Fierce enemies assailed him. Weary and disheartened, he was about to turn aside, but the thought of his mother revived his fading courage. He toiled on, subduing his foes, and with bleeding hands penetrating deeper and deeper into the pitiless rocks, till — O joy of joys! — a flashing light shone before him. But before he could touch what he thought to be a glowing stone, he perceived the light to radiate from his own heart — he was its center and its life.

All nature lay like an open book before him; — neither earth nor air held any secrets from his gaze, and the hearts of men were like poems easy to read. The inmost recesses of his soul seemed to stir and throb, and then he found that the gifts of the other Spirits were a very part of himself. He had found in himself the power to use them, and he returned to his father's house, to rule wisely over the land entrusted to him to protect and defend.

K. H.

LOST — THREE LITTLE ROBINS

O H, where is the boy, dressed in jacket of gray,
Who climbed up a tree in the orchard today,
And carried my three little birdies away?

They hardly were dressed,
When he took from the nest
My three little robins, and left me bereft.

O wrens! have you seen, in your travels today,
A very small boy, dressed in jacket of gray,
Who carried my three little robins away?

He had light-colored hair,
And his feet were both bare.
Ah me! he was cruel and mean, I declare.

O butterfly! stop just one moment, I pray:
Have you seen a boy dressed in jacket of gray,
Who carried my three little birdies away?

He had pretty blue eyes,
And was small of his size.
Ah! he must be wicked, but not very wise.

O bees! with your bags of sweet nectarine, stay;
Have you seen a boy dressed in jacket of gray,
And carrying three little birdies away?
Did he go through the town,
Or go sneaking aroun'
Through the hedges and byways, with head hanging down?

O boy with blue eyes, dressed in jacket of gray!
If you will bring back my three robins today,
With sweetest of music the gift I'll repay.

I'll sing all day long
My merriest song,
And I will forgive you this terrible wrong.

Bobolinks! did you see my birdies and me —
How happy we were on the old apple-tree?
Until I was robbed of my young, as you see?

Oh, how can I sing,
Unless he will bring
My three robins back, to sleep under my wing?

— Selected from *Songs for Our Darlings*.



IN HIAWATHA'S COUNTRY



ALMOST everyone has heard of Minnehaha Falls and is familiar with Longfellow's poem *The Song of Hiawatha*, which tells of the Indians and their favorite camping ground in this beautiful locality where the falls are.

But little has been said of Minnehaha Creek that feeds the falls and that winds its way through woods and meadows for several miles above, from where it receives the overflow from Lake Minnetonka (meaning 'Big Water'). Along its banks grow the wild flowers, such as marshmarigolds, showy orchids, wild roses, blue flag lilies and yellow and pink moccasin flowers.

Much of the shores of the creek is in as wild a state as when the Indians roamed at will along its course, fishing and hunting. The Indians lived in their wigwams, and the squaws made baskets with their papooses strapped to a board near by; while other children played about, picking flowers, looking into birds' nests to see if they contained tiny eggs or young birds, or perhaps watching the turtles on a dead log in the water or the boys making bows and arrows.

There are many birds and wild fowl, such as the plover, loon, wild goose, blue heron and grouse, besides the blue bird, scarlet tanager, flicker, robin, red-winged blackbird, blue jay and song sparrow and others.

The Redman made his own canoe of the birch bark, and I expect that is where the white man got his model for the ones now in use.

Here the Indians lived for many years. There were many tribes of them, but they were not all friendly to each other, so the little boys were brought up to be warriors to fight against the hostile tribes.

RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

The friendly tribes pledged their faith in a peace pipe. This pipe was made of red pipe-stone and the long reed from the margin of the creek made the pipe stem. A war council would be held; the calumet or peace-pipe would be passed round the circle and the pledge to live as brothers henceforth was sealed and each one went their way in silence.

In this land now called 'Minnesota,' it was not always spring-time. Winter brought snow and ice. The first snow made caps on all the rocks that were above the surface of the water, making the water quite black in contrast. Then it would grow colder, and glistening icicles would hang on the falls and the 'Laughing Water' would be silenced for a while.

Below the falls the creek goes on its way to the Mississippi River, through a beautiful valley with wooded bluffs on either side and ferns and flowers along the paths on the banks in summer; while all is mantled in white snow during the winter.

LUELLA

THE BROWNIES' GARDEN



VERY day as we are going down to the garden, I have a thought that if I break a twig off a shrub or tree, that it injures it just the same as if a person were hurt. I also have a thought that if I do my work willingly and well it makes me feel happy as well as the plants.

We have just been setting out young plants, and are looking forward to happy little faces that will make other people happy.

Under the shade of some *grevillea* trees we have our pansies. There must be over nine hundred. Before long we will be able to make little bunches of them for the prisoners in the County Jail.

Our violets are just beginning to show their purple flowers. Last year we got big bunches of violets to give to our great helper, Madame Tingley, and we hope to have the same success this year.

We have been waiting anxiously for rain to make our roses grow, but in the meantime we have to water the roses ourselves.

On a bright summer morning we all wish every one would come and see our garden. All the flowers are covered with dew, for you must know that the fairies water the flowers in the night.

In the evening if you should see our garden you would notice the flowers drooping a little; this is because they are getting ready for their night's rest. Now and then you hear a bird in the cypresses, and looking sharp you see a mocking-bird singing for all he is worth.

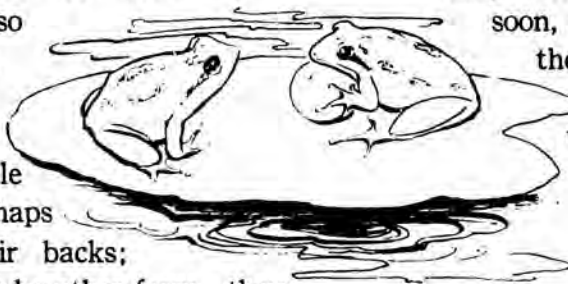
Many visitors who come to Lomaland marvel at the beauty of our garden, because the plants are so well cared for. RAFAEL S; age 12½ years.

HOME-SICK FROGS

the can-yon on the oth-er side of the house where they might be just as hap-py and croak as much as they pleased and yet not dis-turb the neigh-bor-hood. So it was done. But on-ly half an hour passed be-fore the pond was a-gain in-ha-bit-ed by these two lit-tle live-ly croak-ing frogs.

Hard-ly be-liev-ing such ti-ny crea-tures, no big-ger than your thumb, could have hopped up the side of the can-yon and found their way home a-gain, they were car-ried far-ther down the can-yon, but with the same re-sult: they were back a-gain in-side of an hour!

Puz-zled as to how they real-ly man-aged to get back so soon, and al-most be-liev-ing that these two must have made friends with the field-mice who, tak-ing pi-ty on the lit-tle wan-der-ing frog-gies, per-haps car-ried them home on their backs; or thinking that they must be other frogs, they were car-ried



still far-ther the next night to a pond in the wild-flow-er gar-den, fully three blocks away, where every li-ly-pad was owned by a frog and the wa-ter swim-ming with tad-poles. Now it seemed that they were con-ten-ted and did not wish to re-turn. For three nights there was peace and qui-et in the neigh-bor-hood of the 'lit-tle pond.

Late in the eve-ning of the fourth day, how-ev-er, what do you think was seen hop-ping a-long the path which led to the lit-tle pond? It was one of the lit-tle frogs, go-ing home just as fast as he could hop! And not long af-ter there a-rose from the pond two fa-mi-li-ar croaks. I feel sure if we could have un-der-stood those croaks, we would have found that they meant just the same in frog lan-guage as it does in our lan-guage when we sing, "Be it ev-er so hum-bles there is no place like home."

They did-n't come home on the back of field-mice ei-ther. They knew their way, and just hopped, hopped, hopped all the way. E.

THIS IS AL-FRED AND AL-ECK



AM Al-fred, and Al-eck is the sleep-y lit-tle bur-ro. He is not real-ly sleep-y. He is just wonder-ing where we are go-ing now. We have been out in the park, a-round the lit-tle lake, and we are now on our way home.

As soon as he stops with-step far-ther. his eyes and next or-der.

are both five am on-ly a lit-that is quite bur-ro.

get home it for Al-eck's take off his bri-and give him a

I shall give wa-ter in his new red pail. His man-ger will be filled with hay and he can take plen-ty of time for munch-ing. He will not be so sleep-y then!

This af-ter-noon Al-eck is go-ing to spend in a pas-ture.

Won't he be hap-py out on the soft green grass with no-thing to do but run and eat and sing?

Sing? Of course he can sing! Have you nev-er heard a mu-sic-al bur-ro prac-tis-ing? It it is not a ver-y beau-ti-ful song but if he does his best, who can find fault? Z.



I say "Whoa," out tak-ing a Then he shuts waits for the

Al-eck and I years old. I tle boy, but ag-éd for a

When we will be time dinner. I shall dle and sad-dle nice rub.

him a drink of

Râja-Yoga Messenger

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HEROES

THE heroes are not all six feet tall,
Large souls may dwell in bodies small,
The heart that will melt with sympathy
For the poor and weak, who'er it be,
Is a thing of beauty, whether it dwell
In a man of forty, or a lad of nine.— *Selected*

HUMANITY'S IDEALS



IN thinking over the subject of Humanity's Ideals, the question naturally arises in our minds: What are the Ideals of Humanity and how are they to be attained?

Before answering this question, let us consider the meaning of this term 'ideal.'

An ideal is a mental conception of our highest aspirations of a pure state of existence; but it is also used in other ways. The business man, whose only object in life is to make a fortune, calls the object of his struggles *his* 'ideal.' There are many other classes of ideals, but they usually have the common incentive of power and love of fame. We will not deal with any such conceptions of our subject, but for a moment take a glimpse of the calling and true object of man's life.

Every man has, oftentimes unknown to himself, a guide — call it 'the Law' or Deity, if you will. It is a hand, as it were, on our shoulder pointing out and guiding our steps to the ideal of human perfection. It is our only protection, and just so long as we cherish its promptings do we live rightly.

But we are only too apt to become careless and unconscious of its presence, and in a great many cases cease to regard its promptings. What is the result? Imagine, if you can, man entirely destitute of this guiding hand. He has no object in life, and his end is a total break-down, physical, mental and spiritual. Such examples are only too prevalent.

RĀJA-YOGA MESSENGER

Why man should sink to such a state of degradation is hard to understand. Not content with pointing out to us the true object of life and guiding us along the path of duty, the Law here and there strews landmarks along our path which we have come to call the 'Opportunities of life.' But here again, many have become so blind that they pass them by unheeded, allowing the golden moments to pass.

The Law is just, and always satisfies the hunger of the heart. The question often arises: How does man get along in the world, ignoring the higher voices of life? As the world goes today, with all its unrest and ignorance, it is becoming more and more difficult to understand the promptings of the Law. Hence the need for some one of great soul, who is in touch with the Law and the real meaning of life, to point out to man his possibilities, and the way to realize his ideals.

The failures in life are due in most cases to the kind of seed that is sown in early life, and in others to lack of knowledge as to the true meaning of life.

* * * *

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society is an organization whose object it is to point out to man his possibilities and give him an ideal. It had a founder whose ideas in establishing such a movement were entirely for the benefit of humanity. Such a leader was H. P. Blavatsky. The second Leader, William Q. Judge, stood alone, as Madame Blavatsky had done, amid innumerable hardships, and when he left us he had made it possible for our present Leader, Katherine Tingley, to establish the Society on a firm foundation and to spread the work to other quarters of the globe with an unparelled success.

Why has the work of these three Leaders been attended with such marked success? It all lies in the nobility of their ideals. They knew that the only hope for humanity was to train up children to a real understanding of life. And so Katherine Tingley established Rāja-Yoga Schools in which after a few months of training the children are very remarkably improved. What is the cause of this change? Rāja-Yoga points out to them the true ideals in life, and brings out of each child the higher qualities of the heart, such as will, honor, unselfishness, truthfulness and self-control, which in this education become absolutely necessary for purposes of self-discipline.

But you may ask: Is it ever possible to attain to one's ideals? We may truly answer "Yes" and "No," for this reason: Rāja-Yoga teaches us that as soon as we reach our ideal there is always another ideal ahead of that.

What are we to do then to fit ourselves to help Humanity? We answer: *Obtain a Rāja-Yoga training.*

HUBERT DUNN

FOR THE SAKE OF THE INNOCENT ANIMALS



URING his march to conquer the world, Alexander, the Macedonian, came to a people in Africa, who dwelt in a remote and secluded corner, in peaceful huts, and knew neither war nor conqueror. They led him to the hut of their chief, and placed before him golden dates, golden figs, and bread of gold.

"Do you eat gold in this country?" said Alexander.

"I take it for granted," replied the chief, "that thou wert able to find eatables in thine own country. For what reason, then, art thou come among us?"

"Your gold has not tempted me hither," said Alexander; "but I would become acquainted with your manner and customs."

"So be it," rejoined the other; "sojourn among us as long as it pleaseth thee."

At the close of this conversation two citizens entered, as into their court of justice.

The plaintiff said: "I bought of this man a piece of land, and as I was making a deep drain through it, I found a treasure. This is not mine, for I only bargained for the land, and not for any treasure that might be concealed beneath it; and yet the former owner of the land will not receive it."

The defendant answered: "I hope I have a conscience as well as my fellow-citizen. I sold him the land with all its contingent, as well as existing advantages, and consequently the treasure inclusively."

The chief, who was also their supreme judge, recapitulated their words, in order that the parties might see whether or not he understood them aright. Then, after some reflexion, he said, "Thou hast a son, friend, I believe?"

"Yes."

"And thou (addressing the other) a daughter?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, let thy son marry thy daughter, and bestow the treasure on the young couple for a marriage portion."

Alexander seemed surprised and perplexed.

"Think you my sentence unjust?" the chief asked him.

"Oh no!" replied Alexander; "but it astonishes me."

"And how, then," rejoined the chief, "would the case have been decided in your country?"

"To confess the truth," said Alexander, "we should have taken both into custody, and have seized the treasure for the king's use."

MORAL TRAINING

"For the king's use!" exclaimed the chief. "Does the sun shine on that country?"

"Oh, yes."

"Does it rain there?"

"Assuredly."

"Wonderful! But are there tame animals in the country that live on the grass and green herbs?"

"Very many, and of many kinds."

"Ay, that must then be the cause," said the chief; "for the sake of those innocent animals the all-gracious Being continues to let the sun shine and the rain drop down on your own country, since its inhabitants are unworthy of such blessings." — *Selected*

MORAL TRAINING



INSTRUCTION in morals is offered in all good schools. Imagine it's not being offered! When you are looking for a proper school for your boy you study carefully the moral tone of the places advertised. The thought that underlies all others while you are making plans for him, packing his trunk, bidding him good-bye, is: May he come back uncontaminated! May his sense of honor, his inherited uprightness, carry him through temptations while he is away from home. You give him once more the old true precepts of life and then you let him go; and he being gone, you fervently pray that your efforts at the moral instruction of that boy may be repeated and supplemented by all the older folk who surround him, wherever he may be.

Mothers who have their children in the Râja-Yoga School at Point Loma have not these fears, for they have seen the actual carrying out into daily life of the highest standards of morality. They have seen children trained, and well trained; built up, strengthened and set firmly and self-reliantly upon their own feet. In this school there is daily exemplification of high ideals attained. Here moral instruction and moral training are twin blossoms of the ideal educational system.

Unfortunately, however, moral instruction is not always the twin blossom to moral training. It can become a cankered and diseased encloser of unbrotherliness that hates all that is good. Dickens and Thackeray have left many portraits of those who preached, in schools and elsewhere, of all that was good under the cover of a cloak that concealed much that was cruelly bad. The world will never forget old Squeers and his teaching.

You know, yourself, if you start off with a class in an endeavor to

RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

teach all you know about righteousness, and open good books for them and talk to them of morality, unless you stand there the master of yourself, one who can SHOW THEM how they may come as far at least as you have gone in an honest effort at strictly right living, your moral instruction will be only a very small part of all those similar efforts — good only a little way through. Like fruit rotten at the core, it may be pretty to look at; but it will not travel far.

How many boys come home from college stronger morally than when they kissed their mothers good-bye and rushed away?

Why should it be so wondrous a thing successfully to train a child rightly? You may train a creeping plant to climb a trellis; and you have simply to visit it now and again, tie here and snip there. You have not to set the vine the example of climbing. You can train your dog to carry a bone or jump a stick; but you have not to show him by anything but commands and signs how these tricks are to be executed. You can train your hair to curl and your voice to sing. By practice and perseverance does such training proceed towards perfection. But how about the moral training of a child? Can not that be undertaken with as fair a degree of hope of success as you began with these others: the vine and the rest?

A child is no vine to be set before a trellis and told to climb up, and be left alone. He is not like a puppy that may be coaxed into the performance of angelic little tricks. When you train a child, you — you yourself — do the climbing first, showing the little feet just where to step, the little hands just where to cling. You cannot excuse yourself every once in a while, telling him to go on advancing and clinging, while you relapse to your former low level of creeping on the ground. If you go down, down slips the little climber; and it will be hard to get him to fancy the idea of the trellis, when you begin again to admonish him. He will not have much faith in your method. How can he? You cannot set him right by words: his soul is not concerned much with words. If you are a teacher who knows the truth and seeks to live it, he feels who you are and follows; he hears your call even when your voice is hushed, and answers with a rush of sweet eagerness to reach the place where you stand. You are then a trainer in morals, but verbal moral instruction is an unnecessary tedium for you both.

Paraphrasing one of the telling points in 'The Little Philosophers,' teacher and parents might sum up the whole question in these words:

"How then shall we teach our children to be good?"

"Why, by being good!"

And therein is the success of Râja-Yoga and the secret of moral training.

THE CRUST OF BREAD

I MUST not throw upon the floor
The crust I cannot eat;
For many little hungry ones
Would think it quite a treat.

My parents labor very hard
To get me wholesome food;
Then I must never waste a bit
That would do others good.

For wilful waste makes woeful want,
And I may live to say,
Oh! how I wish I had the bread
That once I threw away! — *Selected*

THE STAFF OF LIFE



READ has been used by man from time immemorial. Baking was highly developed in ancient Egypt, and many references to this fact are found in the old inscriptions. Recently a loaf of bread 4,400 years old was found. It was three-cornered, and bears some resemblance to a modern oatmeal cake. After all these centuries, it still looks good enough to eat and even smells like bread.

The ancient Greeks learned the art of breadmaking from the Egyptians, and they had at least sixty-two varieties of bread. They used nearly all the grains, one of these being *orindion*, an Egyptian grain. They often added other substances such as dried lotus roots, either for flavoring or for purposes of economy.

Demeter, the goddess of vegetation and the harvest, was associated in the minds of the ancient Greeks with the homely art of breadmaking, as the following would indicate:

"Demeter visits the barns in autumn; takes part in the mowing and binding up the corn and is the goddess of the sheaves. She presides over all the pleasant, significant details of the farm, the threshing floor and the full granary, and stands beside the woman baking bread at the oven. They leave her a fragment of bread at the crosswalk to take on her journey."

Bread was very popular in ancient Rome, and in the time of Augustus there were about two hundred public bake-houses in the capital city. These were generally superintended by Greeks, who were renowned for their breadmaking.

In many countries, however, bread is not used; that is, the baked

THE YELLOW VIOLET

loaves so familiar to us; but there are various kinds of porridge used instead, which form the principal diet of the peasants. FLORA

THE YELLOW VIOLET

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

WHEN beechen buds begin to swell,
And woods the blue-birds' warble know,
The yellow violet's modest bell
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

Ere russet fields their green resume,
Sweet flower, I love, in forest bare,
To meet thee, when thy faint perfume
Alone is in the virgin air.

Of all her train, the hands of Spring
First plant thee in the watery mould,
And I have seen thee blossoming
Beside the snow-bank's edges cold.

Thy parent sun, who bade thee view
Pale skies, and chilling moisture sip,
Has bathed thee in his own bright hue,
And streaked with jet thy glowing lip.

Yet slight thy form, and low thy seat,
And earthward bent thy gentle eye,
Unapt the passing view to meet,
When loftier flowers are flaunting nigh.

Oft, in the sunless April day,
Thy early smile has stayed my walk,
But, 'midst the gorgeous blooms of May,
I passed thee on thy humble stalk.

So they, who climb to wealth, forget
The friends in darker fortunes tried,
I copied them — but I regret
That I should ape the ways of pride.

And when again the genial hour
Awakes the painted tribes of light,
I'll not o'erlook the modest flower
That made the woods of April bright.

VENETIAN BOATS

NLESS you have been in Venice and have sailed about in a gondola, you have no idea how delightful it is. The picture on this page was most probably taken because of the trees in it. There are few growing trees in this city of flowing streets, but one does not notice the lack of them because of the novelty of going about between the buildings of a city in a boat.

Venice is built on a group of one hundred and seventeen small islands, and around them wind something like one hundred and fifty canals. Some are much wider than the one in the picture and some smaller. Some are lined with handsome palaces carved and ornamented with white marble. Other with marble fronts, plaster, and all are Many have dull shutters or blinds to nearly all have the

The gondola is any other boat, be-open black boat point at either end. a man who stands a long slender oar the right side of the make it go straight never make out; but goes, or turns a cor-long the canals to just as if it were a-by the man at the



THE QUEEREST STREETS
IN THE WORLD

ting as one does in front of the gondolier (as the man who propells it is called), one does not see him and the boat appears to be going of itself. The oar moves so noiselessly through the water that all one hears is a gentle lap, lap, lapping of the water as it washes the sides of the boat. During the cold and rainy weather, one can have the shelter of a queer little hood-shaped affair which is put on over the middle seats and affords cover for four people quite comfortably. The front can be left open and there are little windows at the sides, and one can be as cosy as can be in it. The gondolas do not travel very rapidly, but they glide along quite fast enough for comfort, and so smooth and gentle is the motion that one never tires of it.

There was a time when gondolas were so ornamented and decorated

houses are of stone some of stone and yellow with age. green or brown the windows, and red tiled roofs.

quite different from ing a very slender which comes to a It is propelled by on the stern with in an oar-lock at boat. How he can ahead, I could straight ahead it ner and glides a-the right or left, live and not guided stern. Indeed, sit-

VENETIAN BOATS

at such an expense that it was necessary to regulate the style and cost of them by law. This is the reason that they are always uniformly painted black. The first year a new gondola is left unpainted so that one who wishes to purchase it can be sure it is made of well-seasoned wood and free from knots.

A gondolier becomes much attached to his boat. Strange as it may seem, all boats, like people, have their own peculiarities, and gondolas are especially sensitive in responding to the least motion of the single slender oar.

At certain seasons of the year the gondoliers have boat races. Therefore they are divided into two factions, the Nicoletti who wear the black sash and cap, and the Castelli who wear the red. The prizes are banners of certain colors. The first race is in May, and the prize is a banner of red and gold. In the second race held in August they sail pennons, one of white and gold. In the third race, in October, there is another race for a blue one.

The picture on this page is another craft frequently seen in the waters, in the Venetian lagoons about Venice, and in Italian lakes. These are fishing boats with their lateen sails, which, when sailing before the wind, are set in a peculiar way



VENETIAN FISHING BOAT

which reminds one of birds' wings. One striking feature about them is that they are usually bright colored, generally reds and yellows, sometimes in great patches of different colors. They are a beautiful sight on the blue waters and against the dark hills surrounding the lakes.

There is surely something about all boats which gives us such a friendly feeling towards them. Certainly they have been wonderful messengers, flying from country to country across the deep waters, all down the ages. They have made it possible for us to help and share with our brothers in other lands the good things of all lands, which we could not do without the interchange of commodities across the ocean. EUGENIA

“JUST as eating contrary to the inclination is injurious to the health, so study without desire spoils the memory, and it retains nothing that it takes in.”—*Leonardo da Vinci*



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

LEONARDO DA VINCI

From a drawing by himself, now in the
Royal Library, Turin

“IN YOUTH acquire that which may requite you for the deprivations of old age; and if you are mindful that old age has wisdom for its food, you will so exert yourself in youth, that your old age will not lack sustenance.”

—*Leonardo da Vinci*

SOME RÂJA-YOGA LESSONS FROM A LIFE

"Obstacles never bend me. . . . Every obstacle yields to effort. . . . He who fixes his course to a star, changes not." — *Leonardo da Vinci*



HENEVER Madame Tingley meets the young Râja-Yoga students at their studies or during the social hours which are so delightful in Lomaland, she is always urged to speak; and naturally, with the good of these boys and girls always at heart, she often speaks of the future and of the opportunities now before them to gain that versatility and rounded education which alone can bring one to victory through the hard, rough places of the world. (*Victory* to 'Râja-Yogas' means duty and service, purity and love, high and generous purposes, and happiness brought to others.)

At a recent gathering she spoke of the Râja-Yoga principle of thoroughness, the magic of careful attention to details, and also of the possibilities of the Soul, which is never satisfied with doing one thing only, but seeks expression in all. She dwelt on the mistaken idea that painting, sculpture, architecture, poetry, music, and so on, are arts quite separate from each other. "They are not separate," she said, "but are aspects — children, one might say — of ART itself. No one of them will ever give up its richness to a student who has no thought nor knowledge of any other."

To young folk educated under the Râja-Yoga system, with their fresh, unspoiled views of life, all this seems very natural, for Madame Tingley, who is the Foundress-President of their Academy and College, has gone for her great principles of education to the Ancients. And the Ancients knew and lived these great and beautiful truths, as the art and architecture and the immortal writings they have left us tell us constantly and in many ways. Moreover, they seem always to be reaching out a helping hand to us, these Ancients, and in order that the old truths may not be wholly forgotten, they send into the world once in a while (or surely it seems so) great workers for better things, who have the true Spirit of Ancientry in their hearts. Sometimes these are philosophers, sometimes artists, again musicians, poets, scientists, or great discoverers, but always they are Teachers. We think that Leonardo da Vinci was one of these.

In a large historical work, written by Dr. Sirén, who is Professor of the History of Art in the University of Stockholm, Sweden (as all 'Râja-Yogas' know, by the way, Dr. Sirén has been a devoted student under Madame Tingley for many years, and his little son and daughter are now in the Râja-Yoga School in Lomaland) many things are told about Leonardo that we cannot find in other books, and much that would be helpful to the boys and girls in their home and school life.

RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

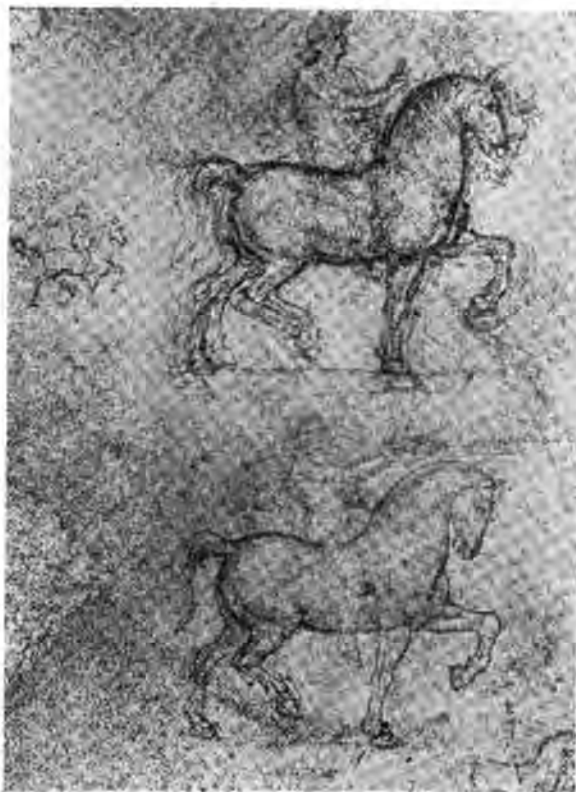
In the first place, the boy Leonardo was loyal to his teacher, and instead of flitting about from studio to studio, as is the fashion today, he remained with Verrocchio (the sculptor of that wonderful bronze horse at Venice) until all the lessons that the master had for him were learned, and learned well. Then, too, he never had the silly idea that to master one art, you must leave the other arts alone. He studied drawing and painting and became noted for his knowledge of anatomy; he learned perspective; he learned to model in clay and cast in bronze; he learned the great principles of architecture; he became during these years well versed in music, and his wonderful scientific gifts must have been well cared for also, to blossom as they did in later years. Yet he never let his natural versatility tempt him away from this path of loyalty to his teacher, and to the most careful, painstaking attention to the *details* of whatever branch of art he was learning at the time. The result was that he gained so thorough a knowledge of the grammar and rhetoric of art that later, when great ideas came to him, he was equipped to carry them out. You cannot write great books, you know, if you neglect your grammar during school days and will not learn to spell! And in art it is just the same, although of course some do bring, as did the boy Leonardo, great natural gifts into this life with them from some former life. But these alone are not enough, for the *brain* is not brought over: that is new, of course, and so must have its study-time and training or, like an unformed neglected tool, it can never do good work.

Leonardo never finished studying either, his whole life long. He was always studying — new facts or new problems in science, in military engineering, in hydraulics, in mechanics; now it was the best way to plan a city or construct a lofty dome; again it was some new principle in anatomy or perspective or composition, or in the fleeting secrets of light and shade (*chiaroscuro* he called this, and we have taken the word for our own). At other times he was deep in the mysteries of color or the magic power hidden in the simple line.

At one time, Dr. Sirén tells us, while making designs for a noble equestrian statue that was to honor the house of Sforza in Milan, Leonardo went to Pavia to see there a wonderful ancient statue known as *Il Regisole*, now no longer existing. With this we give a photographic reproduction of some drawings he made from this statue. Look at them carefully and note the evidences of close and loving study, of minute attention to details; note the little tender trials of line after line in search of just the right contour — almost like little threads of light flashing and playing around the whole, aren't they? Note the solidity, the firmness of the poise, the excellent construction, the spirit of intelligence in the handsome head of the lower horse, and the splendid balance throughout.

RÂJA-YOGA LESSONS FROM A LIFE

Note, too, how skilfully the man's figure is suggested in the two sketches — a shadowy, indistinct expression, and yet just as alive as the horse. The lower figure, especially, is wonderful in its poetic thoughtfulness.



LEONARDO DA VINCI'S STUDY OF THE
STATUE, *IL REGIOLE*, AT PAVIA

Many would pass this by as only a smudged and injured sheet; but great artists will tell you that they could hang this on their studio walls and find in it something to study and learn from, and live up to, for years and years to come. It is indeed an ideal example of what a real 'study' ought to be. And is it not wonderful what a bit of paper and a tiny, black point can do? Why, the only word that fits it at all is — MAGIC!

No artist of his day depicted the horse with such complete mastery as did Leonardo. Many think that this was because he made such a close study of the anatomy of the horse — as indeed he did. But we think there is another

reason and it is a better one: he *loved* horses. Vasari, the great art-historian of that day, says that in horses

"Leonardo took much delight, and treated them, as he did all animals, with the greatest love and patience. This he often showed, when he passed places in which captive birds were offered for sale; he took them with his own hand out of their cages, having paid the price the seller demanded, and restored to them the liberty they had lost. For which reason he was abundantly favored by Nature; on whatever matter he bent his thoughts, mind and soul, he displayed in the execution thereof such divine power that no one ever equaled him in swiftness, dash, excellency, beauty and grace. . . ."

Now, before we resign this little chance to dwell on the Râja-Yoga virtues of thoroughness, industry and attention to detail, we will call attention to the second illustration, reproduced from a tentative design which Leonardo made for a large painting to be called 'The Adoration of the Magi,' a painting which, although never finished, yet forms, says Dr. Sirén, "a landmark in the world's art." It is a carefully drawn

RÂJA-YOGA LESSONS FROM A LIFE

perspective, as you see, with two arches at right angles to each other, two staircases, and low steps leading into the picture across the front. Any student of art who has done his duty by the 'perspective-course' in school knows that while the problems here are not difficult, yet painstaking care is required.

See with what thoroughness and attention to detail Leonardo has worked this out. The method may seem mechanical; the result may not satisfy us wholly. But no matter whether Leonardo had the ultimate secret of perspective or not; no matter about differing theories held by other artists who were, for their own time, perhaps as great; these things are all beside the mark. The point to be made here is that Leonardo da Vinci had a theory, and in working it out *he was willing to take pains*. Laziness had no place in his make-up, for when the hand was idle the busy brain was ever at work. Nor had pretense any place. What he knew, he knew, and no man better; what he didn't know, he was willing to study and learn. We feel in everything that he did a quality of thoroughness that is sublime. It is the cheap imitator who would have people think that his productions are wafted off the end of brush or pen airily and without effort, and that 'inspiration' has no need of acquaintance with good hard work. Nonsense! The final thing may come quickly, easily, it is true; just as a blossom opens quickly and easily when everything is ready and the time is ripe. But behind each lovely bloom isn't there always the plant or tree, and behind that still the soil? In these studies of Leonardo we are looking at some of the leaf-buds of that tree, while the soil in which it grew so sturdily was that long youth-period of study.

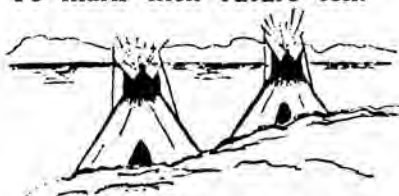
A hard and loveless childhood was Leonardo's, and his whole life was saddened — though never embittered — by the jealousy and rancor of inferior men. His most cherished designs were never carried out, owing to the vicissitudes of politics and of war. Yet he never lost his balance, never his strong tender patience, never his love for his fellow-men. He had the antique point of view, the real spirit of the cultured past.

A glance at such a life as this helps one to see Madame Tingley's wisdom in going back to the Ancients for the principles upon which to build an ideal system of education. We can better understand her willingness to be persecuted, her willingness to be misunderstood. For she is building THE LIFE. She is forging a path, not only for little children but for all who are students at heart, to better ways of doing, better ways of thinking, and a nobler understanding of the supreme ONE ART from which all our separate arts spring—the ART OF LIVING. G. K.

**STANZAS FROM
'THE INDIANS' WELCOME TO THE
PILGRIM FATHERS'**

BY LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY

ABOVE them spread a stranger sky;
Around, the sterile plain;
The rock-bound coast rose frowning nigh;
Beyond,— the wrathful main:
Chill remnants of the wintry snow
Still choked the encumbered soil,
Yet forth these Pilgrim Fathers go
To mark their future toil.



When sudden from the forest wide
A red-brown chieftain came,
With towering form, and haughty stride,
And eye like kindling flame;
No wrath he breathed, no conflict sought,
To no dark ambush drew,
But simply to the Old World brought
The welcome of the New.— *Selected*

AN INDIAN NEVER FORGETS A KINDNESS



It is not so often these days that one comes in contact with those who can remember the Indians of our eastern states, and who can tell stories about them that really happened in their own family in their childhood, but here is a true one, and I am going to tell it to you just as my friend told it to me not so very long ago.

"Among the memories of my childhood is that of the Indians who frequently came from an Indian Reservation in an adjoining county to the village where I lived, to sell the willow baskets, bags and pin-cushions or bead-work that they had made.

"It was their custom to drive to the villages near by, bringing blankets, food and cooking utensils, and, camping in the woods on the outskirts of

AN INDIAN NEVER FORGETS

the village, to go about offering for sale the articles they had made.

"One beautiful morning in November a family of six—father, mother, a little papoose, a and a young man and — started very early lage in which I lived. prospect of the con- weather, so they in- night. Shortly after



darkened and clouds gathered that betokened snow. Soon the snow began to fall, and by dusk the ground was covered and all the bushes and trees were appareled in their white garments.

"To the inmates of the homes where warm fires were burning, it was a beautiful sight to see the snow-white covering enveloping the earth, but to the Indian family it assumed a more serious aspect, as the proceeds of their sales for the day were not sufficient to secure shelter in one of the inns of the village, and to camp in the open with the baby and child was too great a risk. So they decided to ask one of the villagers for shelter. Fortune directed them to our home.

"The day's work was done and the family had come together for the evening, when there came a loud knock at the door. My father answered the rap, and as he opened the door an Indian accosted him with an appeal for shelter for his family for the night. After consultation with my mother, their request to spread their blankets by our kitchen fire and cook their food upon the stove was granted. Their horse was also provided with shelter in the barn.

In the morning they were gone before any of the family, except my father, had risen. We found some pretty work-baskets and bead pin-cushions, which they had left to requite us for our hospitality. An interesting sequel to this incident followed several years after.

"My father's health became impaired, and he was advised by his physician to seek employment that would bring him into the open air. A kind friend offered to equip him as an agent, to take orders for agricultural implements from the Dutch farmers in a neighboring state. The offer was gladly accepted, as the carriage drive from farm to farm would be very beneficial to my father's health, and his familiarity with the Dutch language made his services valuable to his friend.

"One day about dusk, he found the road he was traveling led through a stretch of forest. A drive of several hours was before him ere he should reach his destination for the night.

"Wearied with his journey, and looking forward with eager anticipation to the rest awaiting him, his attention was attracted by a light

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glimmering in the forest. Believing it must be from a human habitation where accommodations for the night might be secured, he turned in that direction. As he came nearer, a house and other buildings, in a clearing in the forest, gave unmistakable proof that here was a home.

"He alighted, fastened his horse, and rapped upon the door. An Indian woman opened the door and asked him to enter. When he came into the light where she could see his face, a light beamed from her eyes and she seemed overjoyed to see him, extending her hand. She soon made known to my father that she was the Indian woman who, with her husband and family, had been sheltered in our home one night. Her husband's greeting when he came in was as warm as the wife's. They did all they could for my father's comfort, proving how true it is that 'An Indian never forgets a kindness.' "

EDYTHA

KEEP TRYING

IF boys should get discouraged,
At lessons or at work,
And say, "There's no use trying,"
And all hard tasks should shirk,
And keep on shirking, shirking,
Till the boy became a man,
I wonder what the world would do
To carry out its plan?

The coward in the conflict
Gives up at first defeat;
If once repulsed, his courage
Lies shattered at his feet.
The brave heart wins the battle,
Because through thick and thin,
He'll not give up as conquered —
He fights, and fights to win.

So, boys, don't get disheartened
Because at first you fail;
If you but keep on trying,
At last you will prevail;
Be stubborn against failure,
Try, try, and try again;
The boys who keep on trying
Have made the world's best men.— *Selected*

THE QUEST



IN the slums of a large city there lived a doctor, who worked among the poor, the wretched, and the sick. He never rested from his labors, for men came to him at all times with their physical and mental troubles, knowing that they would find in him unfailing strength and silent sympathy, though he looked stern and reserved. Some men even called him "hard and unfeeling," but he went his way, smiling, with thoughtful eyes and puckered forehead.

Once his life had been different; but that was so long ago that he had almost forgotten it himself.

As a lad he had lived in the mountains, amidst the endless grandeur of the moors. Their greatness entered his soul; and as he lay beneath the cloudless sky, listening to the birds, he let his thoughts wander unchained over the vast fields of imagination.

As he grew older his thought-world became ever more real to him, and he guarded it jealously from all intruders. Poetry and song filled his whole being, and he poured out infinite love to all wild creatures and flowers, for they blended with the fabric of his dreams.

Thus many years passed, and ever distant from the outside world, he remained oblivious to its sorrows and sufferings. — Soaring on golden pinions, his feet scarce touched the earth, save to rebound to ethereal realms again.

One day he was called to the city to visit a sick friend; and there he saw all the horrors to which he had so long remained blind. He awaited with unspeakable longing the moment when he might return to his native moors and the creatures he knew and understood.

In his aimless wanderings through the maze of filthy streets, inconceivable wretchedness greeted his gaze, and in his attempts to rise above his surroundings he sank ever deeper into the quagmire of despair.

At last his release came, and he fled back to his heather and the open skies. But somehow everything was not as it had been. His escape did not make him as happy as he had expected, for a haunting thought followed him constantly. Only he himself had escaped from the awful squalor, leaving behind him myriads of others with their sufferings. "Sadness always haunts me," he told himself consolingly, "But it will wear off soon, and the peace of the moors will enfold me again, and overcome this morbidness."

But the days passed; the sunshine grew no brighter, and his restlessness ever increased.

He began to go into the village, and among men, more frequently. He noticed that even there the faces were not all happy. The children fell as they ran, or knocked each other over at play; they cried heart-

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brokenly, and ran to him for comfort. The older folk had their sorrows too, but he could not understand these, for they were not of his world. They sent a great appeal to his heart, but all the solace he could offer was that the sky was blue, and the world full of poetry and music, which they could not see. He told the children stories, and they listened eagerly, and forgot their tears when he opened to them the door of his kingdom.

But still he was not satisfied; the great call within never ceased to stir him. He had some great work to find, but he knew not where to look.

With the falling of the Autumn leaves, his aged mother fell ill. He gave her all his time and his every thought. The winter blast that whistled through the key-hole puffed pitilessly at the flickering life-flame. He could not give her one atom of relief, in the blustering nights, when her sufferings were great — and his ten times greater, as he watched hers. They spent many such cruel hours together, when he buried his head in his hands and was in despair at his own complete helplessness.

But at last Spring came, and with it a great loneliness, from which even his dreams were no refuge. When the heart-hunger lost its first sharpness, it left him with a dry-eyed heavy ache, but restless still. "The loneliness no longer hurts me," he thought, "but my peace of mind seems to have deserted me. Perhaps it is because I was powerless to help her that her sufferings haunt me still." And then there came to him an overwhelming sense of the weight of the world's sorrow, and his inability to lighten it. After that the restlessness left him, for he knew.

— Four years later a young doctor came to the slums of the city. Day and night he went among the poor and miserable, his quiet manner inspiring the confidence of even the most wretched. The dreamy look returned to his eyes at leisure moments, but the fire of the man of action alone was seen by the world.

MARGUERITE L.

ON LOOKING ARIGHT

DO not look for wrong and evil —
You will find them if you do;
As you measure for your neighbor,
He will measure back to you.

Look for goodness, look for gladness,
You will meet them all the while;
If you bring a smiling visage
To the glass, you meet a smile.— *Alice Cary*

A WONDERFUL EUCALYPTUS



EUCALYPTUS CORNUTA VAR. *LEHMANNI*
AFTER THE LEATHERY CAPS HAVE BEEN
PUSHED OFF

THE genus to which the *Eucalyptus cornuta*, variety *lehmanni*, belongs, has many strange peculiarities. *Eu-calyptus* simply means 'well-capped' and the name is highly appropriate, for the flower-buds are protected by a neat little hat which falls off at the flowering season, unlike the buds of other trees which merely split to let the folded petals spread themselves and taste the sweet summer air.

Out of the hundred and forty species of Eucalypti, all belong to Australia except five, which have somehow wandered to the East Indies, perhaps at a time when these two regions were connected by land.

The tallest tree in the world is said to be a *Eucalyptus regnans* in the Cape Otway Range, which stands four hundred feet high.

The trees of the genus *Eucalyptus* exhale moisture from their leaves very freely, and while gardeners complain that they rob their neighbors of their proper share of rain, yet when planted in marshy regions they are of the greatest service in drying up the surface water and making the country suitable for cultivation and the habitations of men.

The Campagna near Rome, once uninhabitable because of the mosquitoes which bred in the shallow pools, has become perfectly healthy since the introduction of the blue gum, or *Eucalyptus globulus*. The thirsty roots have sucked up the pools and the mosquitoes have mainly disappeared from the vicinity.

Eucalyptus cornuta variety *lehmanni* may well be looked upon as a tall shrub



EUCALYPTUS CORNUTA VAR. *LEHMANNI*
IN THE BUD STAGE

ARCHITECTURAL STYLES

or as a rather small tree, for shrubs and trees differ only in size. In one of the pictures you may see the neatly capped buds as yet unopened, with their leathery coverings or 'horns' still on. These horns are green and red and form a pretty contrast with the dark green leaves, whose slender ruddy stalks remind one of red coral. One day you have a great surprise. The pointed caps become detached at their bases, and are slowly pushed off by the growth of the bundle of stamens within. At first they look like separate little brooms; but very soon they spread themselves and all together form a pom-pom of the palest yellow-green, which seems to glow with fairy light within. The busy brown bees are soon at work and may be seen struggling to reach the nectar, which lies at the base of the jungle of stamens.

The Australian Government reports that the wood of this tree is the strongest in the world, so that whenever a particularly tough, elastic piece of wood is needed in the making of a cart or wagon, this wood is always selected for the purpose.

L.

ARCHITECTURAL STYLES AND THEIR MEANING

CHAPTER XXXII: ROMANESQUE ARCHITECTURE



WE have now arrived at the time when a great change came over the people of Europe. After the long, dreary centuries of ignorance, the Dark Ages, since the destruction of the high civilizations of Greece and Rome, the dawn of modern civilization began to break. Of course, in large parts of Asia the light of knowledge, wisdom and beauty had never faded but was burning brightly when Christian Europe was suffering a general eclipse. Mention has already been made of the brilliant Saracenic culture in the East and in Spain — the link between ancient and Modern — and it is easy to trace its effect in the enlightenment of the principal European countries awakening from their uneasy sleep in the eleventh and twelfth centuries.

A very curious superstition held back the Christian world for a good while before the year 1000; it was widely believed that the end of the world would come in that year, and people were naturally little disposed to put up large and costly buildings, for to do so seemed unnecessary. But when nothing happened (except the confusion and ruin of a great many people who had made no preparation for living on earth after A. D. 1000, and whose credulity had been taken advantage of by more cunning individuals) a change began, and the arts, particularly that of

ARCHITECTURAL STYLES

architecture, which had been called from their sleep by the famous Charlemagne a couple of centuries before, sprang into new life and developed rapidly. Not only did the artistic side of architecture advance, but also the scientific. Principles of engineering were discovered of which the Romans, the most skilful engineers of antiquity in the West, had only an elementary notion.

In studying the Romanesque style we shall find that the builders of the eleventh century had already begun to employ the leading principles of construction which later attained their triumph in such magnificent edifices as Rheims and Amiens cathedrals.

Two kinds of buildings remain from the Romanesque period, Churches and Castles, the latter mostly in England. We find no palaces, university colleges, theaters, bridges, and of course no great public *Thermae*, or Bath-houses, as in Roman times, for the ancient habits of cleanliness had almost disappeared in Europe, except among the Moors in Spain, who were scrupulously refined and who built innumerable small bathing-houses in every town.

The Roman semicircular arch is the first thing that characterizes the Romanesque style. It was not abandoned till the thirteenth century when the pointed or broken arch became universal in Western and Northern Europe. In Italy, from the time of the first Christian Emperor, Constantine, the Latin architecture slowly but steadily declined, yet even after the conquest of Rome by the Goths the vital spirit of Roman architecture was not quenched in Italy. It has persisted there throughout the ages until the present day, though the Northern Gothic made great onslaughts upon it in the Italian provinces near the Alps. Except in a few districts in northern Italy, and then only for a short time, the principles of the Pointed Gothic never supplanted the Roman idea, though great advances and changes in details were made in the Renaissance.

So, while the Romanesque of most of Italy remained very like the older style, that of the northern countries became something really new because it made leading features of the principles of the *balance of forces* and the *grouping of supports*. As we shall see, these became the great and unmistakable marks of Gothic architecture; the Romans only ventured to approach them in a hesitating way, and the Greeks and Egyptians avoided them altogether. The Pointed Gothic is Romanesque completely developed, with a special tendency towards the display of painted glass windows. We may safely say that the wonderful display of painted glass windows in the great northern Gothic cathedrals could never have been produced but for the principles of construction found in the Romanesque, though in the latter the windows were always small. R.

THE CAMEL

THE dignified 'Ship of the Desert' is well adapted to his surroundings. His head is high above the flying clouds of sand which swirl and dance along the ground at every breath of wind; the eye is protected from the strong glare of the sun by the overhanging eyelid; between his spreading pair of toes lies a great pad of callous skin which takes sure foothold on the shifting sand, and during the terrible wind storms his nostrils may be narrowed



THE CAMELS OF PISA AT PASTURE

Their ancestors were introduced into Italy by the Crusaders on their return from Palestine.

down to mere slits, thus preventing the drifting sand-particles from getting into his lungs.

His appetite too is very accommodating and he browses contentedly on the thorny scrub and wiry herbage which is all the provender the wilderness affords. His Arab masters mainly live on dates, and such is the power of his digestion and the hardness of his teeth that he is able to extract nourishment from the seeds which would otherwise be wasted. Travelers tell us that the sound of a herd of camels at their supper of date seeds is awe-inspiring and terrible, resembling the noise made by a powerful stone-crushing machine hard at work.

Although the camel has been used as a beast of burden for at least five thousand years, he has never taken kindly to his work. He carries

THE CAMEL

his heavy burdens because he is obliged to; but he does it without enthusiasm and grunts in helpless protest while he is being loaded. The camel presents a striking contrast to the newly-captured elephant who cheerfully adapts himself to his new condition, performs his duties willingly, makes friends with his keeper, and is so gentle with children that they are often entrusted to his care.

The camel is indispensable to the Arabs in their wandering life; but they feel no affection for him, in the same way as we have no love for a freight-car although it is of the greatest service in transportation. Even the young camel never plays as lambs and kittens do, but takes life seriously from the very first and never shows a trace of friendly feeling or a gleam of humor. He realizes that rebellion is useless; but he will not pretend to a light-heartedness that he does not feel.

The camels in the picture are Arabian or one-humped camels, and as they are nowhere found in a wild state, their original home is unknown. They are supposed to have spread from India to Arabia, and thence to North Africa. In Spain these camels wander about unclaimed in the Marismas, a strange, wild region between the Guadalquivir and the Gaudiana. They are the offspring of domestic animals escaped from their Moorish owners when these orientals occupied southern Spain. The camels of Pisa have lived there ever since they were introduced by the Crusaders on their return from Palestine. In the desert regions of California, too, camels may sometimes be met with. They are said to be the descendants of ancestors escaped from a traveling menagerie; but as they love their freedom, they are rather shy of human company.

The hump on the back of the camel is pure fat, and in case of illness or scarcity of food it gradually gets used up. It does not show at all on the skeleton, so a sick or hungry camel has no hump at all.

The Bactrian camel has two humps instead of one, though why he should choose to keep his spare fat in separate humps has never been explained.

Camels were imported into the desert region of Australia some years ago, and under the care of their Afghan drivers they have done splendid work.

The dromedary is a swift camel suitable for riding and is often used to carry mail.

Poor, patient, plodding camel! Will another five thousand years pass away before he gives up his feeling of dignified protest against work and cheerfully performs his duty like a willing horse under a kind master? He would make a splendid playfellow if only he would lay aside his dignity and have a romp with the children, who I am sure would be glad to meet him more than half way.

P. L.



ATHENIAN MORTUARY MONUMENTS



VHEN, in the Mithridatic War of 86 B. C., the Roman general Sulla took the revolted city of Athens by throwing a large mound of earth against its walls, he incidentally covered up a large portion of what might be termed the public cemetery of the ancient city.

Immediately outside the city walls, near the Dipylon Gate, was a large tract of ground planted with trees and ornamental shrubbery, among which were placed the sarcophagi and cenotaphs of prominent citizens of Athens. After having been buried under Sulla's mound for nearly nineteen centuries these ancient works of art were found and brought to light by the Greek Archaeological Society, and are now for the most part reposing in the National Museum at Athens.

All of the monuments are of great beauty of design and execution, and in all cases bear bas-reliefs representing the deceased employed in characteristic occupations. Many of the women represented (Pamphilê, Hegeso, Demetria, and many others whose names are inscribed on stelae) are seen with their children, or engaged in some graceful occupation.

OIL FUEL

On one of the stelae we see the valiant Dexilaos striking down an opposing foeman, while in yet another is seen the youthful Demokleides resting under the weight of his heavy armor.

Many others have also been found which show different scenes in public and domestic life, and as a whole they form a most valuable source of information on different phases of ancient Greek life. The intrinsic beauty of the reliefs is very great, and many of them are exquisitely rendered. An air of calm and dignified repose surrounds these hallowed stones, and the attitude and bearing of all the figures are noble and refined: fit representatives of the beautiful ideals of the Greeks. H.

OIL FUEL

MOST of the fuels suitable for industrial purposes are derived from either petroleum, shales, or coal. The petroleum strata are found distributed over the whole world.

Crude coal tar, creasote oil, as well as crude petroleum and petroleum residue, are generally employed as liquid fuel for furnaces for steam, smelting, and so forth.

During the distillation of crude mineral oils, the heat is raised progressively, the first liquids to come off being light spirits. Later the lamp oils, lubricating oils, and other denser liquids are distilled off until at last is left a heavy residuum from which nothing further can be obtained. This residuum has of late years been turned to good account, and its utilisation has given birth to a series of inventions of vast and far-reaching importance.

The heavier liquid fuels are used mainly in steam boilers, marine and stationary furnaces for smelting metal, and the production of heat for various industrial processes where formerly coal, coke and wood were used. The liquid fuels of lighter density are employed mainly in internal-combustion engines. A popular illustration of this system is the use of petrol (gasoline) in motors and cycles and numerous other kinds of cars, the engines of which have to be started by external means, such as manual power, compressed air, electricity, etc. The engine sucks into its cylinder a charge of air and fuel, which on the next return stroke of the piston is compressed and, at the right moment, ignited by any one of several means, and the resultant explosion pressure works the engine, the momentum of the flywheel drawing in the next charge.

Young folk's Department

"If I were a teacher in a school, I would make it a very important point of my business to impress every boy and girl with the duty of his or her being kind to all animals."

—John Bright

HAVE YOU?

(Selected)

| | |
|---|---|
| C HILDREN, have you seen the budding Of the trees in valleys low? Have you watched it creeping, creeping Up the mountains, soft and slow? Weaving here a plush-like mantle, Brownish, grayish, reddish, green, Changing, changing, daily, hourly, Till it shines in emerald sheen? | Have you watched the shades so varied, From the graceful little birch, Faint and tender, to the balsam's Evergreen so dark and rich? Have you seen the quaint mosaics Gracing all the mountain-sides, Where they mingling, intertwining, Sway like softest mid-air tides? |
|---|---|

THE FAIRIES' ART PALACE



HAVE you ever been in a fairies' Art Palace? This one which I am going to tell you about is away, way down inside a big mountain. First I shall tell you how I found it.

Of course you know that my name is Willie, and I live in a pretty little cottage near a clear, swift-running stream, and this is the stream which flows right under the mountain I'm telling you about. (By the way, did you read what I wrote about 'The Fairies' Temple' in the RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER for January?)

Well, as I was going to say, very early one morning after I had fed the chickens and the pigs, and done all my duties, I started out to gather the pearly shells which are always clinging to the rough surface of the rock on the side of this big mountain. They're so tiny that you have to pick them off with the tips of your fingers, and they're pale yellow like the delicate color on the inside of a daffodil that has just opened.

THE FAIRIES' PALACE

I gathered so many that I put them in my hat and sat down to count them. I counted up to eighty, and then ninety, and kept counting on and on for a long time until I got to one hundred and five, one hundred and six, one hundred — when I heard a little voice say, "Come on with me up to the Crystal Palace."

I turned around to see who it was, and it was my little squirrel brother, the one who showed me through the 'Fairies' Temple.' I couldn't resist him, so I left my hat full of shells and started to climb up the mountain.

The path was very narrow, and so steep and high that I could see the tree-tops below, and the birds hopping around among the branches. Every time I took a step the little round pebbles would start to roll down behind me, and I was afraid, but my little squirrel brother wasn't the least bit.

We got up higher and higher until there were clouds all around us, and the valley below grew so misty that I couldn't see it any more.

Pretty soon we began to hear sweet faint music far away and a funny hollow sound like a giant breathing. We followed it, and came to a big black hole in the side of the mountain. That was the entrance to the palace.

When I first looked down into that black hole I was afraid. It was so pitchy black! But I remembered that my mother had told me if I was afraid of hard, dirty work or anything disagreeable, that it would make me unhappy; but if I just pitched in and went ahead and tried to do it, why the first thing I knew, I would begin to like it, and I'd grow stronger and able to do still harder work, and grow happier all the time, too. So even if I couldn't see a thing but black at first, I just kept on looking hard until I could see the sides of the entrance and the floor and path. And the farther we walked into the darkness, the lighter it grew, until I wasn't one bit afraid.

We went down a long corridor, which led to a big room all hung with crystals of such queer shapes! I couldn't tell just exactly how they looked, because they were crystal statues in the Fairies' Art Palace, and mother said that art wasn't only to make things pretty to look at, but it's to teach folks and help them to learn more about God and Nature and whatever's going to help them.

Maybe they weren't finished yet, but any how they were all shiny and transparent. You could see right through them. Some were pale green like seaweed when you look at it through the water in the sunshine, and some were like the color of the little pale yellow shells; but the most beautiful color was like the very tip end of bluebells when they're all wet and shining with dew early in the morning.

We passed through that room and down a long stairway to the big

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hall. Or maybe it was a ball-room, because the statues were all finished and polished. Some hung from the ceiling just like garlands and hanging ferns, and there were high pillars made in the shapes of waterfalls with many dewdrops and soft white foam at the base, and mermaids with water-lilies in their hair peeping out from the sides and under the waterfalls.

This was where the music was that we heard. High up on the top of a coral-reef arbor was a bird, a big bird with flame-colored feathers on his breast and long tail, and on his head long soft feathers the color of a sunflower on a warm sunny day. He sang so sweetly, and trilled, and filled the mountain cave with music. And other prettily colored birds, pale blue and sea-green, were flying around singing; and the roaring of the mountain was low like the tones under the sea after a thunder-storm.

I sat down on a little crystal toad-stool at the edge of a pool to hear the music. I don't think people could make such sweet music because they're not good enough. Mother said that real music can only come from a pure unselfish life, so that's why we don't have much good music like the mountain, the wind, and the fairies make.

While the birds were singing and the mountain breathing sort of low and heavily, there was a loud echo in one room, then a fainter one in the next, and it grew fainter and fainter until it died away underneath the mountain where the swift running stream was gurgling and chuckling to itself as it fell over the stones and pebbles. I wondered what it was laughing about, but I never found out; and I think it's still laughing there; and you should have seen the wide stairway that led to it!

We went down and down, ever so far down, until we came to the very last step and stood on the shore to watch the fairy boats come sailing by. And such beautiful sailboats I had never seen before! They were made in the shapes of leaves and flower petals. One was in the shape of a chestnut leaf with a cabin just like a chestnut. I could hardly hold my little squirrel brother back, he liked it so much.

Then there was a long canoe in the shape of a banana leaf with a little sprite sitting on the bow.

But just wait until I tell you about the best and most beautiful of all! A big sail boat in the shape of an Iris. You know what lovely colors the Iris has — like the sky after the sun has set when it's just getting dark? All quiet purple and rose, and blue and gray, and maybe a little palish pink and cream color. That's how the sail-boat looked. And in it there were three beautiful fairies with long dark hair like the color of black cherries; and they had bright shining eyes, and happy rosy faces, and such tiny dainty hands and feet!

I don't know just why the fairies were going to see the mermaids; maybe they liked to see the little gold-fishes and frogs, and all their little

AESOP AND THE TRAVELER

pets and playmates. You know, they always keep tiny elf-cups filled with sea-foam for the elves. They are little wax-like cups, a bright flame color. They're under the ferns and grasses, and that's where the elves go — *I know*.

I wanted to watch them, but what do you suppose happened next? I tried to hide behind a crystal waterfall, but my naughty little brother just wouldn't hide with me, but kept jumping up and down and turning somersaults until he attracted so much attention that the fairies saw me.

They came running and flying from all the rooms and took hold of me on all sides. They carried me up the big stairs, through the Art Palace, under the waterfalls, across the pools. Up and up and so fast they flew, until they got to the entrance of the cave way up on top of the mountain in the clouds; then they started down the narrow path, and, oh my, *so fast!* Faster than a train! My! how the little round pebbles rolled down the path. We went so close to the edge that I could see the valley way down below the clouds like a little speck, and the fairies were laughing and joking as though I didn't weigh a bit.

At last they set me down right on top of my hat full of shells, and tipped them all out on the ground.

Mother always asks me what I've learned from the mountain every time I go. What do you suppose I told her this time? WILLIE

AESOP AND THE TRAVELER

AESOP, the celebrated fabulist, was very poor, and often had to walk from one town to another.

On one of his excursions he met a traveler, who asked him:

"Can you tell me at what time I shall arrive at the village on the hill?"

"When you arrive you will know," answered Aesop.

"I know that already," replied the traveler; "but I would like to know how long it will take me to get to the village."

Aesop seemed offended and repeated the same answer.

The traveler continued his journey saying to himself, "This man seems to be ignorant and will not tell me what I want to know."

A few minutes later he heard his name called, and turning round he saw Aesop following him.

"What do you want?" asked the traveler.

"Within an hour and a half you will arrive at the village," said Aesop.

"And why did you not tell me this before?"

"I wanted first to see how fast you walked."

Translated from a Spanish version by LOVALL I. (age, 13)



THEY sleep in the seed of a plant or a tree,
And wake when the soft air and sunshine of spring
Call song-bird and butterfly, blossom and bee,
To come and make beautiful each budding thing.

We look at the seed of a poppy or pink,
A speck of dull matter so little and light,
And we in our pride oft refuse quite to think,
That builders and painters should blush at its might.

Just think of the skill that a little seed shows,
When down in the ground it directs and selects
Each various part of the structure, that grows,
And paints the rare colors the gardener expects.

What artist can take from the dust of the earth,
The exquisite colors and tints of the rose?
Or fashion a form so expressive of mirth
As these little painters whom nobody knows? — M. G. M.

THE DANDELION

ONE day Mary went out to pick flowers for her mother who was very sick.

She had gone a long way but she had found no flowers. She was just about to turn sadly home, when close at her feet she saw a golden dandelion. She picked it and ran joyfully home.

Afterwards her mother told her that she would rather have the dandelion than all the roses that ever tried to grow, because her own dear little girl had given it to her.

RUTH M. (age, 9)

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feeling, little one," he continued, "brought into life, created within you, a very ugly being, and you have allowed it to grow so strong that now it can send, quite easily, all kinds of thoughts into this little head; that is how it speaks to you. It wants to have your body all to itself, so it may have a lazy time and do just what it pleases. Don't you love music? Don't you want to be able to play when you are a young lady?"

"Yes," replied Marjory, promptly.

"Well, now you see, the thought that made you think it was no use trying any more, was not yourself. And I would just drive it away the next time it comes. Tell it that you know it is just a naughty feeling speaking, and it will soon go.

"Do you know," he continued, "that it is a very ugly being that tells us there is no use trying to do things when we find it hard? Yes, it is one of the very ugliest, and the very naughtiest. It keeps people from wanting to do just what should be done. And it makes people cowardly, and keeps them from making efforts. Then they grow selfish, and forget that some people are forced to go through life doing disagreeable things all the time, thinking only of themselves.

"Now I wonder what would happen if you were to go on listening to the voice that tells you it is no use trying to practise?"

Marjory was silent for a moment, then said frankly, "I should never be able to play well, and — I think I would grow cross and disagreeable."

Grandpa nodded his head, and smiled approvingly.

"Well," said he, "my little Marjory must listen for another voice that comes from the most noble of all noble feelings, and its form is the most beautiful of all forms. Everyone has this noble feeling, this beautiful form, within themselves — everyone: every man, every woman, every little child. He is a glorious being, very, very great! He is always encouraging, always urging people to make fresh efforts. He is called 'The Master of Failure.' And he is so tender, so strong, so true; he never, never forsakes anyone. And as little children listen, their natures become like his. They rise above difficulties. They rise with fresh courage every time they fail. They go on making new efforts all the time, and they are able to do just what should be done."

"I will remember and listen," said Marjory, with bright eyes; "I will try — I will begin now," and she crossed the room with a determined little face and resolutely began to practise.

Grandpa looked on, a happy smile beaming on his face. A. P. D.



"BY their own deeds men go downward, by them men mount upward all. Like the diggers of a well, and like the builder of a wall." — *Sir Edwin Arnold*

JANE AND ELIZA

BY ANN TAYLOR

THERE were two little girls, neither handsome nor plain,
One's name was Eliza, the other's was Jane;
They were both of one height, as I've heard people say,
And both of one age, I believe, to a day.

'Twas fancied by some who but slightly had seen them,
There was not a pin to be chosen between them;
But no one for long in this notion persisted,
So great a distinction there *really* existed.

Eliza knew well that she could not be pleasing,
While fretting and fuming, while sulking or teasing;
And therefore in company artfully tried,
Not to *break* her bad habits, but only to *hide*.

So, when she was out, with much labor and pain,
She contrived to look *almost* as pleasant as Jane;
But then you might see that, in forcing a smile,
Her mouth was uneasy, and ached all the while.

And in spite of her care it would sometimes befall
That some cross event happened to ruin it all;
And because it might chance that her share was the worst,
Her temper broke loose, and her dimples dispersed.

But Jane, who had nothing she wanted to hide,
And therefore these troublesome arts never tried,
Had none of the care and fatigue of concealing,
But her face always showed what her bosom was feeling.

At home or abroad there was peace in her smile,
A cheerful good nature that needed no guile.
And Eliza worked hard, but could never obtain
The affection that freely was given to Jane.— *Selected*

IN THE APPLE TREE



LITTLE ADA spent her summer vacations at her grandfather's farm, and you don't know how much she loved it. Every field and brook was dear to her.

She was on the most friendly terms with all the animals — the cows and horses, the chickens, and especially the cats.

It wasn't such a very big farm, but it seemed very large to Ada.

She could stand in the 'house yard' and see beautiful views in every direction. To the west were high rolling hills, covered in summer with dense green foliage; to the south an apple orchard that was a wonder to behold in spring; to the east a hilly field that had a little brown brook in it; and to the north a neighboring farm-house beside the most enormous maple-trees that Ada had ever seen (in fact, ever *has* seen, although she's quite old now).

Just outside the kitchen window of the farm-house grew a great big apple tree, and Ada tried to climb its long rough trunk many times, and always failed. At last, her uncle took a long ladder and, by nailing on to a big limb an old chair, with the legs sawed off, made her a nest right up in the heart of the tree.

Can you imagine how lovely it was up there?

There was a big box fastened to another limb close by for books or sewing, and often it held all the kittens that Ada could manage to bring up the ladder.

What happy hours the little girl spent, surrounded by the rustling leaves, the saucy robins who grew not to mind her being there at all, and many other birds, who grew very friendly and carried on their family affairs quite unconcerned.

No matter how upset she might be about having to perform little duties of sewing or washing dishes or dusting, an hour or two in her tree made her as sweet and happy as anyone could wish.

When the family noticed this, and when they saw that the disagreeable Ada, who just couldn't seem to do as she was asked, had made her appearance, they gave her a lesson to do or something to sew, but said it might be done in the tree.

When the little girl came down the ladder, sure enough, there was the happy smiling Ada they all loved so much! COUSIN MADGE



"THE road to happiness lies not across the fields of pleasure, but up the straight broad path of truth and right action." — *Tradene*

AN-THO-NY TOW-HEE GETS IN-TO TROU-BLE



IG Pol-ly Daph-ne was out in her cage on the porch when lit-tle brown Tow-hee came beg-ging a-round. Pix-y Pan was not there to share his seed with the lit-tle vi-si-tor.

Af-ter a bit, when Daph-ne did not in-vite him to have some of hers, he found a way to squeeze through the wires of the cage. So he went in and helped him-self to what he could find dropped in the sand at the bot-tom.



Now it made the big pol-ly in-dig-nant for the lit-tle wild bird to be so bold as to walk in-to her house un-in-vited. She thought it ve-ry rude of him. The next thing, he would want to sit with her on her perch. In-deed, no tell-ing what he would do next!

"He does not be-long in my cage, and I am go-ing to teach him a les-son," she said to her-self as she fluffed out her feath-ers. So she climbed down from her perch and be-gan chas-ing him out of the cage.

I do not know how long the chase was go-ing on, but pret-ty soon I heard a bump-ing sound out on the porch and ran out to find An-tho-ny Tow-hee flutter-ing a-bout the bot-tom of the cage too fright-ened to find his way out. Daph-ne was on the low-er perch bob-bing her head at him and scar-ing him dread-ful-ly.

When he saw me, his wing twist-ed and his head went flop, his bill o-pen, pant-ing for breath. He looked like a bad-ly hurt lit-tle bird.

I took him quick-ly out of the cage, brought him in the house, set him up-on my knee, and looked him o-ver care-ful-ly but could find noth-ing wrong with him. He sat still on my knee and pant-ed for breath for some min-utes.

Af-ter put-ting sev-er-al drops of wat-er in his bill, and af-ter he had swal-lowed a time or two, he shook out his wings and flew to the win-dow sill. Hurt? Not a bit! Big Pol-ly Daph-ne had done him no in-jury; just scared him bad-ly.

You see, the ap-par-ent-ly bro-ken wing and hurt head was just make be-lieve, so that I would see his dan-ger and take care to get him out of the cage. Was he not clev-er?

Birds learn to pro-tect their nests and each oth-er by pre-tend-ing they have a brok-en wing, or that they are hurt, so that you will see them and fol-low them un-til they get you a-way from the nests or their mates. And when you fol-low



THE HONEST OLD TOAD

them for a while, then they fly a-way be-fore you get near them. So An-tho-ny used this lit-tle pre-tend-ing trick to get me to get him a-way from the big pol-ly who was fright-en-ing him so.

Be-fore I let him go to fly a-way home, I put some great splash-es of gold paint on his tail. If you see a lit-tle bird with a gold spot-ted tail, it is the lit-tle bold bird who vis-it-ed Pol-ly Daph-ne un-in-vi-ted. E.P.



THE HONEST OLD TOAD

WHAT a queer little chap is the honest old toad,
A funny old fellow is he;
Living under the stone by the side of the road,
'Neath the shade of the old willow tree.
He is dressed all in brown from his toes to his crown,
Save his vest that is silvery white.
He takes a long nap in the heat of the day,
And walks in the cool, dewy night.
From his home in the bog,
"Raup, youp!" says the frog,
But the toad he says never a word;
He tries to be good like the children who should
Be seen, but never be heard.
When winter draws near, this toad goes to bed,
And he sleeps as sound as a top,
But when May blossoms follow soft April showers
He comes out with a skip, jump, and hop;
He changes his dress only once, I confess —
Every Spring, and his old, worn-out coat,
With trousers and waistcoat, he rolls in a ball
And stuffs the whole thing down his throat.
"K-ruck, k-ruck!" says the frog,
From his home in the bog,
But the toad he says never a word;
He tries to be good, like the children who should
Be seen, but never be heard.— *Selected*

GOOD NEIGHBORS



OVER in the cypress hedge lives a large family of sickle-billed thrushes. They have lived there in the hedge for several years, indeed so long that the ruling member of the family has earned the name of Old Abraham because of his aged appearance. The air of general shabbiness about him certainly betokens old age, while the bald place on the back of his head points to many a contest with enemies of one kind or another.

Evidently he and his good wife Sarah had reared several broods of young ones before they discovered the shallow cement bird-bath near by, or made the acquaintance of Lady-Bountiful, who regularly supplies the neighborhood birds with a substantial meal every morning.

When Mr. and Mrs. Abraham made this grand discovery, there was great joy in that family. Now the business of going about listening for the worms and grubs working in the ground, and having to use their long crooked bills like little pickaxes to dig into their holes and extract the worms, would be lessened by half. They could rely on one square meal a day, and then there was always the drinking water and the bath handy. They were fortunate birds indeed!

So it was that all through the nest-building time Old Abe could take time occasionally to trill a song or two; but when the little light-green and brown speckled eggs were laid, and Sarah was busy sitting upon them, keeping them nice and warm, then Abe would sing to her. How he did sing! Such a jolly rollicking roundelay of merriment, hardly to be outdone by the mocking-bird himself.

Singing had to stop a little when the eggs were hatched and four little mouths were constantly opening for food, so that it kept both parents busy all day finding food to satisfy the hungry baby birds that grew and grew so fast.

One day Sarah presented herself to Lady-Bountiful with three of her full-grown young, apparently telling them in bird language that here was food and water, and that it was time for them to feed and care for themselves. It was plain that these youngsters understood, for they stayed by Lady-Bountiful and the little bird-bath and returned to it every day.

But where was the fourth member of the family? What do you think? Old Sarah was taking care of that one, because it was the last



THE LAZY BLACK CROW

egg hatched and was not as big and strong as the others. She had brought the other three to Lady-Bountiful to be fed and looked after, so that she could go back to the nest and take care of the little sickly one. Wasn't it just like a kind mother, to take extra good care of her littlest sickly baby? Very likely this little one had not had a fair chance with the other three big strong birds in the little nest, so mother-like Sarah gave it the extra care.

For a week or more she cared for it, and then one bright sunny morning she brought it to Lady-Bountiful well and strong and able now to care for itself. Then she and Abe began the rearing of their second brood of little ones.

Old Abe and Sarah seem to be relieved of the business of nest building and rearing young this season, and are now taking life easy in their old age. But the cypress hedge seems to be well inhabited by their progeny, and these younger generations are also regular visitors to Lady-Bountiful and the cement bird-bath. One often hears one of their number trilling from the top of the telegraph post or high up in the cypress hedge; or when one is passing through the adjoining garden, they often stride by with their funny bobbing strut, their little white ties neatly edged with black under their throats, their brown coats smooth and trim. They are neighbors worth having, I can assure you. AUNT EDYTHA

THE LAZY BLACK CROW

THERE once was a lazy black crow
That did nothing but fly to and fro,
When the swallows one day
Chased him far, far away,
And that was the last of the crow.



A LETTER TO WINN



INN is a nephew of mine who lives somewhere in Holland. He is only a very small boy as yet, but like most little boys he is unusually bright for his age.

Every now and then I write to him about Lomaland; and as I know him to be very fond of flowers and birds, I usually tell him something of our Lomaland creatures. Some days ago I sent him the following letter.

"Lomaland, May — 1918.

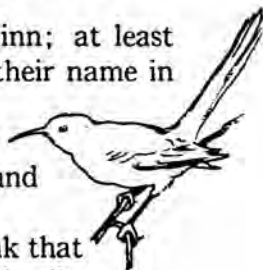
"DEAR WINN: Although I wrote only about flowers in my last letter, you must not think that I do not still love the birds any more! In this letter I shall try hard to keep the flowers out and tell all I know about my little animal family. I call it *my* family because they live near my house, and I see them every day from my window.



"The biggest of them is a rabbit whom I call just plain 'Tom' on working-days but 'Thomas' on Sundays. Although he is bigger than the others, he is not wiser; far from it. I shall tell you presently why I think that Tom is very stupid.

"All the rest of my family are birds — sparrows and thrashers. The Lomaland sparrows behave almost like the Dutch ones; just as in Holland, they are either eating or fighting; and for a change they sometimes eat and fight at the same time. When you throw some crumbs, a sparrow always wants the crumb which another one has already got. Why, I do not know; it is rather queer isn't it? Perhaps it is just the sparrow-way of looking at things.

"But then the thrashers! You do not know them, Winn; at least I have never seen one in Holland; I do not even know their name in Dutch. They are the finest and funniest birds I ever saw. Brown they are, with long curved beaks, and with a funny tail which they raise as soon as they stand to run.



"These thrashers are not stupid at all like Tom; I do think that they know a good deal; they are the philosophers of my family (a philosopher is a man who is always thinking). You will see a thrasher standing somewhere, looking around; and suddenly a bright idea will strike him; he raises his tail and off he goes, to a place some feet away. What he wants to do there, I do not know; I have tried sometimes to tell beforehand where a thrasher would go next, but he always runs off somewhere else. Anyhow, when he darts off, you can see by the way he runs how eager he is to reach his goal. And why is he so eager, and why does he run so fast? I know. Because he is afraid that his bright idea

THE LIZ-ARD'S STO-RY



PLEASE do not make the mis-take of call-ing me a toad for I am not. I am a lit-tle liz-ard. I may look like a fe-ro-cious lit-tle crea-ture be-cause of my horns and spikes, but I will tell you a se-cret. I ne-ver harm any-body. My horns are made to scare a-way crea-tures which might be trou-bling me. They are my only pro-tec-tion.

Well, I was going to tell you how I hap-pened to have my pic-ture made. One day I was sun-ning my-self in the sand by the side of the path when I saw a big black shad-ow com-ing a-long. I lay quite still, be-cause you are never quite sure what a big mov-ing shad-ow is going to do.



But this shad-ow did not pass but got black-er and black-er, un-til it came right on top of me, and then a hand came and picked me up.

I was so fright-ened I shut my eyes tight and pre-tend-ed to be dead, and wait-ed for some-thing dread-ful to hap-pen to me, but no-thing dread-ful did hap-pen.

Next I knew, some-body was car-rying me about in his poc-ket. By and by he placed me on a table, while he made my pic-ture on a piece of paper with a pen-cil. I kept on being still and pret-ty soon the pic-ture was made.

The next thing that hap-pened was, that the warm hand again picked me up and car-ried me out, and put me safe-ly back in the warm sand.

No in-deed, I was not harmed in the least, be-cause, you see, the big black shad-ow was just a friend-ly shad-ow of some-bod-y who be-lieves in be-ing kind and gen-tle to all lit-tle creat-ures. P.

Râja-Yoga Messenger

An Illustrated Magazine

Devoted to the Higher Education of Youth

Conducted by

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RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

VOL. XIV, No. 4

JULY 1918

MOTHER NATURE'S CHILDREN

"And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying: 'Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee.'

" 'Come, wander with me,' she said,
'Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God.'

"And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

"And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvelous tale." — *Longfellow*



NATURE, 'the kind old nurse,' can teach the best of us more than we could tell each other if we were to give away all our secrets. In fact she spreads out an open book everywhere, so that he who runs may read. Instead of reading her wonderful story, however, we usually run along at a pace that only gives a glimpse of the guide-posts pointing the way to Moneytown or Pleasureville, to Ambitionburg or Lazy Valley, and like stopping-places scattered all over the map of Everyday.

We are likely to prefer talking to reading, anyway. So we talk and talk—talk about all sorts of things, but especially about what *we* have done and seen and heard and said, and what *we* are going to do and say. Words are a choice morsel in the mouth that show up the speaker as a leading figure in the story. Something in us seems to know that it is natural to really amount to something as a human being; so the counterfeit side of us keeps hard at work trying to make out a case to justify itself.

Of course, the human race, taken in the aggregate, has done some very clever things. But in thousands of years of talking and trying no one has yet been able to make a single blade of grass, or to unsay a careless word;

RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

and few have failed to say things that were not better left unsaid. All this time Nature has kept the earth green, and kept quiet too.

Compared with what an all-round human being might be, man is only in the raw school-boy stage yet, and cannot quite tell his conceit from his courage. Boy-like, he hates to be tied to even Mother Nature's apron-strings. He tugs so hard, trying to feel free and independent, and to get away from simple, natural life, that, as he breaks loose, he often falls all over himself.

He gets hurt pretty badly at times and, what's more, he hurts his brothers when he tumbles. He feels abused: and they all blame each other and call their Mother unfair, and pass the blows around with much angry talk, and waste and destroy enough good things to keep the whole human family going. They plot and scheme and plan against each other until this round world of big school-boys is all mixed up in a rough-and-tumble recess row. Nature has to call a halt, and bring them into line to learn the lesson of their foolishness. She tries to teach them that they have made themselves sick and sore and unhappy: but they impatiently neglect the lesson and study how to 'get even' by upsetting the other fellows. Nature shows in many different pictures that like produces like, and a crop of happiness never comes from sowing seeds of jealousy and hatred. But they go on trying to reap "grapes of thorns and figs of thistles."

Patient Mother Nature works away, always silent, careful, kind, just, and devoted to the needs of her great family. She picks the exact things out of the earth and air, the rain and the sunshine, to make good food and clothing and shelter for her quarrelsome, boastful brood of youngsters. They know nothing of the chemistry that makes grain for their food out of one kind of seed, and cotton for their clothes out of another; not an artist among them could put the delicate living color she uses on her fruits, much less on her flowers. After all her care to build up their wonderful bodies, they selfishly sow wild oats and weakness and disease in them.

It is a sorrowful thing for Nature always to see such a harvest of unhappiness—even the little children suffer, reaping what their parents have sown. The conflict that men carry on in their own bodies between their real needs and their wants breaks out from time to time in national catastrophies.

Nature works night and day to keep a big, clean, wholesome, beautiful world ready for her selfish, foolish children. The misery everywhere is no mystery, but the unnatural crop from unnatural living. Troubles will vanish when we see that brotherhood is a fact in nature, and when we live the natural, kindly life, forgetting our selfishness in serving others.

TWO JULY DAYS



ANY eager children make ready for two beautiful and happy days when July comes to Lomaland; for close upon the celebration of Independence Day follow the festivities with which we honor the birthday of our true friend and helper, Katherine Tingley. She, you know, founded our Râja-Yoga School, where right living is the basis of all our work and study and play, and where we have pointed out to us true filial devotion and patriotism.

Patriotism in our school means something more than a grand word on the lips. We have such an understanding love for our country that we are very sure we should suffer no embarrassment were it possible for the most ardent patriot who signed the Declaration, or who helped frame the Constitution, to be present among us when we observe the Fourth of July. We know the meaning and the story of our flag; we know the stories of the lives of our country's noble heroes. The very words 'The Fourth' make our hearts leap with joyous pride, and we think that firecrackers and toy cannon would be a disgraceful means for *thinking* patriots to express therewith their enthusiasm.

Katherine Tingley taught us these finer ideas of patriotism. She opens her school to all children of all nations, teaching us to understand the traditions and principles that uplift all countries. Here we are, children of English and of American parents, with many other nations represented in our classes, and all of us learning this big patriotism that is going to free the whole big world some day!

Because we have seen, right here among ourselves, that every one can declare himself free from the tyrannies of his lower nature (which, like a stupid ruler, will never give one his rights until he fights and wins them), we know that all the nations can find true happiness through Râja-Yoga ideals. Do you think we children are mistaken when we say that when many people in each land have conquered themselves, we shall see real patriotism and honor and understanding springing up among the nations?

It was to bring about this union of all people that Katherine Tingley started the Râja-Yoga School. It is her love for the principles of the Constitution of the United States that inspires us with the hope that through our fidelity to our country's fine old ideals we shall help towards that glorious end.

So Katherine Tingley's birthday and our country's birthday blend, for us, into one long, gloriously happy celebration that stirs up so many new resolutions and fine aspirations that our school seems like a great magazine of brotherly helpfulness, from which thousands might draw inspiration, courage and ammunition for all life's battles.

W. D.

CHAPTERS FROM THE HISTORY OF SWEDEN

Written for the Children and Young People at Point Loma by O. S.

INTRODUCTION



SWEDEN is a very old country. The greater part of it was freed from the ice-sheet between ten and eleven thousand years ago. It is not known at present exactly when men first settled in Sweden; but historians seem to agree that the people who nowadays inhabit the Kingdom of Sweden have had their dwelling-place there for an unbroken period of from six to seven thousand years — a longer time than any other European nation can look back upon its records within its present boundaries.



Dagger made of flint; length 11 inches; Bohuslän

The oldest period in the history of Sweden is called the Stone Age, because tools and weapons were at that time made of stone. A large number of such tools have been found in the soil of Sweden, and many of them are wonderfully executed, with an artistic form and a surface treatment which shows that the people who made them had reached a relatively high degree of civilization.

Some of the recently excavated Lake-dwellings date back at least three thousand years, and these also prove that the people who lived there were hardly savages in the usual sense of the word. Several strata of cultural remains around these old Lake-dwellings furnish evidence to prove that the people who built them did not simply live on fishing and hunting, but had settled in more permanent homes, raising cattle and cultivating the soil. They carried on some trade with the people of southern Europe, giving

them amber in exchange for precious metals. Amber, which was almost as highly valued as gold in the south, is a petrified resin from an extinct variety of pine, buried in the earth.

The cultural development of this ancient people seems to have been going on during the fourth and third millennium B. C., and it received a most important new impetus about 2000 B. C. Bronze was introduced



Stone axe; length 8 inches; Småland

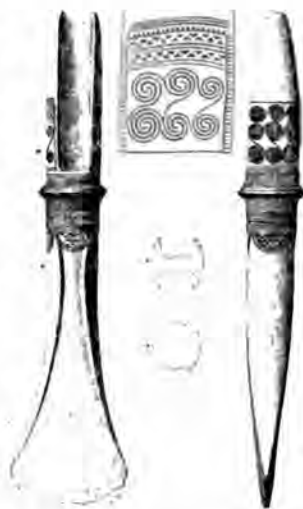
and used for implements and weapons. Bronze, which is a mixture of copper and tin, was handled by a casting process carried out according to the same method as in modern times, that is to say, the *cire perdue* method, which allowed great artistic perfection. The metal was imported into Scandinavia from southern Europe, coming especially from what is now Austria, along which it was sent by the great rivers, particularly the Danube and the Elbe. Cultural exchange between different peoples always followed the waterways in ancient times, because they were much more adapted to transportation in an age when there were practically no roads.



Suspended bronze vase, 1000 B. C.; Bohuslân

Most of the bronze tools and weapons have been found in the large mounds in which they were buried together with the remains of the dead. At first, during the Early Bronze Age, the dead were not burned, but the whole body was interred, while in the Late Bronze Age cremation was customary. This proves that the people had gradually reached the belief that the soul was independent of the body and that the sooner the body was disintegrated the sooner the spiritual being could be released and find its way to the abodes of the blessed.

The Bronze Age of Scandinavia, which lasted from about 2000 to 500 B. C., marks undoubtedly a very remarkable cultural development in the history of these northern people. It is the time when the old Pagan civilization reached its highest perfection. It is a complete mistake to suppose that the Scandinavians were only wild, barbaric hunters and living in the woods at about the time when Rome was founded. On the contrary they were people with an original culture of their own — a civilization which we know about it, must be looked upon as founded upon a deep understanding of the inner possibilities of man, some real spiritual knowledge preserved by their ancestors through the ages. The tools that have come down to us in great abundance from the culmination period of the Bronze



Bronze battle-axe, 1500 B. C.; length 9 inches; Blekinge

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standing of the inner possibilities of man, some real spiritual knowledge preserved by their ancestors through the ages. The tools that have come down to us in great abundance from the culmination period of the Bronze

HISTORY OF SWEDEN

Age bear witness to a skill in various crafts and an artistic refinement which is fully equal to what the southern nations of Europe produced about the same time. In some of the mounds there have also been found complete wearing apparel made of fine woollen stuff, as well as beautiful golden ornaments, which all tends to prove that the people who made and wore these things had reached far above the so-called 'primitive' state and had a keen sense for beauty and the refinements of life, which indeed is possible only after a development of man's inner qualities.

A reflexion of this spiritual impetus, which may be discerned in these highly artistic works, is also plainly received in the northern sagas and mythology which is in no way inferior to the more famous mythology of the Greeks and Romans. However, it is not the proper place to go into a detailed account of the Scandinavian mythology with its most beautiful poetic interpretation of all the different powers in man and nature.



Altar ornament of bronze, 1800 B. C.; diameter 19 inches; Skåne

We refer the reader to the Eddas, which are the source of our knowledge of the religious beliefs of our forefathers.* The central place of worship in Sweden at this time was the large temple or 'God-House,' as they called it, situated at Upsala, which was consecrated to the chief deity, Odin, called 'All-Father,' the God of Wisdom. Next to him was Thor, the God of Power and Courage, the Protector of the Warriors. Others of the great gods were Balder, the God of Peace, Beauty, and Light; Frey, the God of Good Harvests, Sunshine, and Rain; Heimdal, the Guard of the Gods; and besides, a great number of minor gods. In fact, every tree, every mountain, every spring, as well as the animals and the birds, had their protecting deity or spirit, according to the ancient Scandinavians. They knew indeed that the divine life inhabits in various forms every atom in Nature.

*A popular interpretation of northern mythology, well adapted for young folk, is to be found in Bulfinch's *Age of Fable or Beauties of Mythology*: Philadelphia, 1898.

The great cultural period of the Bronze Age seems to have gradually tended towards a decline a few hundred years before Christ; and although we are not in a position to draw definite dividing lines at this early period of northern history, it is evident that from the time when iron came into general use the spiritual side of the northern civilization gradually became obscured by a more definite intellectual and material development. Iron of course was found in abundance in Sweden, first in the lakes and later on in the mountains. It proved very useful for the manufacturing of all kinds of weapons and tools, and gave the people a greater opportunity to conquer by force the powers of nature. The culture which now more speedily spread over Sweden was of course not very unlike that which is man historians among who were gradually mised of Rome. We this time was communities and the was patriarchal, the ly developed from the

Sweden was divided into two main parts called Götaland (Land of the Goths) and Svealand (Land of the Swedes). The first consisting of the southern provinces, the second of the northern part, the division line being about the latitude

During the Early Iron Age, the runic inscriptions became quite common. They were a kind of alphabet developed from Greek and Roman alphabets and mostly used in connexion with a rich ornamentation based on the curving lines of dragons. There are nearly two thousand stones with Runic inscriptions in Sweden, mostly on graves and mounds erected over fallen warriors. The first written document relating to the history of Sweden is a record of a man from southern France, who, about three hundred years before Christ visited England and there heard about the large country, Ultima Thule, which was said to border on the ice-region, where the inhabitants were engaged in raising grain, threshing it in large barns, a custom which was strange to this writer, because in his home-country the climate did not make barns necessary.

The Swedes are first spoken of by Tacitus, who about 100 A. D. described the life of the Teutonic peoples and said that the 'Sviones' had large and powerful communities by reason of their ships and weapons.



Marble Lion with Runic Inscription from Piræus, now in Venice; height 10 feet

described by the Rothermanic people, conquered by the arknow that Sweden at posed of a number of form of government ruler having gradual-head of the family. ded into two main (Gothland) and Svea-Swedes), the first con-provinces, the second the division line be-of Lake Vettern.

Iron Age, the runic quite common. They betic writing freely

HISTORY OF SWEDEN

As Upsala was the spiritual center of Sweden, the king who ruled there gradually became the most influential man in the whole country, and finally one of these Upsala kings gained possession both of Svealand and of Götaland, the foundation for dom of Sweden. jald and he lived The Kingdom of divided whole is ent writing about years old and con- than any other ing in Europe. Swedish Kingdom not quite coincide that of present- most southern of longed to Den- consequence of ter at that time ing but rather a ment. It was also travel by water



SWEDISH WARRIOR, 400 A. D.

A second peri- the ancient his- the one which is exploits of the Vikings. This was indeed a time when Scandinavian influence spread over a great part of Europe and when several nations were made to pay tribute to the Scandinavian kings. The inhabitants of the north had from time immemorial made voyages from their long sea-coasts to the neighboring countries. Gradually as their ships were improved, these voyages were extended to great distances. From about 800 A. D. the fleets of the Vikings swarmed around all the coasts of Europe as far as the Straits of Gibraltar, where the power of the Moors set a limit to their advance. Other Vikings made their way east along the Baltic and the Finnish Gulf down the rivers of Russia, and here they founded a dominion which gradually extended over a great part of eastern Europe and became known under the name of Russia, which is derived from Rurik, the name of the Swedish Viking who was called into Russia about the middle of the ninth century to take hold of the government and introduce order. Rurik founded the city of Novgorod, which for a long time was the center of Russia. Other Vikings went still farther

thereby laying the present king- His name was In- about 700 A. D. Sweden as an un- thus at the pres- twelve hundred sequently older state now exist- The extent of the at that time did however with day Sweden. The its provinces be- mark in natural the fact that wa- was not a divid- connecting ele- much easier to than by land. od of greatness in tory of Sweden is marked by the

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south down to the Caspian Sea and to Constantinople, where they took service under the Byzantine Emperors, forming the famous Varangian body-guard. One can still see evidence of the Vikings' journey down to Constantinople in the runic inscription on a marble lion which has been transported to Venice from its original home in Greece. During these extensive journeys down to southeastern Europe and to Asia Minor, the Vikings also came in contact with the Arabians and opened up a lively commerce with them, importing into Sweden many of the precious stuffs, metals and fine weapons of these eastern people. Such things, as well as a great amount of Arabian money, have been excavated in the soil of Sweden.

The expeditions of the Vikings no doubt accelerated the introduction of Christianity into the north. In the year 829 a man from northern France, called Ansgar, came to Sweden as the first Apostle of Christianity. He founded the Christian mission in the town of Birka on an island in Lake Malaren; but this mission could not survive, surrounded as it was on all sides by Pagan territory. Nearly two hundred years elapsed before any serious attempt was made to introduce Christianity into Sweden, which proves that the ancient belief in the Asa gods had a very strong hold on the northern people at the time when most of Europe had been baptized. Finally in 1008 the Swedish King Olof Skötkonung (the Lapking) accepted the Christian faith and was baptized at Husaby. His example was followed by many influential men in Sweden, yet the larger part of the common people remained Pagans. By accepting the Christian faith the King of Sweden gave up an important part of his ancient power and influence, because he had previously been the one to direct the great sacrifices at Upsala Temple. As this Pagan custom was now abolished, all spiritual power was transferred from the king to the Christian bishops and priests. No doubt this must be taken as a proof of the decline of the old Pagan civilization of Sweden, which probably about this time had lost most of its spiritual import and become merely a pretext for a rather wild and unrestrained mode of living, expressing simply the lower side of the spirit of the ancient Scandinavians. If the Pagan civilization had still existed in the pure and strong form of a thousand years B. C., there would hardly have been need for a new faith or the introduction of gentler methods.

Yet a new cycle in the history of Sweden began with the introduction of Christianity; and this fairly well coincides with the extinction of the old royal line of Sweden, the Ynglinga line, which is said to have originated from Odin and which became extinct with the sons of King Olof Skötkonung about 1060. The kingdom became an elective monarchy in which the people of Upland (Svearne) had the acknowledged right to

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choose the king, who should afterwards be approved by the 'Thing' or parliament of the other provinces. It was however difficult for this new arrangement to take firm root, and the conflicting interests of Pagans and Christians often brought the country into war. The ancient belief in the Asa gods, which was so deeply ingrained into the very blood of the people could not be abolished by means of a royal decree or by the preaching of missionaries. The inhabitants of the remoter parts of the country — particularly the Upland Swedes (Svearne) clung tenaciously to the old Pagan customs and beliefs, while the people in the more southern provinces — the Goths — (Götarne), who had been in closer contact with foreign countries, more readily accepted the Christian faith. This contest between the two different elements of the population led to a series of internal troubles and wars, the crown of Sweden often being transferred from one family to another.

It is difficult indeed to give a short summary of this period and we are able to mention only some of the most striking features. The first family which took possession of the throne of the old kings was the Stenkil line from West Gothland (Västergötland), a province which had been completely Christianized. The second king of this family, Inge, endeavored in obedience to an order from the great Pope, Gregory VII, to hasten the conversion of the Pagans, but only succeeded in irritating them to opposition and to renewed demands that he should carry out the sacrifices to the gods, which had of old been the duty of the kings. To begin with, Inge was defeated by the Pagans, but he finally succeeded in killing Blotsven, who was the leader of the Pagan party. This was of course a hard blow to them, but Blotsven's family maintained its power, at least in its native province, and great internal dissensions prevailed for a time. When the Stenkil line became extinct some time before 1130, a descendant of Blotsven, called Sverker, became king.

The Sverker line, with headquarters in East Gothland (Östergötland) competed for the crown for a century with the Erik line, with headquarters in Upland. This line originated with St. Erik, a rich and good peasant, who was elected king by the Upland Swedes in 1150. Erik was not only a pious Christian but also a fearless knight, who made a crusade to Finland, introducing there for the first time Swedish culture and the Christian religion. He endeavored to build up the Christian church in Sweden and Finland on a national foundation; and after his death in 1160, he was proclaimed a saint by the people, but never by the Pope.

The kings of the Sverker line who competed with the descendants of St. Erik and temporarily reigned over the whole country, tried on the other hand to bind Sweden more closely to the Roman Church; but it was not until 1248, at the Synod of Skennings, that the Papal law became

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formally established in Sweden. "Thus Sweden was the last great country in Europe that bowed beneath the dominion of the Roman Church, and this at a time when the Papal power had already seen its most glorious days. The Catholic hierarchy never reached its full power in Sweden, but it has instead the merit of having abolished many old Pagan abuses, and the monasteries which arose in different parts of the country successfully endeavored to introduce gentler manners and a better cultivation of the soil." But it should be distinctly understood that the cultural level reached during this period was hardly of the same original character and importance as that which had prevailed during the blossoming time of the old northern faith.

During this period of rivalry between the kings of the Erik and the Sverker lines, Visingsö was one of the most important centers in the country. Situated in the home-province of the Sverker family and well isolated by waters all around, it offered a safe dwelling-place for some of the kings of this line. They built a castle on the northern end of the island, which however was long ago washed away by the restless waves of Lake Vettern. The castle on the southern end of the island, of which ruins still remain, was built in the thirteenth century by King Magnus Ladulås.

The historical records from the transition period in the history of Sweden, when Paganism and Christianity contended for dominion and the small provincial states gradually became merged into a united kingdom, are very scanty, but there is a great number of highly poetic popular songs and ballads preserved from this time, which testify that a rich inner life was well developed in the nation. It was a time of preparation, politically as well as spiritually, which led to a rich and wonderful fruition under the rulers of the Folkunga family. Their star arises about 1250.

(To be continued)

"Th' banquet-hall, a house by itself, was timbered of hard fir.
Not five hundred men (at ten times twelve to the hundred)
Filled up the roomy hall, when assembled for drinking, at Yule-tide.
Through the hall, as long as it was, went a table of holm-oak,
Polished and white, as of steel; the columns twain of the High-seat
Stood at the end thereof, two gods carved out of an elm-tree:
Odin with lordly look, and Frey with the sun on his frontlet.
Lately between the two, on a bear-skin . . .
Thorsten sat with his friends, Hospitality sitting with Gladness.
Oft, when the moon through the cloud-rack flew, related the old man
Wonders from distant lands he had seen, and cruises of Vikings
Far away on the Baltic, and Sea of the West, and the White Sea."

— *Passage from Frithiof's Saga; translated by Longfellow*



MELROSE ABBEY

"If thou would view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild but to flout the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory.

Then go — but go alone the while —
Then view Saint David's ruined pile
And, home returning, soothly swear
Was never scene so sad and fair!" — *Lay of the Last Minstrel*



THESE verses were written by Sir Walter Scott before he saw the ruin by moonlight. The fact is, the ruined abbey was not built of gray stone but a sort of red sandstone, and does look quite dark by moonlight.

Much of the ruin is roofless now, and the floor is the earth itself, with grass growing here and there above the bones of kings, nobles and priests of the olden times. The sun, the moon and the stars shine through the beautifully carved window traceries, still perfect in their delicate design, and one wonders how those fragile-looking stones have held together so long. Sir Walter describes these windows so beautifully a little farther along in the poem.

"The moon on the east oriel shone
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliated tracery combined;
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand
Twixt poplars straight the osier wand
In many a freakish knot had twined,
Then framed a spell when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone."

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Here and there the rich carvings on the capital of a pillar have given foothold for creeping vines, or a niche, which in the olden days held a statue, now frames a bunch of waving grass. But the tiny fingers of the vines and grasses would in no very long time crumble and tear down more of the stone in trying to send in their little roots between the cracks to find nourishment or to climb, so the caretakers do not allow the vines to grow much on the ruins for that reason.

The graveyard with the old-fashioned headstones and quaint verses in the antique spelling is a perfect setting for the ruin. One wanders about among the grassy mounds or perhaps picks a daisy within the roofless walls where stood the high altar, at the foot of which, it is said, the heart of Robert Bruce was buried. In doing so, one tries to realize how many centuries the old ruin has stood there, while generation after generation lived and died about it, while wars raged and wrecked their vengeance upon it, razing it to the ground only to be rebuilt, and in a few years to be again laid low. Today it stands in its ruined beauty, reminding us of bygone days with its sad loveliness, its loneliness and desolation, guarding its great treasure -- the history of its past greatness.

Yet there is comparatively little that history has been able to record concerning these old abbeys, of which Melrose is but one of many which were established some time after the school of learning was founded on the tiny islet of Iona off the west coast of Scotland. The island on which this first Abbey was situated, is scarcely three miles in extent. The abbey was begun some time in the sixth century, and for nearly a thousand years was one of the chief centers of learning, and from this school men were prepared and sent out to found other schools.

Melrose Abbey was founded by one Eata, sent out from Iona in about the middle of the seventh century. He chose rather a dreary land; at least it must have been such to have caused the abbey to be called 'Melrose,' meaning 'bare moor.'

It was situated first on a piece of ground where the river Tweed nearly made a loop around it, but later was rebuilt two and a half miles up the river. It was refounded by David I of Scotland in 1124. There is nothing of the present abbey belonging to that time now, for when completed in 1146 it was destroyed in 1322. It was rebuilt four years later, and again in 1545 it was plundered and soon afterwards again badly damaged by the Earl of Hertford, and last in 1618 it was altered in a way which much disfigured it, and since that time it seems to have gradually fallen into ruin.

This is the barest outline of the history of the abbey as we know it; but could we only enter into that treasure-house of history, the atmosphere

A GLIMPSE INTO NORWAY

of which seems to linger all about the ruin, the deeper kind of history which never gets into the history books, but which we vaguely feel when we visit it by moonlight as the poem suggests and let the sad charm of it all pervade our minds, then that would be a history indeed! EUGENIA



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ISLAND OF LOFOTEN, NORWAY

A GLIMPSE INTO NORWAY

IN the long winter evenings, when snow and storm are raging outside and families are gathered around their hearths, what do you suppose the children of the North like better than to listen to the adventures and stories of the fearless, undaunted men far up in the North, living close to nature, studying its wonders and beauties in their daily combats with the elements? They learn to love the snowy North, and as they grow older the desire grows stronger to become better acquainted with 'the Land of the Midnight Sun' and the Aurora Borealis.

Many are the stories connected with the little group of mountain-islands called Lofoden, off the Norwegian coast.

The island of Lofoden, or Lofoten, when seen from a distance, reminds one of the foot of a lynx or 'lo,' hence its name Lo-foten. But more

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wonderful than its peculiar shape is the wildness and beauty of the scenery, which by many is considered equal to, if not grander than, that of Switzerland. Here and there, from out the purple color, the wild, jagged mountains stand out from the glaciers with a subdued shining whiteness.



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

SOARTISEN, NORWAY

While in other places the abruptness of the sides has left them bare of all snow, making a deeper color in the purple.

Although these islands are situated beyond the Arctic Circle, it is not very cold on account of the Gulf Stream, which here follows the coast; but when the tide is high, there is danger in approaching Lofoden from the south because of the maelstrom. Hundreds of brave fishermen, when trying to reach the shore, have lost their lives in the Gulf Stream, which, according to official statistics, runs at times with a speed of twenty-six miles an hour. It looks then like an enormous funnel, and the eddies are so strong that everything which comes within their reach is taken and with enormous velocity is carried round and round with the surge, every time farther down the funnel, until at last it is completely absorbed in its bottom. E. A. Poe in his *A Descent Into the Maelstrom*, has described this in a very vivid and realistic way.

Besides its beauty, the island is famous on account of the enormous amount of fish which is caught yearly and transported from here all over Europe. The codfish especially is very numerous. From here

ASBESTOS

comes most of the cod with which every home in the North is supplied at Christmas time, and there are certainly not many families, if any at all, who would think of celebrating Christmas without codfish and white mush (it is even more essential than the Thanksgiving-turkey is to the Americans). But few realize the dangers which the fishermen have daily to encounter; and fewer still know how many lives are lost in these waters when the snowstorms come with sudden, raging fury from the north.

Lofoden, on account of its wildness and beauty, has been studied closely by many artists. Mrs. Anna Boberg, daughter of the late Mme Carin Scholander, has studied the island under all weather conditions, calm and storm, sunshine and rain, warmth and iciness, clear weather and heavy fog, and from here were taken the motives of several remarkable paintings of international fame.

So it is also with the mountains of Norway; beautiful indeed in their grandeur and desolate wildness, when the glaciers and snowy mountain-tops reflect the pale beams of the Midnight Sun. AGDA O.

ASBESTOS

ASBESTOS is one of the most marvelous products of inorganic nature, and is a paradoxical link between the mineral and the vegetable kingdoms, with characteristics of both, yet altogether different from either.

It is found in a hard, heavy rock and, when treated, yields fiber as soft as silk and as light as a feather.

The Greeks called this remarkable material *asbestos*, 'indestructible,' and *amianthos*, 'undefiled,' from its resistance to decay under any condition of time, heat or moisture.

Asbestos is found all over the world, chiefly in Canada, Newfoundland, Australia, South Africa and Siberia. It is composed mainly of the silicates of lime and magnesia with a little alumina, and contains varying quantities of iron oxide. The best fibers are long, flexible and white.

One of the first recorded uses of asbestos was for wicks for the lamps which provided the sacred fires in the temples of the gods in ancient Greece.

The natives of Siberia were using a cloth made from asbestos about eight hundred years ago, and the principle underlying the process of working up asbestos from the native rock is much the same today as was described by Marco Polo in the thirteenth century. They broke up the asbestos rock found in the native serpentine formations and beat it in a mortar to release the fibers from the earthy base. After repeated

beating, blowing and sifting, the fibers were spun and then woven in a rough loom into cloth.

H. P. Blavatsky, in *Isis Unveiled*, mentions some very extraordinary uses for the oil of asbestos, which is still one of the undiscovered secrets of ancient times; but the mineral itself is well known in almost all departments of industry, and is indispensable to the engineer and electrician because of its insulating and heat-resisting and non-conducting properties.

ARCHITECTURAL STYLES AND THEIR MEANING

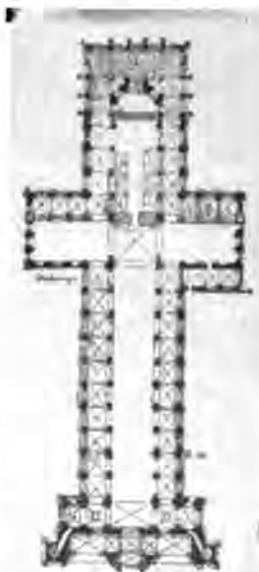
CHAPTER XXXII (CONTINUED) — ROMANESQUE ARCHITECTURE

FOR a clear understanding of the Romanesque and Gothic styles it is necessary to study the general plan and design of a cathedral or abbey; we cannot comprehend the skilful way the builders solved their new and difficult problems unless we know the needs which had to be supplied by their art and science.

In the Dark Ages the
ance in Europe was great
portant buildings other
monks were the only ar-
Bodies of freemasons,
with the church, had
came more important a
til at last they became

As each Order of and needs and ceremonies reflected these differences. Since each had its own peculiarities, we find a considerable design of the Roman will not permit more to these in this brief outline of our attention upon that finally developed in the French thirteenth-

While it is clear that the Romanesque builders got many of their ideas from the Roman basilicas, the differences between them and the fully-developed Romanesque are marked. A comparison between the plans of the original Basilica Church of St. Peter's, Rome (A. D. 330) [see RĀJA-YOGA MESSENGER, January 1917] and of Peterborough Cathedral, England (12th Century), shows many changes.



Ground-plan of Peterborough Cathedral, England

general state of ignorance and there were few im-
than churches; and the
chitects of importance.
who were not connected
their place, but they be-
few centuries later, un-
the master-builders.

monks had its own rules
nies their buildings re-
Each country and pro-
liarities also; therefore
variety in the general
esque churches. Space
than a slight reference
line; we must concen-
the general principles
to the unsurpassed art
century Gothic.

the Romanesque build-

ARCHITECTURAL STYLES

The English Romanesque (or Norman, as it is called in England) church is laid out in the form of a cross, consisting of a *Nave*, the longest part; a *Choir*; and a crosspiece, the Transepts. The nave (from *navis*, a ship) was for the congregation, and the choir for the clergy and singers. In England the nave was unusually long in proportion, and Fergusson says:

"The ancients square; in other places were general—they were broad. on the Continent, generally doubled. ternal width was for the length. . . . ger churches gen- proportion of six for their length. them, these early everything erected unless with great- sions of height or therefore, it were dent or by design, mediately appre- the governing sign of all the Eng- was a discovery, more to the publi- characterizes most than any other prin- during the Middle



St. Etienne, Caen, France

affected a double words, their tem- ly twice as long as In the Middle Ages, this proportion was Practically the in- multiplied by four In England the lar- erally reached the times their width . . . As we judge naves . . . surpass on the Continent, ly increased dimen- width. Whether, hit upon by acci- its beauty was im- ciated, and formed principle in the del- ish cathedrals. It which has added mity of effect which of our cathedrals ciple introduced Ages."

At the sides choir, and often are the *aisles*, separated from the main halls by pillars, and lower in height. Small chapels are usually grouped around the farther end of the choir. At the intersection of the transepts stands the central tower supported on very substantial *piers*. In England and parts of France this was the highest and most impressive feature of a cathedral, but in many of the finest continental buildings it was subordinate to the two towers which stand at the beginning of the side-aisles, and give dignity to the main front, or, at times, to high towers at both ends.

Now we must consider the characteristic which distinguishes medieval architecture from everything that went before it — the great development of the principle of the *balance of forces*. The builders had to face the problem of constructing a hall of great length, width and height with many windows and with a substantial roof, preferably of stone, for permanency.

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and unity of effect. Imagine the difficulty of flinging a roof made of small stones across a hall four hundred feet long or more, and forty to eighty feet wide, at a height above the pavement sometimes of one hundred and fifty feet!

The Egyptians used massive blocks of stone for roofing, supported by numerous columns spaced so closely as to interfere with the view across their large val builders could transport stones so they wish to fill the a multitude of pil-speakers in the pul-wide halls wooden the early basilicas out the entire peri-Ages, but stone terial. Gradually ted roofing was de-haps rediscovered, copied from Rom-so the exquisitely roof of the four-England became a though the princi-vault was origi-ans, they never was the medieval faced and then conquered the great engineering and artistic difficulties.



Interior of the Cathedral of Speyer, Germany, showing vaulted roof

halls. The medie- neither cut nor enormous, nor did open spaces with lars to hide the pit. To cover the roofs were used in and even through- od of the Middle was the ideal ma- the system of vaul- veloped — per- but more probably an remains — and beautiful vaulted tenth century in possibility. Even ple of the simple nated by the Rom- carried it far; it designers who first

It will be seen, by reference to the plate of Roman vaulting in Chapter XXI (RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER, April, 1916), that the plain intersecting vaulted roof as shown here in the interior of the Romanesque Cathedral of Speyer, Germany (11th century) was originally invented by the Romans, but for a long time wooden roofs were almost the only coverings for churches. Compare the picture of the interior of Speyer Cathedral with that of the Basilica Church of St. Paul, Rome (the RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER, April, 1915), built in A. D. 386, and observe the great change that had taken place even at the beginning of the Romanesque period. R.

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“AS you grow ready for it, somewhere or other you will find what is need- ful for you, in a book, or a friend, or, best of all, in your own thoughts, the eternal thought speaking in your thought.”—*George Macdonald*

EDMUND BURKE

THE life and activity of Edmund Burke, the celebrated Irish orator and the champion of American liberties, had for its setting a period in the history of our civilization which might well be considered as approaching the culmination of one of the greater cycles of growth and development.

Born in 1729 his brilliant career in the Classic Age in that of history, culture. A time revealed on every faces of a restless interests and full-restlessness which litically in wars intellectually in new truths, artistic-birth of a new

Frederick the arena of Europe brought into new Prussian Empire; tirelessly away from worthless aristocracy swiftly down revolution; also the nations claimed their

and supported that claim with the sword. England was represented in discovery by Cook, who explored New Zealand and Australia, whilst in the field of conflict were such men as Wolfe in Canada and Clive in India, the first giving his life on the heights of Quebec for the attainment of a new empire, the latter avenging the horrors of the Black Hole and ensuring the empire of India by his victories of Arcot and Plassey.

The approach of the cycle's culmination in literature was likewise revealed; in France by the wide departures of such writers as Rousseau and Voltaire, in England by an earnestness and enthusiasm for religion and philosophy which marked the recovery from the terrible reaction incident to the Restoration. Along religious lines this earnestness was fed and fostered by such celebrated preachers as Wesley, Whitfield and Tillotson, men who felt the call for substantial doctrines and responded to it in so far as they were capable. In literature there was a reawakening



EDMUND BURKE

and dying in 1797 reer culminated of literature, and the Age of Revolution indeed which re-hand the evidencing for larger growth; a revealed itself political and revolutions, the search for literature.

Great entered the European politics and prominence the France broke the chains of a racy and was carried the stream of re-American Colonial independence

of genius typified by the works of such men as Sheridan, Moore, Garrick, Goldsmith, Johnson, whilst the eloquence and genius of Pitt, Fox, Sheridan and Burke, and the daring denunciations of a certain Junius, thrilled the whole nation.

Certainly this was an age of activity and achievement when the wheels of progress seemed to move in plain sight of all. And among the great minds that shaped the destinies of England, that of Burke stands foremost. With a vivid and active imagination, a broad mind strengthened and balanced by most careful study, a high ideal of morality, and an ardent love of justice, this man made his power felt throughout England.

Whilst many of his contemporaries possessed much of the political insight of Burke, scarcely one united to political sagacity his exalted moral sense. Because he had studied human nature and was cognizant of its weaknesses, he possessed the power to take a broad view of every question and to avoid criticising and tearing down those things which, while possessing defects, were not entirely evil. It was this power which gained for him the sympathy and respect of the nation.

Whilst such men as Adams, Patrick Henry and James Otis proclaimed the rights of the American Colonies in America, the halls of Parliament re-echoed to the impassioned eloquence of Burke as he threw his whole soul into the cause of Colonial liberties.

As a boy Burke attended a Quaker school in Kildare County, Ireland, where in the course of his studies he became closely attached to the son of his instructor. This friendship was lifelong, and when Burke had become one of the first men in Europe, no visitor to his house was more welcome than this son of his first school-teacher.

After taking his degree at Dublin, Burke went to England, from which time little is known of his life until 1756, when he made his first mark with a satire on Bolingbroke. Following this came several literary productions, among which may be mentioned his *Account of the European Settlements in America*, which work gave the first evidences of his interest in the new nation growing up over the seas. Next he began the publication of an *Annual Register* in which he aimed to present a broad outline of the chief movements of the year — a large undertaking in that time of unusual activity, and one for which the character of the times supplied a wealth of material.

At this time Burke felt a very deep and poignant solicitude for the welfare of his own country; the widespread iniquity and disorder in that land went to his heart and he made more than one great sacrifice on behalf of the principles involved in her welfare.

The accession of George III in 1760 brought a change in the political

EDMUND BURKE

situation in England, the new monarch being bent upon concentrating all power in the royal hands, which course involved the dismissal of Pitt and Newcastle, and the rise of Bute. When in 1765 the Marquis of Rockingham became Prime Minister, he made Burke his private secretary. But the Rockingham administration disapproved of the royal policy towards America, and having insufficient support soon went out of power. But as a member of the House of Commons, Burke now took up the defense of the Colonies with his splendid and unanswerable eloquence, and his first speech "was felt to be the rising of a new light." From now (1766) until 1790 Burke was one of the chief guides and inspirers of the Whig party.

Before leaving office the Rockingham administration abolished general warrants and the seizure of papers, and repealed the Stamp Act. These acts incensed George Grenville whom this administration had displaced, and who now issued a pamphlet defending his views, in reply to which Burke issued his *Observations*, which gave full evidence of his talent and profound knowledge of commerce and finance.

As the king sought out new means of taxing and tyrannizing over the Colonies, Burke came more and more into prominence as their champion, and his speeches are veritable monuments of wisdom, eloquence and sincerity. Yet he disclaimed all ideas of sentiment in the question and based his entire argument upon reason, common sense and expediency. He said:

"Show the thing you contend for to be reason; show it to be common sense, show it to be the means of attaining some useful end."

Of all his speeches of this period, that on *Conciliation* has been more universally admired than any of his other productions. When dwelling on this theme Burke exerted his powers to the utmost to avert the loss of the Colonies, but to no avail.

After the close of the Revolution he undertook the second great enterprise of his life, the arraignment of Warren Hastings and an exposition of governmental corruption in India. By fourteen years of laborious effort in this undertaking Burke laid the foundations once and for all of just, moral and philosophical public opinion in England in regard to the administration of her great Indian Empire. In closing this memorable arraignment the great orator said:

"My Lords, at this awful close, in the names of the Commons, and surrounded by them, I attest the retiring. I attest the advancing generations, between which, as a link in the great chain of eternal order, we stand. We call this nation, and call this world, to witness, that the Commons have shrunk from no labor; that we have been guilty of no prevarication, that we have made no compromise with crime, that we have not feared any odium whatsoever in the

RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

long warfare which we have carried on with the exorbitant wealth, with the enormous and overpowering influence of Eastern corruption.

"My Lords, it has pleased Providence to place us in such a state that we appear to be every moment upon the verge of some great mutations. There is one thing, and one thing only, which defies all mutation; that which existed before the world itself, — I mean justice; that justice which emanating from the Divinity, has a place in the breast of every one of us for our guide with regard to ourselves and with regard to others; and which will stand, after this globe is burned to ashes, our advocate or our accuser, before the great Judge, when He comes to call upon us for the tenor of a well-spent life."

In the attitude adopted by Burke towards the French Revolution is to be seen a true reflexion of the general attitude of the severe, order-loving England of that day. It was an age when Englishmen cherished above all things their appreciation of firm constitutional government, and the sight of the excessive and lawless tendencies of the Revolution became distasteful to many. Some there were who entertained the confidence that the French nation would ultimately achieve a great end after the passing of the first period of turmoil, but Burke was not among these. In his protest at the treatment of Marie Antoinette, the great statesman was moved to tears, and the picture painted by him of her pitiable circumstances touched all hearts. His *Reflections on the French Revolution* is filled with the most earnest expressions of misgiving and solicitude for the course of affairs in France.

It would be impossible to do justice in brief quotations to the writings and speeches of Edmund Burke, but they are creations which should be familiar to every Englishman and American; the following is one striking excerpt from his work on the Revolution:

"The effect of liberty to individuals is, that they may do what they please: We ought to see what it will please them to do, before we risk congratulations which may soon be turned into complaints. . . . Men are qualified for civil liberty in exact proportion to their disposition to put moral chains upon their appetites. . . . Society cannot exist unless a controlling power upon will and appetite be placed somewhere; and the less of it there is within, the more there must be without. It is ordained in the eternal constitution of things that men of intemperate minds cannot be free. Their own passions forge their fetters."

"He left one of the great names in English history," says E. L. Godkin in a biographical article on Edmund Burke. "There is no trace of him in the statute book, but he has, it is safe to say, exercised a profound influence in all succeeding legislation, both in England and America. He has inspired or suggested nearly all the juridical changes which distinguish the England of today from the England of the last century, and is probably the only British politician whose speeches and pamphlets, made for immediate results, have given him immortality." STUDENT



THE BRIDGE AT MONMOUTH, WALES

WALES is the land of castles and bridges; you cannot go far in any direction without coming to some old ruin of a stronghold high on its rock or cliff, or by the quiet waters of the valley; and you cannot go far, either, without coming on some old or new bridge, famous for its beauty or its quaintness. This bridge at Monmouth, as you see, still keeps its medieval fortification.

Monmouth is the capital of the county of the same name, which was the old Welsh kingdom of Gwent, famous in history and tradition. Here Teyrnion Twrf Fliant was king (in the *Mabinogi*); at his court Pryderi received fosterage after his stealing from between his mother and the wall at Arberth in Dyfed. Here in Gwent, too, is Caerleon-on-Usk: Arthur's chief court, and as you may say the very core or birthplace of the Arthurian legend; in its old streets, through its old gates and beneath its city walls you might still expect to see the knights come riding two by two, or

"A troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,"

OR

"Sometimes a curly shepherd lad
Or long-haired page in crimson clad —"

just as — not in the days of Arthur, certainly, but in the days when

RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

Chivalry was drawing its inspiration from his memory. To Caerleon Tennyson came to write some of his Idylls; learning the Welsh language, I believe, to get better 'local color' for his work. — In the Middle Ages, this was the main point of departure for the Norman earls and barons, the 'Lords Marchers' licensed by the kings of England to make what kingdoms they could for themselves at the expense of the Welsh.

In Gwent one finds the extremes of Welsh life: there are coal valleys, where all is sordid and hideous to the eye; and there are regions of pure faërie, where the fairies are perhaps remembered better than anywhere else, and where Dr. Evans Wentz even found the old people still knowing about Reincarnation. No wonder Wordsworth wrote two of his most wonderful lines in Gwent, after visiting beautiful Tintern: the line about the

"still, sad music of humanity;"

and that about the Spirit, the Oversoul, the Great Mystery

"Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns."

There is so much of the spirit and atmosphere of Wales in those two lines.

Gwent has its own living poet however: Mr. W. H. Davies, whose verses I have seen quoted in the RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER more than once lately; he writes so beautifully because he has a child's heart, and because he worships the Beauty of the world, and is filled with pity wherever he comes on suffering. And since we are talking of Monmouth and poets, it would not be fair to leave out Shakespeare: here is a quotation from him aptly illustrated by the picture:

"I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant you shall find in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon, and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis as alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both." K.V.M.



"ACCUSTOM the children to close accuracy of statement, both as a principle of honor, and as an accomplishment of language, making truth the test of perfect language, and giving the intensity of a moral purpose to the study and art of words; then, carrying the accuracy into all habits of thought and observation, so as always to *think* of things as they truly are, as far as in us rests, — and it *does* rest much in our power, for all false thoughts and seeings come mainly of our thinking of what we have no business with, and looking for things we *want* to see, instead of things which ought to be seen." — *Ruskin*

THAT WONDERFUL READING-GLASS THE SPECTROSCOPE



ALL have admired the rainbow, and we have doubtless often amused ourselves with a vase or other object of cut glass, watching the beautiful play of the colors which it threw on the table as we turned it around in the sunlight. But who would have imagined that this simple phenomenon could reveal to us some of the secrets hidden in stars so far away that even in our imagination we cannot conceive of their distance? Yet such is the case. We have only to catch a ray from one of those stars, pass it through a specially shaped piece of glass, and just as happened with the ray of sunlight when it struck our vase, this beam will be split up into a band of light from which the scientist can tell almost at a glance the elements of which that star is composed, the state of heat or incandescence in which these elements exist, and whether the star is coming towards us or going away, as also the rate of its motion.

This would seem to be quite a lot for an innocent-looking piece of glass to do; but it is indeed so. Such a band of light is called a *spectrum*; if it contains all of the colors of the rainbow, it is called a continuous spectrum.

There are two conditions which produce a spectrum: first, the ray of light is bent out of its straight course by the glass through which it passes. To get the best results, the glass should have the form of a triangular prism, and the ray should strike one of its sides obliquely. Just as a pencil stuck part way into a glass of water *appears* to be bent, so the ray of light *is* bent in passing through the prism, and leaves it in a different direction from that at which it entered. This always happens when a ray passes from any medium (meaning a substance through which it is transmitted) to another of different density; as for instance, when it enters our comparatively dense atmosphere after traveling through space.

There are in nature three series of rays which are very closely allied — heat, light, and chemical rays. Take a piece of iron heating in a fire: the first rays it emits are invisible, but we feel them as heat. As it gets hotter and hotter, as the vibrations increase in frequency, it begins to glow with a red color; gradually it adds the other colors of the spectrum, until it is what we call white-hot. If it were possible to heat it still further, in other words to increase the frequency of vibration still more, it would commence to give out chemical or actinic rays. It is with the light rays that the spectroscope has to do.

Now something else happens to the ray besides being merely bent as it passes through the prism. Each of the seven colored rays of which

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it is composed (supposing it to be a ray of white light) is bent at a slightly greater angle than the one before it, the red being bent least and the violet most, and it is this that gives us the band of light we call the spectrum.

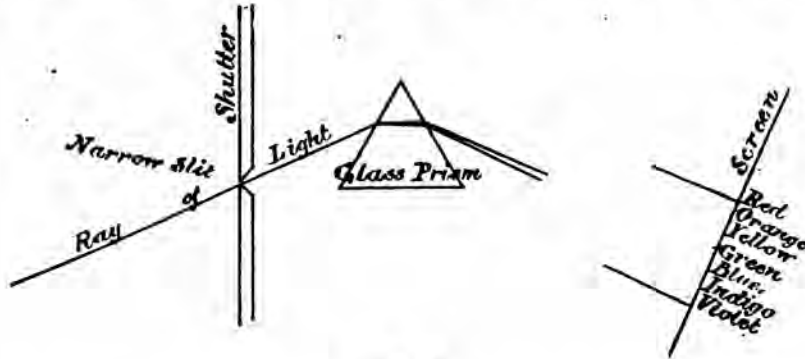


FIG. 1

This band of light, when proceeding from the sun, was observed by Dr. Wollaston in 1802 to be crossed by a number of dark lines, which were afterwards very fully investigated by the famous practical optician, J. von Fraunhofer, who made a chart showing 576 of these lines in the solar spectrum. For the observation of these an instrument called the spectroscope is needed, the general principles of which are as follows.

In Fig. 1 the ray of light is seen passing through a narrow slit in a shutter, then entering a glass prism of triangular section, whence it emerges in a pencil of rays of which the upper is red and the lower violet.

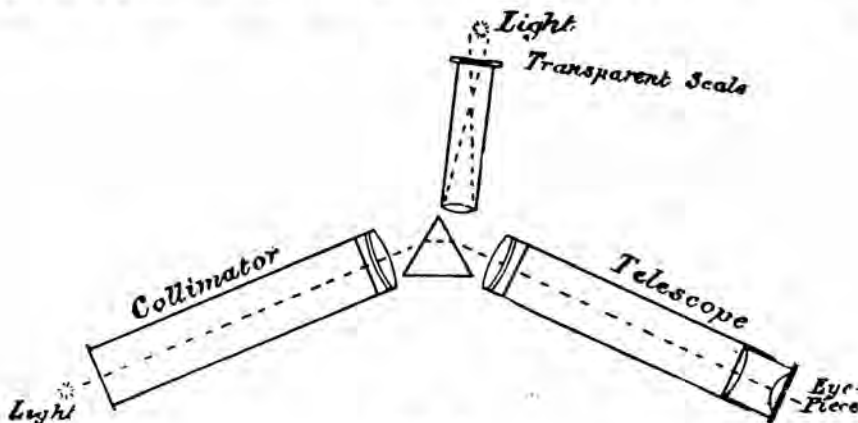


FIG. 2

These rays reach a screen on which the seven colors are seen. In practice, however, it becomes necessary to magnify this spectrum considerably. In Fig. 2 the ray of light enters a narrow slit (capable of regulation by

THE SPECTROSCOPE

a screw) at the left-hand end of what is called the collimator-tube, which is furnished at the other end with a lens that sends the rays exactly parallel with one another to the prism. The rays emerging from the prism are received by the objective lens of a telescope, furnished at the other end with an eye-piece which constitutes a microscope. Thus the image of the spectrum received by the eye becomes greatly enlarged.

A third tube as shown is sometimes used to send the image of a divided scale by reflexion to the eye-piece of the telescope so that it is superimposed on the spectrum-image, as seen in Fig. 3. This scale is adjustable by a screw so as to bring the same subdivision always opposite the image

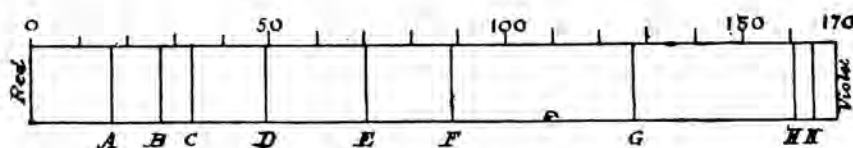


FIG. 3

of some well-known line, such as the D-line of sodium. In Fig. 3 only a few of the hundreds of lines in the solar spectrum are shown. The whole arrangement in Fig. 2 (modified considerably for various purposes) is called a spectroscope.

Several interesting experiments can be tried with a spectroscope. For instance, if we take a piece of the metal sodium and vaporize it in front of our instrument, we do not get a band of different colors: we merely get two yellow lines just about where yellow belongs in the continuous spectrum. Each metal has its distinctive spectrum, some having several lines of different colors, etc. Now, if we pass a white beam through an atmosphere of sodium vapor, we of course get a continuous spectrum; but in exactly the same place where before we had two yellow lines, we now have two dark lines crossing the yellow portion of the continuous spectrum. The rays corresponding in the white light to sodium rays have been absorbed by the sodium vapor, and so we have two dark lines close together in the spectrum.

By utilizing this discovery we can detect elements in the atmosphere and gases surrounding other stars. If we arrange our spectroscope (by means of divisions in the slit of the collimator) so that at the top we get a spectrum of the sun, and at the bottom a spectrum of whatever substance we desire to test, we shall find that the bright rays in the hydrogen or sodium spectrum (whichever it happens to be) correspond exactly with certain *dark* lines on the solar spectrum. Hence we conclude that these substances are present as vapors in the gases surrounding the sun,

RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

and have absorbed some of the rays coming from the heated interior. In Fig. 3 the lines CFG belong to the hydrogen-spectrum, and D to that of sodium.

As regards the state of incandescence of a star, it may be said, without going into particulars, that when a solid body is incandescent it gives a continuous spectrum, as for instance a limelight; when a gas is at a high temperature it gives a bright line spectrum, as we saw in the case of sodium vapor. The hottest stars have spectra like the sun; nebulae give bright line spectra, and are therefore supposed to consist chiefly of heated gases.

Turning now to the motion of the stars: everyone has doubtless noticed that as a train approaches the sound of its whistle is apparently higher than if it were stationary, or receding. This is caused by the waves of sound being crowded in upon us, so that they seem to have a higher frequency and therefore a higher pitch. In the same way the vibrations coming from a star in the form of light seem to be increased in frequency when the star is approaching: hence any given line, such as the sodium line, will be shifted slightly towards the violet end of the spectrum, the amount of displacement varying with the rate of approach. If the star is receding, the bands are correspondingly shifted towards the red end.

One of the most remarkable triumphs of the spectroscope is the following: Prof. Lockyer discovered certain lines in the spectrum of the sun which were impossible to identify as belonging to any known element on earth. He therefore ascribed them to a new element, which he named helium. Several years later Prof. Ramsay, while experimenting with radium emanations, discovered these very same lines present in the spectrum, and on further investigation this new gas, helium, was proved to be present. So here we have the remarkable case of an element being discovered and identified *in the Sun* before it was recognized on Earth.

There is another thought which occurs to one in considering the secrets of hidden light. As we know, light from the earth takes several thousand years to reach some of the stars. If it were possible to make these light waves reproduce pictures, as in photography, or as we make electric waves reproduce tones in a wireless telephone, one of those stars would see the earth as it was a thousand years ago, another, three thousand, and so on. Therefore not one single event in history, not one act of any of the millions which occurred on this earth or any other, is lost, but everything is recorded on this 'Screen of Time', so that light is really a great book, the most wonderful of all books for him who has eyes to read it. S.

Young folk's Department

AUGUST BOY

WHEN the tiger-lilies come,
August Boy, with dusty feet,
Tramples through the corn and wheat,
Climbs the hollyhocks' high towers,
Lays his hot hands on the hours,
Makes the locust-fiddles hum.
— *Lomaland Calendar*

THE FOURTH OF JULY AT WALNUT GROVE



WALNUT Grove is a small town not far from one of the large inland lakes. Don and Bonnie Lane live there. They are the children of the Mayor and they know what it means to be servants of the public.

The day after school closed Mr. Lane said: "Well, the Town Board has voted against the sale of fireworks!"

Fourth of July without firecrackers, giant 'cannon,' pinwheels or sky-rockets! It was too amazing to be real. When they realized what it meant, Don said he hoped it would rain pitchforks and pickaninnies. Then Bonnie suggested: "Let's get Father to have a general celebration, a parade, and speeches, and games!"

"All right," assented Don, "but remember it isn't Father — it's the whole ancient Town Board, who have got to be asked to consider that sweet question, little sister!"

"Well, we'll ask Father to ask the Board!"

You see, there was no limit to Bonnie's daring. The moment her father entered the gate that June afternoon he was bombarded with propositions and plans. His only relief came when he promised to take both Don and Bonnie to the next Council meeting.

Such excitement! They sat at the big table, taking turns holding Mayor Lane's gavel. Bonnie's eyes flashed. After finishing *the business of the evening*, Mr. Lane arose.

"Gentlemen," he said, "my little girl wishes me to ask you what you think of having a general celebration on the Fourth of July, with a parade, and speeches, and games!"

"It can't be did, your Honor!" protested old Colonel Hopkins in his deep lion-roaring voice. The Councilmen shook their heads in approval.

RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

"It would cost as much as fireworks!" barked Mr. Josiah Brown, the crossest man in Walnut Grove.

No one else spoke. Mr. Lane looked a question-mark at Don and another one at Bonnie. Don was frowning, but Bonnie's eyes were brighter than ever.

"Gentlemen," the Mayor continued, "I realize that it is quite out of order, but will you let Bonnie say something?"

"Speech from Bonnie!" shouted Mr. Higgins, an old friend of the Lane family.

As neither Colonel Hopkins nor Mr. Brown actually opposed this innovation, her father lifted Bonnie up to the table. Then, in her funny little lisping way, she told those gray-bearded men just what her idea was.

"Everybody who can will march down to the lake," she said. "The big school flag should be carried at the head of the procession, and the band must play. All the old people and the mothers with little babies will ride, of course."

Here Mr. Higgins led a faint applause.

"Behind them," Bonnie went on, a little rapidly, "will be the boys and girls; and behind them the grown people. When we get to the lake we can have our dinner under the trees, and then there could be some good games and races."

She was again interrupted by applause. Some one said: "A regular ripping, old-fashioned Fourth!"

"Yes," nodded Bonnie. "And we need some speeches about how the Declaration of Independence was made, and what America stands for now. The people can march back home for supper; and then they can come to the Town Hall and dance, or go to one of the churches and have a social."

Her speech was getting long, but she did not stop until she came to the end of it.

"And Colonel Hopkins must be the first speaker, because he is the Town Hero, having fought for our country!"

Loud hand-clapping came now, and a bow from the tamed old lion.

"And Mr. Brown must read the Declaration, because his great-greater-greatest grandfather was a signer!"

Louder hand-clapping, and another bow from docile Mr. Brown.

"And the whole thing won't cost any more than staying at home and being miserable without fireworks!"

Bonnie had won.

The question 'Shall it be done?' was not debated; but 'How shall it be done?' received long consideration. When the children and Mayor Lane reached home very, very late that night, the whole matter had been settled, down to Anne Tessy Brown's baking the molasses cakes, and Mrs.

FOURTH OF JULY AT WALNUT GROVE

Higgins and Granny Potter's being asked to preside over the sandwiches.

The Fourth began, as it always ought, brightly warm. The procession started from the First National Bank Building at half-past nine. Mr. Brown, in blue-and-buff, with gold lace all over him, carried the flag. The band was in place, and Colonel Hopkins was Grand Marshal of the Day. To have seen him on his high-stepping horse, you would have thought of General Washington at the head of his troops.

Except the bed-ridden and their purses, old Mother Hanks, and the Town Constable, all the citizens were in line, and all Walnut Grove was happy.

A success? Yes. Chicken pie and sandwiches, ice cream and cakes, were all what Granny Potter called "deleeshus." The speeches stopped short of tiresomeness, and Mr. Brown read the Declaration as if he had put on the glory of John Hancock himself. No one fell into the lake and no one *said* firecrackers. The fat man's race was won by Mr. Lane, who wore his prize, a garland of maple leaves, during the rest of the day, and wherever he went there followed a scream of laughter.

Marching home — oh, the good time everybody had going home! The band played *America* and all the people sang. Then there were *John Brown's Body*, *Columbia the Gem*, *Darling Nelly Gray*, and many of the other dear old songs we Americans love to sing when we are coming home from picnics.

When Colonel Hopkins at the head of the returning line came up to the Town Constable, standing on the highest of the Bank steps waving a greeting, there was a sudden, startling command, "Halt!"

Walnut Grove stood still.

"Three cheers for Bonnie Lane!" roared the grand old Marshal of the Day.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" rang out.

A man beside Mr. Brown lifted Bonnie to his shoulder; and she, holding a corner of the big flag, called in response: "Hurrah for the Fourth of July!"

Cheering and cheering again; then the procession broke up.

When Don and Bonnie were sitting with their parents around the supper-table talking over the events of the day, Don said: "I'll bet you a cookie that next year Grigsby and South Town will be copying our Fourth of July example."

"What do you think, Miss Public-Adviser-to-Small-Towns?" asked Mayor Lane, turning to his rosy daughter.

"I think Colonel Hopkins and Mr. Brown are two sweet old darlings, don't you Father?" said Bonnie — which was not exactly a direct reply to her father's question, was it?

PATRIOTIC AMERICAN

A FOURTH OF JULY GARDEN

THE poppies, in the lower bed,
Are tossing gorgeous caps
of red.

The winding borders, to the right,
Are splashed and dashed with
daisies white.

The cornflowers, where the path
goes by;
Are blue and blue as July's sky.

I did not plan my garden so —
The flowers came up — I let
them grow!

But next year, I shall raise for
you

A flag of blooms, red, white and
blue. — *Selected*



ALL READY FOR THE
FOURTH OF JULY

THE MONKEY'S MOTTO GAME



BERT is a sunny little fellow who used to be very cross. He has no brothers nor sisters. Before he went to school he had no playmates, except his dog Rover and Billy, his rocking-horse. Rover often wanted to sleep, and Billy made so much noise that Bert could not always be riding.

One day he was crosser than usual and his mother did not know how to make him happy. Three times he had gone through the A-B-C pictures. From front cat-cover to back dog-cover he had repeated the whole long story:

A IS FOR ANTELOPE, AGILE AND SPRY,
B IS FOR BUZZARD, FLYING SO HIGH,

all the way to

Y IS FOR YAK, A QUEER CREATURE YOU SEE,
Z IS FOR ZEBRA, ALL STRIPED IS HE.

Bert's mother showed him a new game with blocks, but that he soon tired of. He went to the window and sat on a stool, and frowned.

THE MONKEY'S MOTTO GAME

An organ-grinder was playing far down the street. With him was a small monkey dressed like a soldier. The man caught sight of Bert's face, came to the window and began to play '*Hail Columbia*.'

The monkey climbed the porch railing and jumped through the open window into the room. He threw back his shoulders, put his little arms stiffly close to his sides and marched up and down. Every time he passed Bert he saluted.

Bert had three pennies which he put into the monkey's tiny wrinkled hand. The funny little visitor took a slip of paper out of his breast pocket and solemnly handed it to Bert. Then, with a farewell salute, he sprang out of the window straight into his master's arms.

The organ-grinder waved his hat, played one more air, took the monkey under his arm and disappeared around the corner.

When they were gone Bert asked his mother to read the words on the slip of paper. They were:

EVERY DAY, WHATEVER YOU DO,
BE A FINE SOLDIER, BRAVE AND TRUE.

"Is it a game, Mother?" Bert asked.

"Not exactly," she replied. "It is a kind of motto."

"What is a motto?" Bert wanted to know.

"A motto is something to learn and remember," his mother explained.

Bert sat still for some moments before saying, "Mother, I know the monkey's motto by heart!"

He repeated it and his mother said, laughing, "Well, dear, what you need to do now is to remember it."

The next time Bert was cross his mother left her work, went to the window and looked up and down the street. Bert came and stood beside her.

"I wish the monkey would come again," he said.

"So do I," said she. "I thought you remembered his motto, Bert."

"Oh, I *do* remember it!"

"Not really, though."

"Oh, yes, Mother, *really*. Listen!" Bert recited it correctly.

"But it isn't remembering, just saying off words," said his mother.

Bert looked surprised. Then he squared his shoulders, picked up a stick and began marching back and forth, as the monkey had done. By this time he was laughing as if he had never been cross before and never would be cross again.

"Why, yes, I believe you do remember, after all," said his mother.

Bert goes to school now. Next year he will be in the first grade. He has never seen the little monkey again, but he will not soon forget

RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

his very wise motto. In fact, at Bert's school they play a game called 'The Monkey's Motto Game.'

It started this way: One day a little boy, Willie Kane, had a fit of temper, and Bert jumped up, put his hands stiffly to his sides, and marched around the table, saluting Willie every time he passed. All the children — even Willie himself — began to laugh. Then Bert put his hand into his pocket and gave Willie a piece of paper.

"What is that for?" asked the teacher.

"That is the motto," replied Bert.

"What are supposed to be the words of the motto?" she asked.

Bert told her, and she was so pleased that she had a tall boy from one of the upper grades write in big letters in the center of the blackboard at the top, where every one could see,

EVERY DAY, WHATEVER YOU DO,
BE A FINE SOLDIER, BRAVE AND TRUE.

And there the monkey's motto stayed till the end of the term.—V. K.

POLL'S TRICK

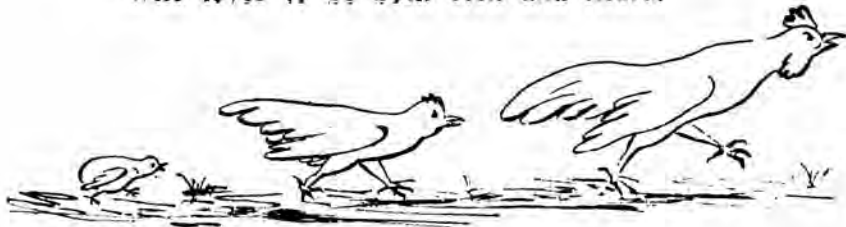


OLD Polly is a foolish bird,
Who loves to be both seen and heard.
She talks, talks, talks, the livelong day,
With never anything to say.

When Polly sees a hawk sail by,
On steady wing across the sky,
"Look out! look out!" she wildly shrieks,
Till every chicken homeward streaks.

A boy came out to fly his kite
Above the fields, in Polly's sight.
"Look out! look out!" came her hoarse call,
Till home flew roosters, hens and all!

And there all afternoon they stayed,
And never guessed the trick Poll played.
She is a dear old silly bird,
Who loves to be both seen and heard.



ESSIE'S GRANDFATHER-DOLL



ESSIE'S favorite playthings were her paper dolls. They were a large family: father, mother, big brother, little brother, big sister, little sister, twins, and a 'teeny weeny' baby. Uncles and aunties there were, cousins of many sizes, and two dear, sweet grandmothers. The one missing relative was a grandfather.

Essie's search for the old gentleman had been a long one. Pictures of gray-haired boys she found in plenty, but what Essie wanted was a dignified grandfatherly grandfather. He must have bushy white hair and whiskers, and a rosy smiling face; his blue serge coat must button snugly across his broad chest; he must carry a cane and wear gaiters; and the twinkle in his eye must be all the merrier because of his big-rimmed spectacles.

One day Essie was playing that the paper-doll family were automobil-ing. The boulevard was the low green bench that ran all around the summer-house. The younger children kept saying, "Now, wouldn't it be nice if Grandfather were only here!" and "Oh, dear — poor Grandfather is missing the scenery!" and Essie herself thought how very lonely the two fashionable grandmothers looked in their elegant blue limousine.

"Well, darlings," said Essie, trying to comfort them, "it does seem as though there *must* be a grandfather somewhere in the world. Be patient a little longer, and I'll surely find him for you."

She heard her brother Dan calling, "Essie, come here, will you?"

Gathering up the dolls, automobiles and all, she put them to bed in a little red box on a shelf beneath the rustic table. Then she ran out to find her brother. He was on the veranda tying up papers.

"I'm in an awful hurry," he said. "These papers and magazines are to be sent to the soldiers. You can help by counting while I tie. Count ten and put them in a pile, and then count ten more, and so on."

"All right, Dan," said Essie, and she fell to counting as fast as she could pick up papers. My, how she wished to look at the pages! She could almost hear the grandfather-doll calling, "Here I am, Essie!" But Dan was working so swiftly that she was soon too busy to think of anything but trying to keep pace with him.

When the papers were stacked in neat bundles at the roadside, Essie discovered in the hammock a big magazine that had not been counted in.

"Oh, Dan," she cried, "here's one more!"

"It will have to wait for another time," said Dan, running to get his cap. Then, as he was leaving the house, he called, "You may have that one, Essie. Perhaps you will find a paper doll or two in it."



RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

"Thanks, Dan," said Essie, and skipped down to the summer-house for her scissors.

"Oh, goodie, goodie, Grandpa!" the little flat people under the rustic table heard her say. In a few minutes they were having a rustling, bustling celebration. The paper-doll family had become complete!

Inside the very first page of the extra magazine, Essie had found the dearest old grandfather ever dreamed of. He was big and dignified, and smiling. He had just the right kind of thick white hair and whiskers. His round pink cheeks rolled up to his spectacles and his eyes twinkled ever so merrily. Yes, and he carried a cane and wore nice white buckled-down gaiters. And how in the world he ever got his blue coat buttoned was a wonder — so broad was the dear old gentleman across the chest — just exactly as Essie had wanted him to be! HENRIETTA S.



LOMALAND BIRD NEWS .

THE Red-tail Hawk seems to be making considerable commotion in Birdville, so the little birds have organized a police force. The first bird who sees him utters a call of warning, "rrrrr" and then a loud call passes along until the king-bird is notified. He seems to be the chief of police.

Off he goes, tearing across the sky towards this dreaded enemy, accompanied by his tiny adjutant, master humming-bird! This tiny creature always goes forth with the king-bird, to make war on the common enemy, the hawk, and I have no doubt that should the chase end with an attack the humming-bird would be in the thick of the battle.

THE BACKWARD CHILD

MRS. Linnet was having a serious time with her backward little one who thought he could not learn to fly. In fact, it seemed to take the moral suasion of all the linnet neighborhood to get that baby bird to bed. They formed a ring about the mother and the little bird and did their best with chirps and flutterings of encouragement. Grandpa and grandma and all the uncles and aunties were doing their best to help the mother bird, who in the center of the ring was flapping her wings and showing the crying baby bird how easy it was to fly up to the nest if he would only just try.

Soon the little one began to try, and found that was all that was needed, *just to try*, and next he found his little new wings had lifted him safely up through the air and back to the nest in the tree. He only had to flap them real hard. His mother knew he could do it, you see. EDYTHA

THE HARVEST MOON

By W. D.

OH moon, I saw you rising,
As soon as day had fled,
Your size was quite surprising,
And my! but you were red.
Your light poured o'er the meadows,
And bathed the dusty hills;
It filtered through the shadows
And roused the whip-poor-wills.

Oh moon, while I lay sleeping
You climbed the path of stars;
I woke to find you peeping
Between my window bars.
I watched you drifting — drifting —
A boat of silver-blue;
With cloud-sails dipping, lifting,
You floated out of view.

Oh moon, so faintly glowing
When I ran out at dawn —
There came the first breeze blowing,
And you and night were gone!
Then as day rose, adorning
The skies with flowers of light,
While I cried my "Good morning!"
I thought you sighed, "Good night!"

FAIRY-BOATS



THE Brownies have a garden in Lomaland. It is an enchanted place, inhabited by myriads of flower-sprites. Every week the little gardeners gather huge baskets of blossoms to send to poor suffering mortals out in the big world. I think they must whisper something of their destination to the sprites shut up in the seeds when they tuck them up in the warm brown earth, that when they wake up in Spring they may take great pains to dress gaily and neatly.

There are some fairy boats growing on a creeper that clings to the fence. They are white, or pink, or blue, or mauve, and sometimes, when the sprites are capricious they stripe or fleck them with all these colors.

RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

The boats have immense sails, which overshadow the whole vessel, but which are fixed on to the body of the boats at the stern. Then there are two side-sails, which also come from the stern. The keel is crescent-shaped, curving up to a tapering point at the bow.

The vessel is anchored to the quay by a green cup-like buoy, into which the stern fits closely. There are generally three or four boats at each wharf, but sometimes you see as many as six or seven, or only one in the dock.

The crew consists of nine or ten men, each wearing a golden helmet and a pale green uniform. The captain is taller and bigger than the rest, and wears a uniform of silvery fur, and a huge golden helmet.

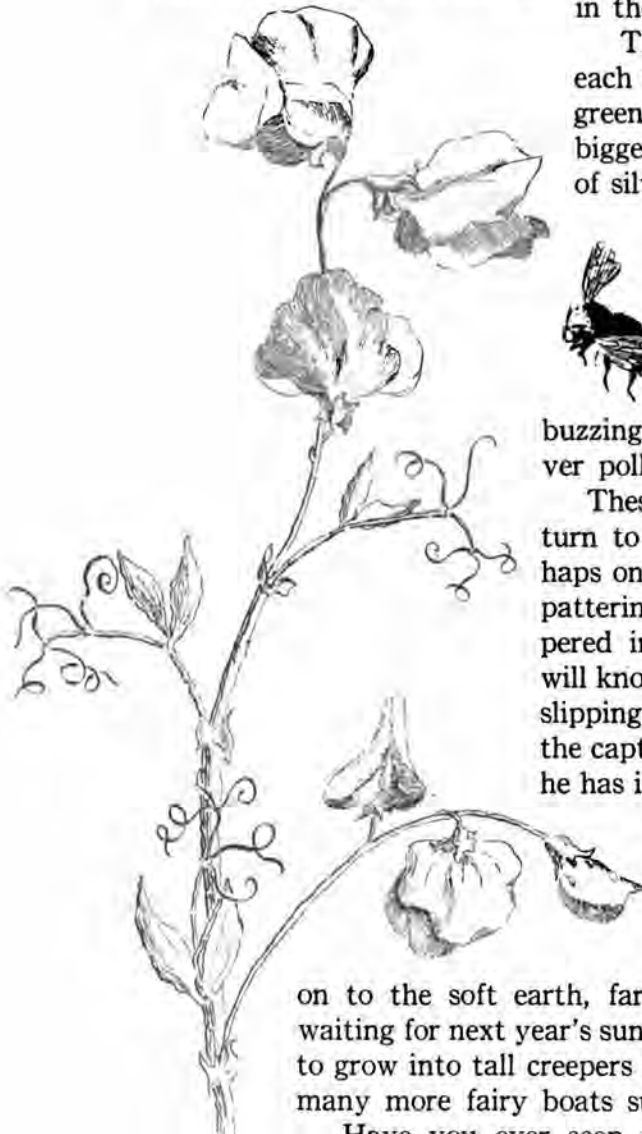
Over his fur coat he wears a pale green shield, and at his feet stands a jar of his precious merchandise, honey. The captain and crew stand at the bow, peering out anxiously to watch the buzzing aeroplanes which come daily to deliver pollen and carry away honey.

These fairy boats are waiting for their turn to sail into the vast unknown. Perhaps one morning they will wake up to the pattering call of the raindrops, or the whispered invitation of the breezes, and they will know that their turn has come. Gently slipping anchor they will sail away, leaving the captain behind them, to look after seeds he has in his charge, teaching them to grow

into round, green balls, snugly wrapped around by his furry cloak and shield. When they grow big and strong enough, they burst his cloak open and jump out, falling

on to the soft earth, far below, where they nestle snugly, waiting for next year's sunshine and rain, which will help them to grow into tall creepers too, proudly bearing on their stalks many more fairy boats such as they came from.

Have you ever seen these fairy boats in your garden? Perhaps if you go out and look around, you will notice how fond the aeroplanes (which are called 'B's' because they buzz so) are of them,



ONE SUMMER EVENING

and how sweet they smell. In fact they smell so delicious that some people, who know nothing of elves and sprites, call them 'Sweet P,' which P some say stands for 'Perfume,' and others declare means 'Purity.' M.

ONE SUMMER EVENING



LITTLE girl was standing in the middle of a beautiful green lane with honeysuckle and wild roses clambering over its hedges, and long green grass and meadowsweet in the ditch below, and a large elm growing in the meadow, shaded the lane.

It was the kind of summer evening when little girls and boys like to go out to play and have good times with one another; but Maude was very cross that evening; yes, there she was with pouting lips and scowl, and a look of self-pity on her face.

Why would no one play with her, why did her playmates always quarrel with her? She heard her sisters laughing and talking — "Quick! hit her out." "Now then — Run." "Hurrah! Well done." "Now Rose, you are out." Then she heard a laugh from Rose who said, "So I am, come Vera, your turn now."

A little while ago Maude had been hit out; but instead of falling in with the game like her sisters, she had become angry and declared that she was *not* out and that it was not fair. Then, because she could not have her turn over again, she stamped her feet, and turned away, and angry tears had started to her eyes.

So there she stood listening to the shouts of her comrades, longing to play, yet too stubborn to go back. Bed-time was coming and all play for the day would soon be over.

She heard the cow-bell from over the hills, the faint call of the pee-wit, the creak of a corn-crake, and saw the last flaming cloud of the sunset disappear below the horizon; nearer home she heard Mr. Tomkins shutting up his barns for the night, and Mrs. Tomkins taking in her bowls and pails, and the last scramble and clatter of the hens as they settled to roost.

"Maude, Rose, Vera, come, it is time for bed!" — That was Mother calling. She looked at her children when they came in and noticed the happy faces of Rose and Vera, then Maude's very unhappy one.

It was not quite dark inside; on the table stood three glasses of milk, and some bread and butter nicely cut, ready for them. Maude ate hers in silence and in silence went to bed, except when asked a question, to which she answered crossly.

Now she was all tucked up; Mother had gone, the sound of her last

RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

footstep had died away on the stairs; faintly she heard the shouts of other children at play, and the last good-nights of the farmers.

She began to think of the day and what it had meant, and she felt irritable and cross inside, but presently she heard a piano playing; she listened and listened until she fell asleep.

She was wandering among large lawns shaded by cedars and copper-beeches, through which came glints of sunset light; in rose-gardens filled with their evening perfume; down paths lined with lupines, larkspurs and elderberry heavy with dew: and out of the mistiness there appeared before her a shining white angel who spoke these words:

"You did not play fairly and nicely with your sisters today, so how could you expect them to want you to stay. You are so often selfish and think of what Maude wants and likes. There are other people in this world to be considered besides yourself, remember. When you see you are in the wrong, give in and make yourself agreeable and fall in with the others."

Maude's big round eyes were full of tears, because the words she had just heard, she knew to be true; presently she looked up and said:

"Dear, beautiful angel, I know I have been in the wrong, but I do so wish to do right."

Yes, she saw that she must "fall in with the others"; those were the words that she was going to remember each day as it came.

Then the angel standing there among the blue of the larkspurs, the purple of the lupines, and the creamy darkness of the elderberry, bent over her, whispering:

"Now tomorrow go downstairs with the determination to be unselfish all the day, not to quarrel, not to be stubborn; and remember the motto, 'Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you.'"

After a long silence, Maude answered, "Yes, dear angel, if *you* will be with me always."

"I will, my child, if you ever strive to do your best." M. B.

DANDELION

THERE was a little dandelion,
With lovely, fluffy hair,
That glistened in the sunshine,
And in the summer air.
But oh, this pretty dandelion
Soon grew quite old and gray,
And, sad to tell, her charming hair
Blew many miles away. — *Selected*

SEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING



T is seven o'clock, and it is summer. I walk among flowers and ripening fruits — little lemon trees and big pear trees, great palm trees and fig trees and middle-sized orange trees, Easter lilies that came too late for Easter, and roses that have forgotten their time is June.

Up there on the topmost peak of the high dove-cote a wise old blackty, watching for me. Here he the whole big ing round and down, so low, at almost brush my ders.

How beautiful they are! I look up as they fly overhead and tucked up a- of their tails, the of their inside and the close- their breasts.

They know what is coming! Faster and faster they fly, and eucalyptus tree er they fly, and the cote, and as the doorway I of many feet hear the sound scratching on the shingles above.

Hungry pigeons! They are hurry, young saying, "Hurry, man! We can hardly wait for our good breakfast!" And yet, they politely wait until I have come out and closed the door.

Then, most beautiful sight! First, lifting a little into the air, down they drop, their wings spread motionless until within a few feet from the ground, when with a few swift, vigorous flaps, and standing almost straight up, they suddenly alight.

Silence! The pigeons take their breakfast in silence, moving about with soft little rustlings of feathers; grateful, happy, beautiful birds. And this is my daily seven o'clock in the morning.

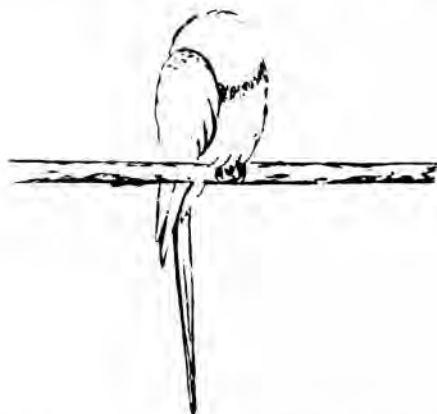
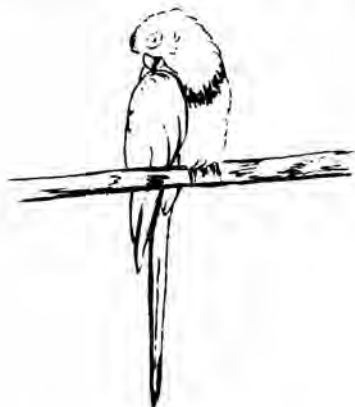
H.



RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

a long tail. When he wants to rest his neck he turns his head a-round and sticks his beak down be-tween the oth-er wing and his back on the oth-er side.

The big pol-ly goes to sleep the same way, with her head o-ver her back and her beak hooked o-ver her wing. And Dick, the ca-na-ry, and the lit-tle birds out-of-doors in the trees, do the same.



It does-n't take Pix-y Pan long to get up in the morn-ing. But he spends some time get-ting dressed; for he preens, or combs, his feath-ers through his beak ver-y care-ful-ly, and stretch-es first one wing and leg, and then the oth-er.

You see, e-ven lit-tle birds have their du-ties in go-ing to sleep pro-per-ly and in wak-ing and car-ing for their lit-tle bo-dies in or-der to be clean, health-y, and hap-py lit-tle birds.

Pix-y Pan takes his bath in a lit-tle tub, and he splash-es the wat-er and gets ver-y wet; but when he is nice-ly dry and has preen-ed his feath-ers, he looks very hand-some.

He has a beau-ti-ful coat of dark green, a lit-tle crest of or-ange, blue on the top of his head, and his long wing feath-ers are black and blue, while un-der-neath he is a ver-y light green.

He has let-tuce and car-rot for break-fast, sun-flow-er seed for din-ner and more seed for sup-per. He likes to play with lit-tle toy dish-es and emp-ty spools and but-tons. Some-times he tries to sing and makes some real pret-ty sounds, and then a-gain he squawks and is ver-y nois-y. He is bus-y at some-thing all day, and when night comes he is al-ways read-y to be cov-ered up and go to sleep as you see him in the pic-ture a-bove on the right. E. P.

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Conducted by

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RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

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SEPTEMBER 1918

THE SCHOOL BELL

"TINKLE, tinkle, ting, ting, ting":
Listen to the bell, it seems to say,
"Hasten to your lessons, come away,
Leave the playground, games give o'er,
Play is past, work lies before."

"Tinkle, tinkle, ting, ting, ting":
Quicker still it calls, why linger still?
"Enter now the school, your tasks fulfil,
Form your classes, cease your play,
To your lessons come away."— *Selected*

BECOMING A RÂJA-YOGA CHILD



It is early September, and you have taken out your arithmetic and your reader to 'see where you left off' last June; you have sharpened your pencil, and you are now on your way back to school.

I wonder what you are thinking about, this warm September morning, little school boy, little smiling school girl!

Perhaps you are thinking about Râja-Yoga and the happy children in the Râja-Yoga School at Point Loma. Perhaps you are wishing that your parents lived near such a school, and that you were sharing in the studies and play-hour merriment of the Râja-Yoga children. Are you thinking thoughts like these? And do you really wish this wish more than any other? Well, whoever you are, and wherever your school-house stands, listen to this:

YOU CAN BE A RÂJA-YOGA CHILD!

Indeed you can. You have only to remember, always, what Râja-Yoga is, and then think, say and do it every moment. How? You know very well how, *if you think*. You know that it is easier to be good than to be naughty, and that to be truthful and sincere are the two beautiful heart-flowers that little children should grow in their natures.

Don't you know that if a child is clean; if he is careful to keep his

ON READING

of our nose, but the difference is that we wished them there ourself.

People grumble because they do not get their desires, but the main trouble is that they do get them. Only, by the time they get a desire, they have no use for it and are wanting something else. It is perhaps better to get rid of the desire, if possible.

ON READING



YOU, O serious student of many volumes, believe that you have a sincere passion for reading. You are animated by a real desire to get out of literature all that literature will give. And in that aim you keep on reading, year after year, and the gray hairs come.

Amid all this steady tapping of the reservoir, do you ever take stock of what you have acquired? Do you ever pause to make a valuation, in terms of your own life, of that which you are daily absorbing, or imagine you are absorbing? Do you ever satisfy yourself by proof that you are absorbing anything at all; that the living waters, instead of vitalizing you, are not running off you as though you were a duck in a storm? It may well be that even your alleged sacred passion is, after all, simply a habit.

The test is not so vague, nor so difficult, as might appear.

If a man is not thrilled by intimate contact with nature: with the sun, with the earth, which is his origin and the arouser of his acutest emotions —

If he is not troubled by the sight of beauty in many forms —

If he is devoid of curiosity concerning his fellow-men and his fellow-animals —

If he does not have glimpses of the unity of all things in an orderly progress —

If he is chronically 'querulous, dejected, and envious' —

If he is pessimistic —

Then that man, though he reads undisputed classics for twenty hours a day, is not receiving from literature what literature has to give. He fails because he has not assimilated into his existence the vital essences which genius put into the books that have merely passed before his eyes; because genius has offered him faith, courage, vision, noble passion, curiosity, love, a thirst for beauty, and he has not taken the gift; because genius has offered him the chance of living fully, and he is only half alive, for it is only in the stress of fine ideas and emotions that a man may truly be said to live.— From Arnold Bennett's *Literary Taste, How to Form it*; (slightly condensed)

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES: by Henry W. Longfellow

IN the ancient town of Bruges,
.....
Rang the beautiful wild chimes
From the Belfry in the market
Of the ancient town of Bruges.



Then, with deep sonorous clangor
Calmly answering their sweet anger,
When the wrangling bells had ended,
Slowly struck the clock eleven,
And, from out the silent heaven,
Silence on the town descended.
Silence, silence everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
Save that footsteps here and there
Of some burgher home returning,
By the street lamps faintly burning,
For a moment woke the echoes
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

But amid my broken slumbers
Still I heard those magic numbers,
As they loud proclaimed the flight
And stolen marches of the night;
Till their chimes in sweet collision
Mingled with each wandering vision,
Mingled with the fortune-telling
Gypsy-bands of dreams and fancies,
Which amid the waste expanses
Of the silent land of trances
Have their solitary dwelling;
All else seemed asleep in Bruges,
In the quaint old Flemish city.

THE STORY OF THE LOCUSTS



DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS: Did you ever hear the story of *The Locusts*, telling how a certain not-very-wise ancient king was bested at his own game? Well, the story lives in many tongues, and here it is in yours:—

There was once a king who was so fond of hearing stories told that he issued a proclamation that whoever could tell a story that never came to an end should have his daughter in marriage and the half of his kingdom; but if the story did come to an end, he should be executed. Several celebrated story-tellers tried, and their stories lasted for weeks, months, and even years; but they all came to an end, and the tellers were bowstrung. At last a stranger appeared and offered himself for the prize. The king duly warned him of the danger he incurred and of the inviolability of the royal oath; but he could not be deterred and so was allowed to begin his story. He said:

"O mightiest of kings, you must know that once there was a king who feared famine and determined to build a granary to store up corn so that his people might be provided for in times of scarcity. And the masons and the bricklayers came and built the granary, vast and perfect; but they accidentally left in the roof one tiny hole no bigger than the thickness of your majesty's little finger. And one day there came a locust and crawled through the hole and took a grain of corn. And then there came another locust and took another grain of corn, and then there came another locust and took another grain of corn, and then there came another locust and took another grain of corn, and then there came another locust and took another grain of corn."

And so the story went on, and the king listened patiently for a week, and then he said:

"O bother your locusts, I am tired of them, tell me the rest of the story."

But the man said: "Your majesty, I cannot go on with the story until the locusts have eaten all the corn, and so far they have only made a hole as large as a bushel measure, and the granary is vast."

So the king listened patiently for seven weeks more, and then he said:

"O bother your locusts, I am tired of them, tell me the rest of the story."

But the man answered: "Your majesty, I cannot go on with the story till the locusts have eaten all the corn. So far they have only made a hole as large as a camel, and the granary is very vast."

So the story went on: "And then there came another locust and took another grain of corn." And at last the king said:

"There, take my daughter and the half of my kingdom and go wherever you like, so long as it is far enough away from me."

CHAPTERS FROM THE HISTORY OF SWEDEN

Written for the Children and Young People at Point Loma by O. S.

CHAPTER I: THE PERIOD OF THE FOLKUNGA DYNASTY AND THE CALMAR UNION



WITH the accession of the Folkunga Dynasty the history of Sweden assumes quite a different character to what it had been previously. Historical records become more complete and enable us to follow the general pattern of the leading ideas that underlie the development of the nation and the actions of the great characters.

To say just a word about the general periods which may now be distinguished in the historical development of the country: It is a remarkable fact that the length of these different periods is fairly uniform and seems to correspond to that periodic alternation which has been pointed out in the history of other European countries.*

The period of about one hundred and thirty years is plainly distinguishable as a determining figure in the general pattern of Swedish history from this time onward. Of course this period of one hundred and thirty years must not be made too rigid; we must always allow a certain latitude for the outer manifestation of the inner periodic law, which of course must depend on the inbreathing and outbreathing, so to speak, of the spiritual power in the life of the nation.

Thus, to state it briefly, the Folkunga family is in power from about 1250 to 1380, when King Hakon of Norway died, or to 1389, when the Calmar Union virtually began, the interval of these nine years being a period of intermission and uncertainty.

The second period is that of the Calmar Union, which was really instituted by Queen Margaret in 1389 and lasted practically up to the time of the election of Gustavus Vasa as Protector of the Realm in 1521.

The next period extends from the beginning of Gustavus Vasa's reign up to 1648, when, through the Peace of Westphalia, the Thirty Years' War was ended and the final seal was put on Sweden's new position as one of the great Powers of Europe.

From about this time, when Sweden really enters upon its great era, a new period of about one hundred and thirty years brings us down to 1770 or rather 1772, the year in which Gustavus III, through his *coup d'état*, reinstated the full monarchic authority, after a most dangerous

*See *The Theosophical Path*, Vol. XIII, No. 1, July, 1917, 'Cyclic Law In History,' by Kenneth Morris.

HISTORY OF SWEDEN

period of internal dissensions, during which the authority of the Crown had almost vanished and the country had become subject to dangerous foreign influences.

The last period in the history of Sweden should be counted from 1772 up to 1905, when the separation from Norway occurred.

The new opening in the life of the Swedish nation, which may be counted from about 1250, is marked by a gradual development of the national self-consciousness. The struggle for solute independency as well as political freedom and abundance, spiritually, which seems to run like an undercurrent of the Swedish life through the nation, is no longer confined to the separate provinces or to opposing clans, but is carried on as a whole against aggressive foreign intruders and against the parts of the sheltered country, by the countrymen and as well. Again real builders of free *Odalmen* or from the inland parts of the country, to save the rest from oppression by rulers who were not in sympathy with the people, and who had come into power through



Birger Jarl

the intrigues of the higher classes. Inspired by the love of freedom and the love of country, which had been theirs since time immemorial, these *Odalmen* stood as an unshakable bulwark against foreign invaders. But as a rule they were slow to move, and it required the power of a truly great leader to arouse their confidence and set them in action. The Swedes indeed have often proved themselves hesitating and slow when confronted with dangers or with new ideas; but when once convinced of the righteousness of the cause, they have always followed the recognised leader through hardships and sufferings as well as through triumphs and success. This is most plainly illustrated by the history of several of the great kings, especially that of Charles XII.

The love of freedom, of self-government, so characteristic of the Swedish nation, has always been coupled with a deep respect for the

law. From the earliest times the rights of the people as well as of the Government have been protected by laws which were repeated orally in the beginning, but since the twelfth century have been gradually formulated in writing. It is a remarkable fact that most of the great rulers of the country have been also eminent law-makers. We only need to recall such

Jarl, Magnus La-Eriksson, Gustavus Adolphus, na, Charles XI, many other fa-

When the last line died in 1250, was the king's as the most in-the country, was Finland. During

young son Waldemar was elected king. When Birger received notice of this, he at once returned to Sweden and assumed control of the Government as the protector of his son, who was a minor. Birger Jarl is often mentioned as the first ruler in Swedish history really deserving the name of statesman. During his administration Sweden entered into closer relationship with the rest of Europe, in particular with the rich and influential towns of the Hanseatic League, which henceforth were of great importance for the economical and industrial development of Sweden. Yet Birger Jarl is remembered by the Swedish nation preeminently as a law-maker. He abolished thralldom and emancipated those who had given themselves into slavery by contract or otherwise. He improved the position of women and gave them the right of inheritance after their fathers' death; and by other laws he endeavored to check and control the spirit of violence, confusion, and contention, which still pervaded the people.

Birger's younger son, Magnus, who was a much more powerful character than the elder son, Waldemar, continued his father's work as a law-maker and tried especially to promote the peace and welfare of the lower classes. Therefore he was called 'Ladulås,' which means 'Lock for the Peasant's Barn.' During the reign of Magnus a new class of nobility was formed: those who did mounted military service were granted exemption from taxation and received landed estates in payment for the service to the State, thus forming a separate class. An organized hereditary feudal system in the general European sense was, however, never established in Sweden, and Feudalism consequently never gained



Ruins of Magnus Ladulås' Castle on the Island of Visingsö

names as Birger dulås, Magnus vus Vasa, Gus-Axel Oxenstjer-Arvid Horn, and mous rulers.

king of the Erik Birger Jarl, who counselor as well fluential man in on a crusade in his absence, his

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a footing there. This is a circumstance of great significance in the general democratic development of the country.

After the death of King Magnus, which took place at Visingsö in 1290, the realm was for some time disturbed by the quarrels of his three sons, the dukes Waldemar, Birger, and Erik, caused by the conferring of dukedoms upon the younger brothers of the king. These conflicts weakened the royal power at the expense of which that of the nobility increased.

In 1319 the six-year-old son of Duke Erik was made king, under the name of Magnus Eriksson. When Magnus grew up he became very popular; and in 1335, when he made his 'Erik's progress through the country, he passed a further law of emancipation, which definitively terminated the condition which had existed in certain districts even up to that time. The justice was improved, and a uniform law for the whole country — Eriksson's law — was introduced to replace the old provincial laws which had existed in different parts of the kingdom. Magnus Eriksson was a well-educated, good and influential prince. Influenced by his beautiful Blanche of Namur, he encouraged the cul-



Queen Margareta

ment and higher civilization; but he lacked the strong will and stern character of his grandfather. Unsuccessful war and the dissatisfaction of a faction of the nobility finally led to the dethronement of Magnus Eriksson in 1365. He retired to Norway, where his son Hakon was then ruling, and the crown of Sweden was bestowed upon a cousin of Hakon, Duke Albrecht of Mecklenburg, who became entirely subject to the will and wishes of the intriguing noblemen of the country.

The reign of Albrecht was the period of the greatest impotence of the Crown and of the highest — though not the most honorable — power of the nobility. Finally some of the noblemen became discontented with King Albrecht and offered the Swedish crown to Queen Margaret, widow of King Hakon, who, after the death of her husband and his young son

Olof in 1389, ruled not only Norway, but also, by right of inheritance, Denmark. With the assistance of the Swedish army she defeated King Albrecht in 1389 at Falköping, and brought about in the same year the union between the three northern countries, Sweden, Denmark, and Norway, called the Union of Calmar, because it was concluded in the little town of Calmar.

The most celebrated personage in Sweden during the period of Magnus Eriksson was a woman, St. Bridget or Santa Birgitta. Indeed, she was the first Swede, either man or woman, since the time of the Vikings, to become a figure of international importance. She is well known as the foundress of the Order of St. Bridget, which spread over most of Europe, but had its principal seat at the Convent of

Vadstena, on the shores of Lake Vättern. The general aim of St. Bridget was to purify the church, which at her time had become very corrupt, and to revivify the spiritual life of the people. In order to promote these plans she also went to Rome, but met with little sympathy from the Pope and the Roman clergy, who cared more about their own comfort than about the spiritual needs of the people. St. Bridget died there in the greatest misery in 1373; but a few years afterwards she was proclaimed a saint by the Pope, because of her great influence on the truly religious minds of her time.

Undoubtedly the Calmar Union was founded on a great political idea; but it involved immense practical difficulties because of the different interests of the three Scandinavian countries — Sweden having its main



Engelbrecht's Statue in Örebro

HISTORY OF SWEDEN



Outer Courtyard of Gripsholms Castle

interests in the East, Norway in the West, and Denmark in the South — and also because of the large distances and poor means of communication at that time. As long as Queen Margaret herself was the ruling will in this Union, differences could be suppressed and the three nations worked in harmony. But as later on the kings were simply elected by the Danes, they became not only strangers but oppressors to the other nations of this Union. Thus the successor of Queen Margaret, King Erik of Pomerania, was a man who cared little about the needs of the Swedish nation, which he tried to rule by means of the Danish bailiffs, who abused their power in extorting

money most unlawfully and otherwise oppressing the people.

This finally led to the popular insurrection of the Swedish peasants under the leadership of the noble Engelbrecht in 1434-36 — one of the most important events in the history of Sweden. The different provinces laid aside their separate interests and jealousies and all joined in defending the liberty and independence of the country. But the main supporters of the brave Engelbrecht were the peasants from the province of Dalecarlia, who succeeded in driving away the Danish bailiffs. Engelbrecht was murdered by an enemy in 1436; but a Swedish nobleman, Charles Knutsson Bonde, was elected Protector of the Realm, and the government became entirely national.

Nominally, however, the Calmar Union was still in existence, and therefore some of the Danish kings during the latter part of the fifteenth century made continuous claims to the crown of Sweden; but they lacked the power to make good these claims. The Swedes chose their own rulers from among the nobles of the country, calling them 'Riksförståndare' or 'Protectors of the Realm.' The most important of these

belonged to the Sture family. The Stures were uncrowned kings supported principally by the free peasant class of the country, which gradually gained a decisive influence in the political life of the nation. By this time chivalry was already on the decline in the rest of Europe, but in Sweden it still flourished — not in accord with the lower who were the support—the knights successfully the cause of the father-Sture the Younger is ful and valiant knights and his fight against the of romantic and heroic wounded in battle in widow, Christina Gyl-national forces and held against the Danish be-der to save the city and suffering, and depend-King Christian of Den-should be done and that



Vadstena Castle

would be respected, she had the gates opened and King Christian was permitted to occupy Stockholm with his army.

But hardly had he entered the city before he brushed aside his promises and began in the most cruel way to show his real intentions, which were to humiliate the Swedes and to treat them as a conquered nation. The Massacre of Stockholm or 'Stockholms Blodbad,' when ninety of the most prominent political leaders and noblemen of the country were beheaded, was enough to awaken even the slow and hesitating to a full understanding of the ominous situation in which the country had been thrown.

This latter part of the period of the Calmar Union is with good reason often referred to as the peasant's period of greatness, because it was through the peasants, who formed the backbone of the nation, that the political intrigues of a certain part of the nobility were checked, as was also the invasion of the Danes. It must also be looked upon as a time of preparation, a gradual collecting and concentration of the national forces, which led to the remarkable fruition and national expansion under Gustavus Vasa. This characteristic of a preparatory period can also be plainly observed in the field of culture and intellectual development. We need only recall the fact that the first popular poet, Bishop Thomas, was active during the time of Engelbrecht, and that the University of Upsala was founded in 1477 during the reign of Sten Sture the Elder.

in opposition to, but ranks of the people, ers of the cause which championed; that is, land. Indeed, Sten one of the most beautiful of European history; Danish intruders is full pathos. He was finally 1520 and died; but his lenstierna, rallied the the city of Stockholm siegers. Finally, in or-the people from further ing on the promise of mark that no harm the laws of the country

SAN MARINO



NE of the smallest, oldest and most interesting of the republics of Europe is little San Marino, comprising twenty-three square miles, on the Adriatic coast in the Apennines between Forlì, Pesaro and Urbino. This little commonwealth has preserved her independence through continuous change and revolution in the country about her since her foundation in the fifth century.

The first reference in Italian history to this tiny republic is to the effect that the Treaty of Cateau-Cambresis (1559), which brought to Italy a respite from the struggles of Philip II and the Duke of Guise in that country, regulated the existence of Italian principalities and recognized the independence of Venice, Genoa, Lucca and "the petty community of San Marino."

When Napoleon entered upon his career of conquest he found San Marino flourishing, and in 1816, during the partial readjustment and restoration of liberties which the conqueror had destroyed, the little republic was formally recognised as the last surviving representative of the independent states of Italy. We are told by Virginia W. Johnson in *Two Quaint Republics* that in the course of his spoliation and distribution of conquered territory Napoleon chose San Marino

"as a convenient boundary of territory, a sort of *chef-lieu*. A wail of indignation and protest was wrung from the people. . . . Possibly Napoleon discovered the existence of San Marino for the first time. 'Ma foi!' he said gaily, 'Let us preserve it as the model of a republic.'"

Two features have contributed to the preservation of this independence; the nature of the country, and the character and government of the people.

San Marino is situated among the heights of the Apennines at an altitude of about 2420 feet, approached from the sea only by the sand-choked harbor of Rimini, and shut off from the interior of the country by a barrier of mountains precipitous on all sides, with its capital accessible only by one road. A fair idea of the character of the surrounding country is found in the following description of Miss Catlow in *Nature on the Alps and Apennines*.

"The journey across the Apennines from Florence to Bologna is full of beautiful scenes. We soon began to ascend the lower bases of the Apennines, clothed with olives and vines, and affording splendid views of the vale of the Arno, with its rich cultivation, the city looking placid in the morning light, the sun gilding the Duomo, the campanile, and the fine tower of the Palazzo Vecchio, while on our right rose the hill on which stands Fiesole, crowned by that picturesque and interesting town.

"Still ascending, across torrents from the higher mountains, or skirting fine ranges of limestone rock, we gained beautiful views of more distant ranges of the Apennines, their tops white with snow, and from one high ridge, amid a scene of wild grandeur, we saw the Mediterranean on one side and the Adriatic on the other. Then we began to descend the northern face of the Apennines, where the scenery is strikingly bold, varied, and beautiful."

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In the accompanying illustration the wild and rugged character of the country is apparent. The three towers may be seen clearly for miles around, and mark the chief stronghold of the capital. In one of the square towers, *La Rocca*, hangs the great bell which calls the people to assemblies.

The capital, guarded by triple ramparts and triple towers, is entered by two gates inscribed with the word 'Libertas' — La Ripa (the precipice) and Porta Nuova. Through these one enters a well-paved town, whose streets lead up to the Pianello-Piazza and its municipal buildings, the palace of the Regency, the military quarters, the hall of the sovereign Council, etc. Along with her ancient liberties, this small democracy has preserved all the pomp and circumstance of ancient rites and traditions, and on those gala days, the fifteenth of March and the fifteenth of September, when the sovereign Council convenes, the main thoroughfare of the capital is a quaint and picturesque sight.

A grand cortège makes its stately progress through the town to the Palace of State — Prince Regents, Auditor, Bishop, Escort of the Prince — all in black trunk-hose, silk stockings, velvet cloaks with blue silk lining, gold cords, white lace cravats, each wearing the jewel of the Equestrian Order. Lackeys (*donzelli*) follow, in blue and silver with lace patterned to represent the three peaks of San Marino, carrying the black velvet and ermine caps of the high functionaries. These are followed by the militia under arms, keepers of the forts, and bands of musicians. Imagine all this medieval pageantry under an Italian sky, in the Italian sunshine, and beyond and below the city gates the magnificent wilds of the Apennines wending away on all sides!

At the Palace of State the new Regents (one of whom, a noble, has in his keeping the seals and keys, the other being a citizen) are received by the old. These in turn reconduct their successors to the cathedral to receive benediction, after which follow further civic ceremonies in the Hall of the Great Council. Besides her two Regents, San Marino has among her officials two Secretaries of State, two legal functionaries, and a Chamber of Deputies of sixty members elected for life from nobles and citizens in equal proportions.

In the Palace of the Regency in which the Regents, Government officials, escorts, etc., assemble for the ceremony of installing the new rulers, the Regents take their places on a throne beneath a picture of their beloved Commonwealth, and on the walls all around are hung portraits of such famous patrons as the Duke Federigo of Urbino, King Victor Emmanuel, Empress Eugenie, and Napoleon. These are the Republic's links with the present, but one may imagine that the Hall holds many memorials far older and more interesting, and cherished memories as well.

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One of the official positions in the capital is guardianship of the clock in the tower of 'La Rocca.' From this height the favored official enjoys a magnificent panorama of the city, comprising its college, museum, convent, theater, statue of Liberty presented by the Duchess of Acquaviva, walls, bastions, and, beyond, the wild Carpegna mountain country (cradle of the noble race of Montefeltro) while far away the walls of Cesara, Pesaro and Ravenna may be discerned.

If it be September, the square of 'La Tratta,' between two of the towers, will be gay with festivities, including sports, gymnastics, prize-shooting, etc. If later in the year, the prospect will be white and glistening, every tower and turret shrouded in snow, while down the roads and thoroughfares the young people on small sledges are having fun in their *liscia*, — a winter sport resembling the Canadian tobogganning.

The principal activity of the people is agriculture, many of the rustic citizens dwelling in comfortable villas in the suburb of Borgo. Here they raise their grain, tend their olives and grape-vines and other fruits, graze their cattle, etc. They clear the land and harvest the crops with many of the quaint old Italian implements dear to them from loyal associations with the San Marino of the far past: the long-handled sickle of the Roman husbandman for clearing weeds; the two-pronged *furca*; the classical tooth-sickle, or *falx*; the *pala*, or Grecian wooden spade, used in tossing the wheat in winnowing; the *sarcolum*, a hoe employed in cultivating their mountain slopes, associated with their hermit founder; and the shoot of prickly pear for driving their cattle to market, a modification of the long-tapering *agolum* of the Roman husbandman.

June is the month for harvesting the grain, and in the mellow autumn the grape is plucked by the women and children amidst laughter and singing. Among the tasks of the country household are the drying of figs by spreading them on planks in the sun, the making of cheese and butter, and the curing of hams.

The city holds a weekly fair at Borgo when pigs, donkeys and mild-eyed gray oxen are driven in to be exhibited, the life and color of this scene being heightened by the frequent practice of decking the horns of the beautiful creatures with flowers or by attaching red ribbons to their flanks.

The author of *Two Quaint Republics* attributes San Marino's long-maintained liberty to the modesty of her estates and the public spirit of patriotism which prompts all to labor for the general good. On this subject she quotes a French authority to the effect that:

"It is by means of institutions at once rational and simple and above all owing to the virtues of an irreproachable patriotism that the Republic of San Marino has preserved for so many centuries the same form of liberty and independence, and has merited the esteem of the great nations of Europe."

M. M.



GRASS HOUSE OF THE HAWAIIAN NATIVES

HAWAII, THE PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC

(Illustrated by the author)



ALTHOUGH the Hawaiian Islands occupy an isolated position in the Western Hemisphere, the native inhabitants resemble in many ways the races of other remote islands of the Pacific. The legends as well as the language, customs and physical characteristics of the Hawaiians and other South Sea islanders are similar enough to indicate that the races of Oceanica must have had a common origin. A close student of this subject affirms:

"A New Zealander and a Hawaiian, though more than four thousand miles apart . . . are members of one family and require but a short period to acquire the faculty of a free exchange of ideas."

In *The Secret Doctrine* Madame H. P. Blavatsky states that in remote ages a vast continent existed across what is now the Pacific Ocean, and that the many islands of the South Pacific were once high mountains on this great continent. To the truth of this statement many students of archaeology and ethnology have added evidence which provides a logical basis for the belief that there was, in prehistoric ages, a great common race from which these many now widely separated peoples have sprung.

The first authentic records of Hawaii were furnished by a party of explorers headed by Capt. James Cook, who is usually spoken of as the

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discoverer of the islands. It is believed, however, that they were known to Spanish and other navigators in the Middle Ages; for evidence of this exists in the striking resemblance of many of the native myths to the Bible accounts of the creation, the deluge, and other stories. It was in 1778 that Capt. Cook landed upon these islands and named them the Sandwich Islands in honor of the Earl of Sandwich who was at that time the British First Lord of the Admiralty. The natives, however, have always clung to their own beautiful name, Hawaii.

The eight islands of the group were ruled each by its own king, and there were the usual castes, according to the manner of feudalism. At the close of the eighteenth century a wise and powerful king named Kamehameha I had subdued all the other kings and gathered the tribes together under one rule. He was a remarkable man, imbued with the purpose of improving the conditions of his people and working for their enlightenment. His memory is revered by all Hawaiians, and a statue of this king has been erected in one of the parks of Honolulu.

Six other native kings ruled over Hawaii between 1778 and 1891, the last being the well-known king, Kalakaua. He was succeeded by his sister Liliuokalani, whose brief reign was followed by the passing of Hawaiian rule. Upon this event, after a bloodless revolution, the islands became a republic, and in 1897 they sought and accomplished their annexation to the United States.

During the century which has elapsed since the discovery of Hawaii, in which time a large foreign element has populated the islands, the native Hawaiians, to a great extent, have adopted the customs of the white man. In the interior districts their style of life is still primitive and more characteristically Hawaiian, but in the towns and cities they have adapted themselves readily to the complexities of conventional life.

There are, however, some native customs which persist, and these are picturesque and interesting. The climate is warm and delightful, and in the country districts many of the natives live in grass houses without floors, the ground being covered with mats woven from the long leaves of the *lauhala* tree. It is essentially an out-of-door existence. They live on fruits, *poi*, and fish, the latter eaten either raw or wrapped in the large leaves of the *ti* plant and cooked between hot stones buried in the ground — a forerunner of the fireless cooker, by the way. *Poi* is made of the potato-like root of the *taro*, pounded into a pulp and then fermented. At their native feast, called the *luau*, they all sit upon the ground in a circle around the wooden calabash or gourd filled with *poi*, with which they serve themselves by dipping into it with their fingers. Added to this simple diet is the *kukui* nut which is so rich and oily that in former times it was also used for illumination. The nuts were roasted and shelled, and then

HAWAII, THE PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC

strung upon a stick and used as candles; so they are still called 'candle nuts.' A very pretty native custom is the making of wreaths out of delicate and fragrant flowers. These wreaths, called *leis*, both men and women wear as decorations. Out in the country one often sees a party of men and women on horseback, all decked in floral wreaths upon their hats and around their necks.

The native Hawaiians, like our American Indians, have their aspirations toward the beautiful and the expression of art in their daily life. Their handicraft shows remarkable patience, ingenuity and skill. The women weave by hand the most exquisite fabrics out of materials which nature abundantly affords. Their mats, made of the leaves of the *lau-hala* tree, are now famed and costly, although originally they were in common use by the natives as beds. The mats were folded and piled one upon another until the mass made a soft resting-place. In former times warriors' shields were woven of these leaves and served as a protection against spears and arrows.

The museum at Honolulu contains many interesting specimens of native craftsmanship. Among the relics of the kings are wonderful feather capes in brilliant colors and gay patterns, so richly woven into a net foundation as to resemble plush. So rare were the birds from which the feathers were plucked that these capes rivaled in value the jewels of most crowned heads. It is said that Kamehameha I forbade the killing of these birds, and permitted only a limited number of feathers to be taken from each one.

There is also an interesting collection of *kahilis*, which are made of many colored feathers wired into circular form and fastened to *koa*-wood poles inlaid with tortoise-shell. The *kahili* is an insignia of royalty and was used by all noble families in funeral rites.

Among the curios are gourds innumerable, used as food-baskets, dishes, water-bottles, *hula* drums, and even traveling trunks! Of musical instruments there are but a few kinds, but the *ukuleli*, a sort of small guitar with only four strings, is dear to every Hawaiian.

Interesting as the quaint customs of the people are, we must ever find that the great charm of the country is its natural beauty, with its wealth of tropical vegetation. In some of the canyons, which they call 'gulches,' the undergrowth is so thick as to be almost impassable. The *hau* tree bends over the brook, and when its big lemon-yellow, bell-like blossoms ripen and turn Venetian red, they fall into the water and make bright patches of color on its pebbly bed. The wild morning-glory goes rioting to the tops of the tallest trees and flecks them with blossoms of pale pink, or violet, or blue. It runs along fences and rusty wires until every unsightly object is glorified. There are rare blossoms on the ginger plants.

HAWAII, THE PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC

vegetation, yet tourists and scientists are much attracted to its shores by its great volcanoes.

Situated on the island of Hawaii is the active crater Kilauea on the southern slope of Mauna Loa. (Mauna is the Hawaiian word for mountain.) This is the next largest volcano in the world. Its crater is in the general form of an inverted cone, and the huge pot-like cavity in the side of the mountain is eight miles in circumference and covers an area of six hundred and fifty acres. The summit of Mauna Loa is an active volcano also and ranks next in size to Kilauea.

On the eastern side of the island of Maui, the second in size of the group, is the great mountain Haleakala, 'House of the Sun.' Upon this mountain, from which five of the other islands are visible, exists the largest extinct crater in the world, having a circumference of twenty miles and an area of ten square miles.

It is impossible in a few pages to give more than a glimpse of this wonderful country. The Island of Oahu, upon which the capital is situated, has many points of interest, Honolulu itself being a veritable fairy city of exquisite beauty. Its parks and shady drives and its world-renowned Waikiki Beach have often been described in books of travel. On the beach at Kapiolani Park, five miles south of the city, is a very wonderful aquarium. The brilliant colors of the fish in these tropical waters are said to be found nowhere else. The most unbelievable pinks and bright blues and greens flash like jewels in the sunlit water. One traveler describes a pale-blue fish with "gauzy ribbon-like streamers trailing far out from his back and tail."

Those visiting the Hawaiian Islands find subjects of interest on every hand, but perhaps nothing clings in ones memory more persistently than the musical tongue of the natives. The repetition of vowel sounds without consonants between, the repetition of a syllable at the end of the word, and the excessive use of the consonants *h*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *p*, and *w*, are some of the characteristics. When a written language was acquired after the advent of the white man, the Latin sound of the vowels was adopted. Their vocabulary is not large, one word sometimes doing duty for a number of distinctly different meanings. For instance, the familiar word 'Aloha' is their salutation alike for meeting and parting, and also for the expression of love and remembrance. The words are musical and lend themselves happily to the plaintive form of music which the rich native voices render so pleasing.

The delights of Hawaii are constant. Summer skies are always breaking through the clouds after refreshing showers; verdure abounds from season to season, and blossom and fruitage follow in perpetual abundance. It has been aptly named 'The Paradise of the Pacific.' EDITH WHITE

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possible. I suppose Father meant that Old Hull is a little crazy — maybe he wouldn't know what he was doing!"

"I saw him driving away early this morning," said Lotie. "I think he was starting for Lee Town market, and I don't believe he could be back in Polk by this time."

"Well, all right, let's go," agreed Amity. "It can't be stealing if we don't want the nuts for ourselves. We want them for Uncle Sam's boys, don't we?"

The girls laughed and climbed the hill. They were walking along the 'Cow Terraces,' paths that ran back and forth across the south side of the ravine, and were filling their bags with surprising rapidity when a harsh voice called, "Stop that!"

The girls looked up, startled. It was Old Hull himself, coming out of his woods and down the hill, with a whip uplifted.

They picked up their bags and began to run, Lotie ahead. Not looking back for some seconds, she was unconscious of the fact that Amity was not following. Only when she had reached the far side of the ravine did she glance behind her. She stopped, horror-struck. Half-way up the other hill she saw Amity lying on the ground, Old Hull standing over her with raised whip. She thought that the cruel old man had struck Amity, and she ran back, screaming, — fearless now. She flew straight to Old Hull and put her stern accusing little face close up to his, fiercely challenging him.

"Did you strike her?" she demanded. Old Hull was evidently out of his head, judging from the way he spoke.

"Who be you? Who be you? You little gals have been stealin' my chestnuts, and I will larn you not to do it again, I tell you!"

"We have *not* been stealing!" cried Lotie, getting red. "We are not thieves!"

"Ain't them my chestnuts in them thar bags?"

"No, they are not! Nearly half of them we gathered in the ravine and around the pond. Then we came along the hillside here to see if any had fallen over the fence."

"That's stealin'! Them chestnuts belong to me. They grew on my trees and I have paid my good money and worked hard to make them trees profitable. It's stealin' and nothin' else but stealin'!"

"It is NOT stealing. Anyway, we haven't taken them for ourselves!" Old Hull's eyes brightened.

"Who've you been takin' them fer? Who sent you here to take my chestnuts?"

"Nobody sent us. We came ourselves. We're going to make a pres-

HULL'S WOODS

ent to some of the soldiers out in California where chestnuts don't grow — some of our town boys who will soon be going to France."

"It's stealin' just the same. You two gals had better give back them chestnuts you have taken offen this here hill or you may have to go to jail, or your folks — if you've got any — will have to pay a nice tidy fine fer you."

"Oh, you wicked, wicked old man! No wonder everybody hates you! No wonder all the children run for their lives when they see you! Do you think there is no one but yourself in the world? I believe you would die of heart-failure if you ever thought a kind thought or did a kind act, by accident! You wicked, mean old man! 'Old Hull! *Old Hull!*' That's what everybody calls you!"

Lotie scattered the entire contents of the two bags she and Amity had partly filled, and then she bent over Amity, trying to lift her. Old Hull continued standing in the spot where he had been when Lotie's strong words struck him. No one else had ever dared to call him to order, and he was swiftly sending his thoughts back along the years, to find how it had come about that he was what he suddenly recognized himself to be, an eye-sore to the whole town. And what had made him what he was? Disappointment, loneliness? Yes, but he realized now that what had spoiled his life, other people often combated and grew strong by learning to dominate.

He looked at the little girls. Certainly their clothing gave them the appearance of beggar-children, but he saw now that only a stupid old fool could have taken them for that. At last, seeing them go slowly down the hill, the one who had spoken such bitter truthfulness to him half-carrying, half-leading the other, who seemed hurt or ill, he hurried after.

"Missy," he addressed Lotie. "What you said to me was jest about right. I suppose I am the meanest man that this here town ever saw or ever dreads to see, and I am glad you had the spunk to tell me so. Is the other little gal hurt?"

"Yes, I think she is hurt, and if it is you that has hurt her, you will know something about jails and fines yourself, Old Hull!"

"I didn't tetch her. She fell jest as I was comin' up to her. Lookee here, you walk out to the end of this cow-path here, and I will get my rig out of the woods and take you home."

"Well, Amity Brock, did you hear that? Old Hull's going to die tomorrow, you see if he don't! He's offered to do something for somebody without having to. I expect to wake up in a minute in the middle of Doomsday!"

But Amity was too hurt or ill to speak. Lotie got her to the steep

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road leading out of Hull's Woods, and there the old man was waiting with his buckboard. He hopped out and lifted Amity into the seat; Lotie sprang up beside her, and they drove slowly into town, Amity propped limply against the threadbare, weather-worn old shoulder of the richest and the meanest man in the town of Polk, Lotie sitting very angry and very red-cheeked, with her arms around her friend.

"In the brown house with the driveway," she directed, seeing that Old Hull showed signs of not knowing where to go.

"Say, you two ben't both Sam'l Brock's gals?" he asked, almost hauling his old horse into the cart, in his amazement.

"No, just one of us is. I am Judge Tinsdale's daughter, and he knows all about what to do with wicked people like you."

Old Hull laughed.

"I took you fer a pair of little beggars!"

"And called us thieves," scolded Lotie. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"Oh, I'm ashamed. I'm shameder than you know anything about."

Mrs. Brock came out, wondering at what she saw entering the driveway.

"There's Willard Hull bringing the children home," she had exclaimed to her husband.

"I'll believe it when I see it," said he, following her to the door.

They got Amity into the house. She was still unable to tell what had happened and there was great stir and confusion over getting the child into bed and a doctor into the house. She had been badly frightened and slightly stunned in falling, but the doctor said with warmth and quiet she would soon be all right. Old Hull slipped away when he heard the good report.

That evening when Amity sat looking out from within a great bundle of blankets, with her father and mother, Judge and Mrs. Tinsdale and Lotie gathered around the sitting-room fire, the door-bell rang and in walked Old Hull! He wore a new outfit, from head to foot. "He even seems to have bought himself a new face," whispered Lotie. As soon as he had awkwardly found the place Mrs. Brock asked him to sit down in, he said:

"I came over to tell you, Sam'l and Florie, and you, Jedge and Mrs. Tinsdale, and the little gals too, that I am a made-over man. This little whip-me-up here," pointing to Lotie, "gave me sech a dressin' down as I'll never forget if I live twice as long as I have, which I shan't."

"Lotie goes too far when she starts," said her mother.

"She had to go a long ways to rouse me up!" answered the odd old fellow. "You remember, Florie, how mad I was when you said you liked

HULL'S WOODS

Sam'l better'n you did me, when you wuz a young gal? Wal, I set out to show you I wuz a better man than Sam'l, and when I ain't here to scare the babies any more, you will see what I mean. I have been doin' nothin' but stintin' and scrapin' ever since and what be I myself? The ugliest thing on the face of creation!"

"Oh, Willard, it isn't so bad as that! You have always lived too much alone. That's the trouble," said Mrs. Brock.

"Wal, things is changed now, thanks to Lotie; and I'm goin' to show the town that I am different." He rose to go. "You two little gals will have all the chestnuts you want to send off to put two bushels on them soldier-boys. I've the back steps."

Lotie jumped up to help him on with his handsome new overcoat. As he took up his almost-stylish new hat, she said warmly:

"Oh, Mr. Hull, ready! I want to awful things I said so furious that I don't except that they were you *are* different, al-

"Not half so bad as take back all the awful, say about myself, Missy this morning. I was perfectly terrible."

Lotie was an impulsive what I could truthfully Lotie," said Mr. Hull. girl who sometimes did exactly the right thing at the right time. Something made her put her arms around the lonely old man's neck and kiss his withered yellow cheek.

"You are a dear, Mr. Hull, and I know you will forgive me!" she said.

A smile that changed Old Hull into the splendid man he might have been was turned to the smiling faces of his old-new friends who stood bidding him an affectionate good night.

Old Hull died before morning. They found him sitting at his dust-covered, disordered desk. Before him lay his Last Will and Testament, leaving all his property to Florie Brock, a document that he had signed and sealed more than twenty years before. To it he had just added a shakily-written codicil, saying:

"Hull's Woods is hereafter to be maintained for the use of the children of Polk, forever, Florie Brock being willing to have it so." ZELLA

PRAY let each moment ring out in a song of gladness to the world, because you are moving on an upward path. Self-conquest is your goal. Try to live nobly, and learn to love all the world's children. Thus you can serve them and find sweet peace.— *Katherine Tingley*



WHAT THE QUAIL SAYS

BY CLARA DOTTY BATES

WHISTLES the quail from the covert,
Whistles with all his might,
High and shrill, day after day,
"Children, tell me, what does he say?"
Ginx — the little one, bold and bright,
Sure that he understands aright, —
"He says, 'Bob White! Bob White!'"

Calls the quail from the cornfield,
Thick with stubble set;
Misty rain-clouds floating by
Hide the blue of the August sky.
"What does he call now, loud and plain?"
Gold Locks — "That's a sign of rain!
He calls 'More wet! more wet!'"

Pipes the quail from the fence-top,
Perched there full in sight,
Quaint and trim, with quick, bright eye,
Almost too round and plump to fly,
Whistling, calling, piping clear,
"What do I think he says? My dear,
He says 'Do right! do right!'" — *Selected*

THE MONKEYS OF GIBRALTAR



AT the most southern point of Spain and joined to it by a neck of sand lies a narrow, rocky mountain named Gibraltar. It has been conquered in turn by the Moors, the Spaniards, and the English, and is important as the key to the Mediterranean. The present population consists of representatives of all three nations, besides a scattering of almost every other nationality in the world; but it is chiefly English and Spanish.

There is a superstition that when monkeys cease to live on the Rock of Gibraltar, the English will lose it. At the present time there are about sixteen monkeys that seem well and happy. They are regularly fed at a military post half-way up the Rock by a man who is paid to attend to them. Nobody knows exactly where they sleep. In the summer they would be comfortable enough in the open air; but in the rainy season I should think even a cave would be a cheerless home for these monkeys.

THE STORY OF ANTONIO CANOVA

They usually spend the day playing about the town, which they reach by clambering down a steeply-sloping stone wall some thirty feet high. They do the most daring things — jumping from one place to another, walking along pipes, and even climbing wires.

The chief of the monkeys is about two feet high, standing on all-fours. The babies are quite tiny. There are six little ones this year, and they play so prettily.

These monkeys have soft, gray fur with a tinge of yellow. They have no tails and are dog-faced, not like the chimpanzee with its long upper lip. The mother holds the baby in her arms or lets it cling to her back.

There are numbers of little, brown rabbits on the Rock, and half a dozen foxes, though I have not yet seen any of the latter. There are also a great many dear little lizards, mostly brown-green, which scurry across the stones and hide in cracks.

As the rain only falls during half the year, the spring, summer, and autumn flowers are all crowded into that space of time. The spring flowers appear in December and the autumn ones in May.

About Christmas-time the Rock is covered with masses of white narcissi, filling the air with a strong sweet scent. Later on, the pink and white blossoms of the almond trees come out, as well as many other flowers.

Soon all the flowers will have disappeared and the bare old Rock will be left standing with its feet in the blue sea, as it did when the Greeks called it one of the 'Pillars of Hercules.'

Gibraltar, April 19, 1918.

WINIFRED L.

THE STORY OF ANTONIO CANOVA



E Râja-Yoga children love to study about the great people of all countries. Here is a story that almost everyone knows, but I am going to tell it to you, because it shows what even a little child can do through determination and hard work.

It is about a little Italian boy named Antonio Canova.

Antonio lived in the little village of Possagno near Venice with his grandfather. His mother and father had died when he was three years old, and he was left under his grandfather's care. The grandfather was an artist and made beautiful things out of stone. Antonio used to watch his grandfather, and he thought he would like to be an artist too. So he began to make things out of clay; small things at first, and then larger things. Then he tried stone; he made a little stone bird, which pleased his grandfather very much.

Once a great nobleman was going to give a dinner-party, so he asked

RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

old Canova to have something very unusual made for the table. It was not very easy to think of something, but when Antonio saw his grandfather so troubled, he said that he could make something.

"What can you make?" said his grandfather.

"If you will only give me some good hard butter, I will soon show you," said the boy.

So the butter was sent for, and as soon as it came Antonio began to make a lion out of it: first he made the head and the mane, then the body, limbs and tail, until he had a perfect lion. Then he showed it to his grandfather, who was surprised and delighted. It was sent to the nobleman, and all the guests at the dinner-party thought it was wonderful. When they heard that it was the work of a little boy, they sent for him at once. The nobleman thought so much of his work that he said: "I will see that you have a teacher to help you."

The little boy soon began to take lessons from Toretti, who was a very famous artist. With his teacher's help and his own hard work Antonio grew up to be one of the world's great sculptors, and he was able to help his country by making many beautiful statues. HELEN W.

VEGETABLE OILS

VEGETABLE OILS have always been of enormous value to the human race, being used as foods and for medicinal, lighting, lubricating, and a great number of other purposes.

The origin of oil-milling would be difficult indeed to place. By more or less crude methods, with native-made plant, oils have been obtained from oil-bearing seeds, one might say, since the world began.

Until recent years all vegetable oils were expressed; that is, the seed after suitable preparation was submitted to pressure and the oil forced out. Today an alternative method in the extraction of oils by means of chemical solvents is firmly established and in general use.

The products of the solvent extraction process are oil and meal, the latter being sold as a cattle food or as a fertiliser, according to the seed being treated. At one time there was a strong prejudice against extracted oils and meals, but that is rapidly dying out. Oil refining processes have been greatly improved, and the oil from chemical extraction plants can readily be used for edible purposes. T. B. M.

Chapter XXXIII of 'ARCHITECTURAL STYLES AND THEIR MEANING' will appear in the November issue.

A POINT LOMA SUNSET



HE sunset in question was remarkable, as are all sunsets; and like all other sunsets, it must have had something speaking behind it: to stop and gaze made one feel that only to have had eyes for it would have meant seeing wonderful things, I am sure.

The sky nearest the sea was still fiery from the sunken sun — flaming over the dark waters. Except for restless turmoil in the crawling kelp the sea was blue, heavy and somber — it was easy to see why it should then have lain unswept by ships: the water-deities would not have suffered any intrusion of mortals, for this was some awful time of brooding and inviolable dominion for them.

All over the west the sky and clouds were dark; only near the ocean edge hung soft lovely mists, flushing in delicate pink and amber: as some fairy spot in the dark realm of Hella: some touch of beauty there was, even in that darkening gloom.

Then opened a broad portal in the sky; and I saw through the golden-shining mists far out into endless bright regions beyond the world, far regions of wonder, where perhaps the Asas were riding distant and radiant in sunlight.

Up on the edge of their domain were giant shapes struggling along ragged cloud-rims over the deeps below, and battling things not clearly to be seen.

Behind me, the mountains lay piled, and utterly wrapped in gloom; nowhere was there any life among them, or any living thing — but I saw on the far northern rim the broken hills creeping down into the sea, to whisper something there.

HILDOR



ACCORDING to modern historical researches, music was first cultivated in Egypt. No vestige of primitive Egyptian music now exists. All our present-day knowledge comes from pictorial and sculptural representations of instruments and players and a few instruments exhumed in cities buried under the sand of centuries.

"THE place which music now holds in school programs is far too small. By many teachers and educational administrators music and drawing are still regarded as fads or trivial accomplishments not worthy to rank as substantial educational material; whereas, they are important features in the outfit of every human being who means to be cultivated, efficient and rationally happy," said Charles W. Eliot, ex-President of Harvard University.

Young folk's Department

THE DREAM OF THE CHILDREN: by .Æ.

THE children awoke in their dreaming
While earth lay dewy and still:
They followed the rill in its gleaming
To the heart-light of the hill.

Its sounds and sights were forsaking
The world as they faded in sleep,
When they heard a music breaking
Out of the heart-light deep.

It ran where the rill in its flowing
Under the starlight gay,
With wonderful color was glowing
Like the bubbles they blew in their play.

From the misty mountain under
Came gleams of an opal star:
Its pathways of rainbow wonder
Rayed to their feet from afar.

From their feet as they strayed in the meadow
It led through caverned aisles,
Filled with purple and green light and shadow
For mystic miles on miles.

The children were glad; it was lonely
To play on the hill-side by day.
"But now," they said, "we have only
To go where the good people stray."

For all the hill-side was haunted
By the faery folk come again,
And down in the heart-light enchanted
Were opal-colored men.

They moved like kings unattended
Without a squire or dame,
But they wore tiaras splendid
With feathers of starlight flame.

They laughed at the children over
And called them into the heart:
"Come down here, each sleepless rover:
We will show you some of our art."

And down through the cool of the mountain
The children sank at the call,
And stood in a blazing fountain
And never a mountain at all.

The lights were coming and going
In many a shining strand,
For the opal fire-kings were blowing
The darkness out of the land.

This golden breath was a madness
To set a poet on fire,
And this was a cure for sadness,
And that the ease of desire.

And all night long over Eri
They fought with the wand of light
And love that never grew weary
The evil things of night.

They said, as dawn glimmered hoary,
"We will show yourselves for an hour";
And the children were changed to a glory
By the beautiful magic of power.

The fire-kings smiled on their faces,
And called them by olden names,
Till they towered like the starry races
All plumed with the twilight flames.

They talked for a while together,
How the toil of ages oppressed;
And of how they best could weather
The ship of the world to its rest.

The dawn in the room was straying:
The children began to blink,
When they heard a far voice saying,
"You can grow like that if you think!"

The sun came in yellow and gay light:
They tumbled out of the cot,
And half of the dream went with daylight
And half was never forgot.

The Irish Theosophist, July, 1896

NIGHT'S MUSIC



OW dark it is," shivered little Grace, after her mother had turned out the light. "Mary, I'm 'fraid of it — it's pressing in all round me. It's so big, and I'm so awful little."

"Why, I'm not frightened by the dark," said Mary, her elder sister, putting out her hand comfortingly. "Why I just love it — somehow it feels like music — not the kind you can sing, but that you just have to listen to. There are so many night-songs; and altogether they make one great chorus. Listen dear, there is a cricket chirping — no, not one, but thousands. Each one is chirping his own tale — but altogether they make a great song, which is only a very small part of night's music. Do you hear the frogs? Their croaking sounds like the brass instruments of a band — their conversation is surely most interesting. Maybe they are discussing their babies, or the latest diet in flies. Far away I can hear a coyote baying at the moon. Perhaps she is offended at his noisy serenade, for she has hidden herself behind a cloud. Do you hear the gnats humming in the air? Their music is the quiet background of the chorus, from which the soloists stand out clearly. 'To-wit, to-woo,' cries the owl to his mate, as he seeks her in the branches of the old pine."

"I like to hear them, Mary — the songs you talk about. I'm not scared of them, but it's the creaky stairs that make me shiver."

"Why, the stairs are trying to sing too. All day they were busy working to bear your weight as you ran up and down them. But now it is quiet and they are trying to remember the songs they used to sing when they were part of the great forest, and the rushing winds played upon them like mighty harps. Poor little boards! — all they can do now is to creak out their memories of grander days. Won't you close your eyes now, Gracie — and listen your way into dreamland?"

"Ye-yes," answered a very sleepy little voice, as Grace entered that enchanted kingdom.

MARGUERITE L.

THE CITY MOUSE AND THE COUNTRY MOUSE.

BY CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

THE city mouse lives in a house; —
The garden mouse lives in a bower,
He's friendly with the frogs and toads,
And sees the pretty plants in flower.

The city mouse eats bread and cheese; —
The garden mouse eats what he can;
We will not grudge him seeds and stocks,
Poor little timid furry man. — *Selected*

THE CHILD KEEPS HARVEST HOME: by W. D.

BEFORE the winter-time of Night
Has settled on my little room;
Before the summer hours of light
Have changed to ev'ning's autumn gloom,
There comes my hour of harvest home.

It is the hour when all the seeds
Since dawn's springtime that I have sown,
The little thoughts and words and deeds,
To sturdy rooted things are grown,
And I must reap my fields alone.

The gentle deeds and words and thoughts
I gather into golden sheaves,
Here sometimes sweet forget-me-nots,
There sometimes roses 'mongst the leaves.
(Oft joy with duty interweaves.)

With high resolve the weeds I burn,
The weeds that crowded out the grain.
These tangling growths must not return!
I keep my harvest-home in pain,
But dawn will bring spring's hopes again.



LOMALAND BIRD NEWS

THE wild birds' songs are very few at this season of the year; in fact, the only bird heard seems to be the merry, laughing canyon wren, with his jolly little *Hip, hip, hip, hur-r-r-r-rah!* breaking the stillness of the early morning. It is certainly conducive to the carrying out of the daily resolve to 'make the day one of sunshine.' The gray fog rolling in from the sea might dull our mental bright day but for this cheerful reminder of the merry little wren.

Mr. Mocking-Bird and Mr. Sickle-Bill-Thrasher were seen sitting within six inches of one another on the bamboo trellis, sunning themselves and being neighborly. As there is more or less difficulty between birds of different kinds, it was a pleasure to see these two most beautiful songsters and best beloved of our wild birds sitting together and on such friendly terms.

When one of our little complaining, squeaking goldfinches concludes to sing and to sing all of his song, it is well worth listening to. He has many notes, somewhat on the order of a canary, very plaintive and sweet; really quite pretentious for such a small little fellow.

EDYTHA

HILDA'S IDEA



HILDA HIGGINBOTHAM lives in a mining town on the California-Nevada border. A few years ago not a green thing growing was to be seen from the rough board house that she and her mother and father and two grown-up brothers called home. Now, because of a certain idea that Hilda and Old Bully Hornby worked out, Goldine is gay with vines and plants, growing in what are known locally as 'Eyetalian Terraces.'

The great wish of Hilda's heart used to come to the surface once in a while in some such remarks as these:

"Mother, would hollyhocks grow at the east side of the barn?"

"Father, you did not have any trouble raising sunflowers in Santo, did you? They were so tall there by the chicken-run."

She might as well have dreamed of growing violets among the everlasting snows of the high Sierras as to believe that even robust hollyhocks and sunflowers could sustain life on the alkalies of the soil of Goldine.

One day Hilda's brother Ben, returning on horseback from a trip to San Francisco, brought her a potted geranium, which bore a single cluster of delicate creamy-pink blossoms. Hilda took the beautiful thing into her arms with expressions of joyous affection that all the others, standing around, laughed to hear.

"Oh, you sweet dear, you pretty darling!" she cried.

"Meaning Brother Ben, I suppose," teased Brother Bob.

"Ben is a dear — carrying a plant all the way from San Francisco for me — without breaking a leaf!" said Hilda, reaching up to give Ben's cheek a grateful pat.

The geranium flourished, as it could not help doing, so tenderly and faithfully was it watched. Hilda loved it and petted it with the devotion of a born garden-maker; but her longing for "the yard full of flowers" grew stronger every time she thought of her one pretty plant.

"How selfish I am!" she scolded one day. "There isn't another girl in Goldine who has anything as sweet as my geranium — oh, Mother, Mother! I've got an idea, a great-great, big-big, lovely new idea!"

"Look out or you will fall into the geranium pot with it!" warned her mother. Hilda was dancing and singing and waving the sprinkling-can.

"One, two, three — nine, ten, eleven — Mother, there are twelve good slips on the geranium and there are just ten girls in this town who have no plants at all!"

Following a rather lengthy silence Hilda announced:

"I am going down to the dump-heap to get to the beginning of putting my idea to work, Mother."

Back of the houses of the people who live in out-of-the-way places

RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

in the West you will always find ugly mounds of rusting tins, broken boxes and bits of earthenware and glass. It was beside such a rubbish-pile that Hilda spent the afternoon. She had searched until she found twelve tin cans of a certain broad and not too shallow.

The next morn-
develop another
very carefully con-
stopped big Broth-
leaving the house

"Bob, may I hammer and a little paint brush?" she

“What are you
Build a house and
same day?” asked

"Oh, it's a secret, what I'm going to do!" replied Hilda.

"All right. But get the arnica ready for finger-smashings, and don't put on your sky-blue dress to do green painting in."

That evening a dozen cans with neatly-hammered scalloped edges, bright with wet green paint, stood in a row beside the kitchen door.

There the great big lovely new idea seemed to halt. The next step would have been to put something into the cans, but soil fit for growing plants was not to be had in Goldine, for all the love and the little money that were Hilda's to give.

But no such sad fate awaited. Late that night Old Bully Hornby appeared at the Higginbotham place for the first time in long months. He came twice a year, bringing Hilda the buttons that had come off his clothing since last he had called. It was Hilda's custom to sew them on, and to patch and mend for him until Old Bully was quite respectably covered once more.

"Hello, Hildy! Got yer garden started at last!" was his congratulation at sight of the big geranium.

"Oh, Mr. Hornby — no! I'm still gardening in my mind, farther off than ever from real, live rake-and-hoe reality."

"Well, say now — I've found somethin' Hildy, and you and me and Bob will get that garden under way the first thing tomorrer mornin'!"

After such a promise Hilda could not sleep. She wondered if Old Bully had learned to work magic — he was such a queer old dear, almost anything seemed possible to him.

In the morning he and Bob came to the door with sacks tied to their



"Hello, Hildy! Got yer garden started!"

ternoon. She had found twelve tin very desirable size, shallow.

ing she began to part of her not cealed plan. She er Bob as he was to go to his work. please borrow your green paint and a asked coaxingly. going to do, Hilda? paint it all in the Bob.

HILDA'S IDEA

saddles, and each of them was leading a burro carrying shovels and other sacks. Hilda soon had her pony ready, and when Mrs. Higginbotham had brought a box of "something to fix for your dinners," Old Bully led the way westward by paths and trails quite new to Hilda.

They rode all morning, coming at noon-time to a valley where there was beautiful moist earth, black and soft and sweet-smelling. The men began shoveling at once. Hilda held open the sacks.

When all were filled, Bob built a fire and Old Bully cooked the dinner, camp-fashion, in a skillet. Later, while the horses and burros were being loaded, Hilda found some little ferns growing farther up the valley.

"Mr. Hornby," she called, "do you think these would grow if we took them home?"

"Indeedy-deed, Hildy, if they had the soil they was used to. You wait and I'll lift them so they'll never know what's happened to them."

It was long after dark when they reached home, but Hilda and her idea-partner were up before daybreak the next day.

"Won't the good earth be blown away?" asked Hilda.

"You hold yer little horses, Hildy. You don't know yet what I'm up to. This here is goin' to be an Eyetalian garden with terraces!"

The old man went many times to the dump-heap, returning with boxes of many sizes; and by noon-time Hilda knew what her garden was going to look like. Three 'terraces' built against the side of the house contained soil from the valley bottom. In the lowest ferns were already happily settled. A row of twelve new geranium plants in green tin cans stood under mosquito-netting, and the original geranium stalk had been transplanted into a big tub "with room to spread out her little toes," as Old Bully said.

Then the purpose of the other two 'terraces' couldn't stay shut up in Mr. Hornby's heart another minute. From somewhere in the depths of the much-mended pockets came three dirty flower-seed packets! There were nasturtiums, forget-me-nots and pansies!

"Not a green thing growing," can no longer be truthfully said of Goldine. Ten little girls and two sick old women received each at Christmas-time a thrifty geranium with delicate creamy-pink blossoms; and the following spring fifteen or twenty 'Eyetalian terraced' gardens were propped against as many ugly little living-shacks in the town.

Hilda's idea and her dearest wish had blended and were expanding all the time. Indeed, to big brothers Ben and Bob, slyly listening to the animated 'garden conversation,' when next Old Bully came back buttonless, it sounded very much as though the latest secret-scheming and plotting would result in Easter lilies, autumn chrysanthemums and June roses for all Goldine.

GWENDOLYN BRAE

A LITTLE TREE

BY ZELLA

A LITTLE tree grew in a pot,
Gaily contented with its lot;
With curled-up roots quite satisfied,
Found room for blooming vines beside.

It looked so pretty from the street —
So round it was, and prim, and neat —
It was a pleasure to behold,
To all who passed there, young and old.


Two linnets, in their noisy quest
For some safe place to hide their nest,
Chirped, "This will never, never do!
Why, here is scarcely room for two!"

And then the tree was very sad,
To know the chance it might have had,
If it were growing in the ground,
With room for birds to move around.

Two humming birds, with throats of blue,
Just then came darting into view;
One, hovering, said, "This little tree
Is just the place for you and me!"

The little tree is happy now,
With tenants housed on topmost bough;
For, passing, every little while
Some child will look, and stop, and smile.

ZO'S BOX OF BUTTONS

 IN an old land where there had been long wars, young Zo's only inheritance was a box containing odd buttons. Because they had belonged to his mother, Lady Maryot, Zo prized them dearly. But a box of buttons, you will admit, was not really a very promising fortune with which to begin life, even in those old days of magic and the working of charms.

One afternoon, while sitting beside a road, Zo dropped the box and

ZO'S BOX OF BUTTONS

the buttons rolled away. When he began collecting them, he noticed for the first time an inscription on the bottom of the box. It read:

"FIND A WAY TO DO GOOD WITH WHAT YOU HAVE
AND GREAT RICHES SHALL BE YOURS"

Zo repeated the words. His mother seemed near, because he felt that those were words that she had loved and had lived by. He did not see an ugly little gray man coming up the road until he heard a mocking voice chanting this:

*"Buttons, buttons! Who's got the buttons?
If I had three gray buttons from your store,
I'd have so much, I'd ne'er ask more."*

There was a fierce demand in the silly words. Zo looked long at the strange, glittering eyes be-
fore he opened he had snapped sight of the man

He took out tons. They had fastening of a his mother's, and part with them. fered them to

"Here, sir," smile. "I will prettiest ones I time you look at say in my place, *memory of the good*

"Nay," said ly. "No gew-promise nothing. buttons for my

His manner for he eyed the meant to have means certainly,

"None have I but these, that were my mother's. Her memory it has been my custom to honor whenever I have looked at them," said Zo.

"Well, give me them," demanded the man. Zo placed them in the hard and wrinkled palm.

"May you be happy, sir," he said.

Without thanks the man snatched the treasures from Zo's hand and



tering eyes be- his box, which shut at the first in gray.

three silver but- once formed the velvet robe of it pained him to However, he of- the man.

he said, with a give you the have, if, every them you will *'Honor to the me-Lady Maryol.'* " the man rough-gaws. And I What I want is old gray coat." belied his words, buttons as if he them by foul if others failed.

RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

hobbled off behind a mighty rock. Zo continued searching for scattered buttons, and when at last he resumed his seat, he saw the little man astride a big gray horse now far down the road. He was riding out into a sunlit valley, and as the way looked pleasant, Zo decided to follow.

He started the next morning and walked all day. At nightfall he came to a white-pillared mansion set high on a hill at the very end of the valley. Hill and house made Zo think of a monstrously big throne. He almost expected to see some majestic figure seated there. Tired and hungry, he took a full hour in climbing the hill, so that it was dark when he knocked at the back gate.

Instead of the aproned and capped cook Zo looked for, the fierce little gray man himself appeared.

"Why did you follow me?" he asked, angrily.

"The road was smooth, and I seek my fortune," said Zo.

"Where is the box of buttons?" asked the man.

"Here, sir," Zo tapped his breast.

"Come with me!"

The command was so imperious and so roughly spoken that Zo could think of nothing wiser than to follow. They went up dark stairs. A noise, which Zo had long been hearing, grew louder at each step; and on approaching the room whence the sounds came, Zo could scarcely hear the man shout:

"Go in and see what you can do!"

Zo entered. Four boys were fighting for the possession of a fox's skin. They looked as though they had been at it all day.

Zo asked, after a minute, "What's the trouble, boys?"

They fell away in silence. All four stood, like young foxes themselves, glaring at Zo as ferociously as ever the little gray man had. Then they approached him curiously. Zo sat down and began showing them his buttons. Having a different history to relate of every one he took out of the box, they listened eagerly.

When the box was emptied and they read,

"FIND A WAY TO DO GOOD WITH WHAT YOU HAVE
AND GREAT RICHES SHALL BE YOURS,"

the noisy fighters seemed really quite changed. They and Zo were gaily chatting when in stepped the little gray man. A half-twinkle sparkled in his eyes as he said:

"Zo, I pay honor to the memory of the good Lady Maryot!"

Zo stood up and bowed, and in their slow and clumsy way the other boys imitated his good manners. "Thank you for that," smiled Zo.

"Take back your silver buttons, lad," said the gray man, offering them.

"Nay, I take not back that which once I gave."

HELPING AND SHARING

"Small good your giving has done," was the harsh retort. "Know you, Zo, that I am King Maryel, brother to Maryot, your mother. Six silver buttons had we from our father who had them from a man of wisdom. Where the buttons are, there are wise rulers, says the old tale; but though I took your buttons and gave them among my wild boys, yet, until this hour within which you came, have my sons been growing but the more unruly and the more unwise. So take them back, and prepare for government here."

Zo put his hands behind him, and shook his head.

"Aye, but you shall," insisted King Maryel, angrily. "Three silver buttons shall you, and three shall I hold; and here shall we reign together; and these savages shall go out and find them places where they can."

"Nay, nay, Uncle," protested Zo. "So should we stand shamed before the world. Six there are of us, and six the silver buttons. Let there be one for us each, and let us live here peacefully together."

The brothers came and stood with Zo, their faces reflecting his good smile.

"Well," said King Maryel, himself now at last smiling broadly, "let it be so. Here shall we be, not king and princes, but one family of kind men, consulting our people and all of us growing wise in affairs of ruling."

They fastened each a shining silver button over his heart. They clasped hands, promising each the other that as long as they lived they would have faith in the magic and charm of the button-box inscription: They would find a way to do good with what they had, knowing that the riches of great happiness would thus come to them and all whom their lives touched.

Y. S.

HELPING AND SHARING



ORA had been to school all day. When she came home her mother asked her to take a dress she had just finished to a lady who wanted it "in a hurry," and at last, as she came back, Dora felt weary and tired.

The street lamps were lighted. Dora walked slowly, noticing dreamily the people as they passed.

"What a big bundle of papers that man has under his arm; perhaps with pictures in them! He will show them to his children, and they will sit on the floor, close to a bright fire, laughing and talking," she said to herself.

"These two girls have long dresses. It must be the first time! I

RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

wonder how they feel! They look nice; and what pretty shawls they have, one pink and one blue! They must be going to a party. I like the pink one best.

"What is that child standing there for? She must live down the lane. Perhaps she likes to look at people, thinking that she, too, will be happy some day," and a feeling of sympathy crept into Dora's heart.

"I wonder what mother meant when she said the only happiness you could depend on must spring from yourself, and the deepest happiness springs from trusting people?

"Of course, nobody can take that away, if you just choose to go on trusting. And mother said, too, that trust makes your own nature so beautiful that people feel and know they can trust you whenever you come near them. I am glad I have such a nice mother. She never frets, although she has to work so hard since —"

"Please," said a sweet, clear voice, "will you take me past the dark corner?"

Dora looked round and saw a winsome little face with large gray eyes gazing steadily up at her.

"I live down this lane, and it is so dark when you go round the turning."

"Yes," said Dora, and immediately a little hand was slipped into hers.

"I was just waiting for some one I could ask," explained the little maid, confidingly, as they walked. "It is very dark, isn't it?" and she pressed closer to Dora as they turned the dreaded corner.

"Now it is lighter again," said Dora brightly, "but where are you going?"

"Home. I live there," and she pointed to a house now dimly visible; "and thank you very much. You needn't come any further. I am not afraid now. I can go the rest of the way alone."

"Let me take you to the door."

"Oh, no, thank you," was the demure reply, "I am not a bit afraid, I will run all the way," and nodding and smiling, she ran off.

Dora stood and watched until the little figure reached the house, then turning, retraced her steps, and walked the remainder of the way home, thinking and wondering. But she was ever so much happier. Who can guess why?

A. P. D.

I HAVE just to shut my eyes
To go sailing through the skies —
To go sailing far away
To the pleasant Land of Play.— *R. L. Stevenson*

MY LITTLE GARDEN FRIEND

HE is a little black lizard. At least he was black when I saw him last; but as he has the habit of changing his color to match his surroundings, I do not know just what color he is likely to be next time I see him.

Anyway, he suns himself all over the porch and the garden in company with his brothers, his sisters, and his cousins. He scampers straight up the sides of the sanded house just as easily as he runs along the path.

He is only about eight inches long including his tail, which is half his length.

He has bright little eyes in a head which will turn and look up at you if you whistle softly to him.

He can jump the space of a foot, springing from the porch and alighting on a geranium stalk, catching hold of it like a monkey.

Sometimes he or his brothers get themselves into rather peculiar difficulties. Two of them tried to crawl through a piece of wire-netting which was spread over some plants. They were unable to pull their hind legs through and unable to pull their fore legs back and there they stuck until a big human, seeing their predicament, carefully cut away the wires.

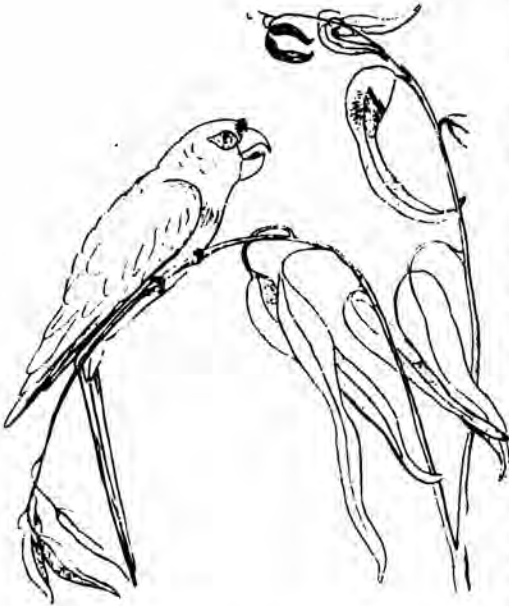
Once or twice, either he or one of his numerous relatives, has fallen into a tin of water and been just barely saved from drowning by the same human, who fished him out and laid him carefully in the sunshine to revive.

Two of his cousins (I think they were his cousins) have been peculiarly unfortunate this summer in choosing a poor place to spend the night: the top ledge of the window sill, which being shoved up suddenly left them in the same fix as Bo Peep's sheep. They left their tails behind them. Lucky for them that they escaped with their lives, and lucky for them that the tails of lizards grow out again in the course of a season. They haven't seemed to mind it and, as far as I could see, were quite as popular as ever with the other members of the family. Their gait, however, was anything but graceful for two months or so.

I wonder how many relatives my little black lizard has. I know there are some little new this-year-baby-ones under the honeysuckle. They are tiny creatures not more than a couple of inches long, and ever so cunning. I see them scamper out of sight as I pass by. I am sure I am glad of them, every one, for they are good garden neighbors, who are busily catching the insect pests which would otherwise ruin all the plants and the flowers. This little black lizard and all of his family, know that they are most welcome to live in my garden. E. E. P.



PIXY PAN'S ADVENTURE



PIXY PAN, the little green parrot, had determined to go on a great adventure.

You could see that by the way he watched his chance to escape from his little gilt-barred home.

One day it came. His little door was left open, so away he flew up into the warm sweet air, over the tops of the trees until his little wings, unaccustomed to flying, landed him in the top of a tall tree at the bottom of the canyon.

He didn't know where he wanted to go; he just wanted to fly away. He hadn't even stopped to think that he would not find his supper of seed hanging in a cup on a tree under his nose whenever he wanted it. He didn't know that he wouldn't know where to find a drink of water, nor that it would be cold at night in the tree, and that

nobody would put a nice warm blanket around him up there. He had forgotten all about the red-tailed hawk that he had seen going to roost every night in that very same tree he was in. No, he only thought of the fun of flying up in the air and screeching to the other birds that he was out for a great adventure.

After a while he heard his mistress calling to him at the foot of the tall tree, trying to coax him to come home. No, he did not intend to come down out of the tree, not for her. He was having his great adventure, and besides he didn't want to be a little tame bird in a cage any more.

By and bye his mistress went back into the house and left him all alone in the top of the tree. It began to grow dark and the wind came up and swayed the branches to and fro, and poor little Pixy found it hard to hold on.

All night the wind rocked him back and forth. And his little claws were so tired clinging to the swaying branches that he did not dare tuck his head under his wing and go to sleep for fear he would fall.

The red-tailed hawk sailed into the tree near by, and a great owl hooted, and the poor little parrot was very much frightened and didn't sleep all the long night.

When morning came, his mistress came again to the tree and called him. He was tired, hungry, sleepy and frightened by this time, and he was glad to see her, as you might know by the way he kept up his squawking.

PIXY PAN'S ADVENTURE

But he had forgotten, when he started on his great adventure, that he was losing his tail feathers and had only two left, one at each side. So when he tried to fly down he could not steer himself. He flew across to the trees nearer home, and little by little he was able to get lower on the branches. Then his mistress came under the trees and coaxed some more.

Once when she had pulled down the branch on which he had lit, and just as he tried to get on her finger, the dreadful wind came and blew up the branch, which made him fly up again, terribly frightened.

He wanted his little gilt-barred home now. He had had enough of his great adventure. But he was frightened when the man came and waved that white net at him. Again he started to fly, but the net came again and he flew right in it. In a minute more he found himself safe in his little gilt-barred home, hugged up close in his mistress' arms.

"Poor hungry, tired, cold, little polly!" she said, as she carried him into the warm room. And such a squeal of joy he gave when he found himself safe home once more.

Oh! how hungry he was, and how thirsty, and how sleepy, and how he did try to tell his dear mistress how glad he was to get home again, chirping his little tired grateful chirp all the time he was eating his good seed.

It was a different matter having your seed and water right there in your cage instead of having to hunt for it yourself; the red-tailed hawk did not come near the cage at night, and there was always the warm blanket.

Yes, he decided it was much better to be a little tame bird in a cage with a kind mistress to care for him. He had had his great adventure, and had learned that home is best. E. P.



THE MAGIC VINE

A FAIRY seed I planted,
So dry and white and old;
There sprang a vine enchanted
With magic flowers of gold.

I watched it, I tended it,
And truly, by and by,
It bore a Jack-o'-lantern
And a great Thanksgiving pie.— *Selected*

FOR THE BABY

BY A MOTHER



WOULD it be strange if you could change
Into a little elf?
If you could pass among the grass
And never show yourself?

If you could sing in fairy ring
The songs the fairies know,
And nightly trip and daily skip
Through paths the wee folk know?

If you could float in rose-leaf boat
Upon a sea of dew,
Would you forget, without regret,
That you were ever *you*? —

GOLDEN DICKY



UCH a charm-ing lit-tle friend and com-pan-ion as Dick-y would be hard to find a-mong fea-thered peo-ple. Al-ways so neat and clean, re-quir-ing so lit-tle to make him hap-py, he is a dail-y joy.

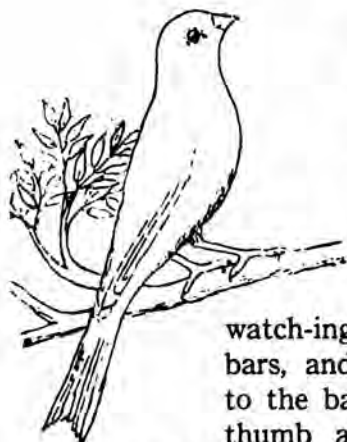
How he can sing, too! and does it so en-thu-si-as-ti-cal-ly, just to en-ter-tain his dear mis-tress, watch-ing her all the while with his bright eyes to see if he is do-ing it just right; for some-times he dwells too long on cer-tain high notes, when she shakes her fing-er at him and he stops at once, e-ven if she is at the op-po-site end of the room.

Ev-ery day he is al-lowed his free-dom to fly a-bout the room or from one win-dow to an-other, to see and sing to oth-er lit-tle friends — the lin-nets — that come near.

He likes to stay out of his house but when his mis-tress says: "Dick-y, go in your cage, right away," he will go on to the win-dow cur-tain near the cage-door, turn his head and look at her as if ques-tion-ing whe-ther she real-ly means it. Then if she re-peats, say-ing: "Hur-ry up now, go right in," he o-be-di-ent-ly flies down, hops in-side the door and on to the perch, and bursts out with a hap-py car-ol when the door is closed.

Though on-ly a lit-tle can-a-ry, his in-tel-li-gence is won-der-ful,

NATURE'S SLEEPY SONG



for he al-ways o-beys and shows that he understands much that is said to him or the ges-tures of his mis-tress's hand.

He loves to play that he is a ver-y young bird, and will hang on the side of the cage, qui-ver-ing his wings just like a young nest-ling when the moth-er feeds it, as he takes a seed from the lips of his mis-tress.

At oth-er times he begs to be played with, watch-ing ev-ery op-por-tun-i-ty to peck her fing-ers through the bars, and when she puts her hand in the cage he flies on to the back of her hand so he can play hide-and-seek with her thumb as she moves it un-der and out, when he gives it a peck. Some-times she chas-es him all a-round the cage, try-ing to put her hand ov-er him, but he ver-y a-droit-ly es-apes and perch-es on the back of her hand in such a way that it is im-pos-si-ble to get him, but he has no fear.

A ver-y cun-ning lit-tle play-fel-low, don't you think so, chil-dren?

He i-ma-gines there is an-oth-er lit-tle bird in his mis-tress's nickle-clock, and it is the fun-ni-est thing to see him dance all a-round it sing-ing at the top of his voice as he sees his re-flec-tion on its bright sides; then he will try to feed it and stand lis-ten-ing to its tick-ing and peer un-der and a-round it, try-ing to solve the mys-ter-y of a bird that he can see and hear but never touch — a cru-el de-lu-sion; so pres-ent-ly he flies a-way quite sad, to tell his mis-tress a-bout it, with a plain-tive lit-tle *peep-peep-peep*.

M. G. M.

NATURE'S SLEEPY SONG: By Cora S. Day

GOING to sleep in the field and the forest,
Nodding their heads in the cool autumn breeze —

See, all the flowers are growing so sleepy,
Even the leaves are asleep on the trees.

After the summer of sunshine and blooming,
After the patter of warm, gentle rain,
Comes the cold winter, with ice and with snowflakes,
Bringing the frost-elves along in its train.

Then all the growing things sleep through the winter,
Cosy and warm in their soft earthy bed.
Waiting to wake when the robins shall call them,
Then in the sunshine to raise up each head.— *Selected*

NAN-CY-ANN'S HINT



MAG-GIE had been walk-ing in the fields. It was ear-ly in the morn-ing and the dew was on the plants.

Mag-gie had filled her big blue a-pron with grass. The grass was sweet and ten-der. She had gathered it for her lit-tle gray po-ny, Dob-bin Dick.

Dob-bin Dick was in the barn, wait-ing for his break-fast. "Hur-ry, Mag-gie, hur-ry!" he whin-nied.

Then a-long came dear old Nan-cy-Ann, run-ning and jump-ing to make Mag-gie laugh.

"My, what nice sweet-smell-ing grass Mag-gie has in her a-pron," said Nancy-Ann to her-self. Aloud she cried, "Bah-ah, bah-ah!"

This sound-ed like a hint to Mag-gie. She thought Nan-cy-Ann was try-ing to say in the speech of goats:

"I like grass ve-ry much in-deed!"

"No, no, Nan-cy-Ann!" said Mag-gie. "Go a-way! No, no! You can run a-bout and eat all day if you wish.

Poor old Dob-bin Dick must stay in his sta-ble."

But Nan-cy-Ann would not go. She sniffed at the nice fresh grass. Mag-gie shook her head, but Nan-cy-Ann nod-ded hers, and then Mag-gie laughed and said:

"Well, nib-ble a bit, but I know you are not hun-gry." "Hur-ry, hur-ry, hur-ry, Mag-gie," whin-nied Dob-bin Dick.



From *Sketches from Life and Fancy*
by A. Hendschel

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NOVEMBER

Then lift up the head with a song!
And lift up the hand with a gift!
To the ancient Giver of all
The spirit of gratitude lift!

— *Old Song*

DECEMBER

The time draws near the birth of Christ.
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

— *Tennyson*

GOLDEN OPPORTUNITIES



NE of the hardest lessons for us to learn — a lesson which is often overlooked, but which, if taken to heart by all, would make life much easier — is to do the duty that lies nearest at hand.

How often we hear it said, 'If only I had better opportunities,' or 'How much happier I should be if I were somewhere else,' or 'If I were rich, I would help those who are poor.' But if we were to obtain any of these wishes, we probably should be no different; for when opportunities present themselves they are allowed to slip by; when we get to the longed-for place we don't like it; and those who become rich keep their riches, and forget all but themselves. No, if we cannot be happy where we are and as we are, we should not be happy anywhere or under any conditions.

There is a duty for each one, and if we look carefully enough we shall find it. Yes, and the search is *so* easy; because our duty is only doing well, unselfishly, cheerfully, and hopefully that which lies nearest at hand, in the station in which we are placed — that is our whole life-work. All that is asked of us is that we do our best.

What we really need is not worldly prosperity, but courage and confidence, and an ideal to live for and aspire to. Through all, let us ever aspire to the highest that each of us knows.

If we always thought of others instead of ourselves, we should indeed be living the true life. If we only realized that not a kind word is spoken but it takes root in some soil, not a loving thought sent out from our hearts but it finds some resting-place, not the least unselfish act performed but it bears some fruit — would it not make a great change in our lives?

If the opportunity comes to do that which we have always longed to do, beware lest it pass you by, unrecognized and unknown. When

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the time comes for you to pass into a higher sphere of thought and action, make the most of it, and do not let discontent enter into your heart. If wealth comes, do not forget the resolve made in poverty — do not let greed eat out your heart.

When in doubt as to what *is* your duty, or what *is* the right path to pursue, do the duty that lies nearest, take the path of Brotherhood:

"Helping others, never caring
Tho' we be misunderstood;
Loving others, ever sharing,
Thus we live true Brotherhood."

M. B.



THE DOMES OF LOMALAND

SUNSET: by Karin Nyström

NOW that the rubiate-carred and westward sun,
In solemn splendor riding down to his grave,
Looks backward, with one golden glance to lave
In light the Temple-dome ere day be done;
And the young-hero winds swift-footed run
Amidst the clouds, and leap from wave to wave;
And no queen-stars have ta'en the evening, save
Some two or three in pale robes silver spun —
I wonder if some Mighty One astray
Draws usward from that flame sunset-fold —
Some Dragon-Sovereign of an elder day —
Some Warrior Bodhisatva crystal-souled
Whose Frost-Sword glittered down from heaven of old
To uphold forgotten thrones in old Cathay. . . .

FLOWERS FOR CHRISTMAS



RNESTINE sat in her corner of the office on the afternoon of the day before Christmas, hurrying to finish her work. At every glance over the snowy ledge of the window into the street below she beheld an increasing multitude of parcel-laden shoppers. It was a pushing, rushing, jostling black mass, but she noted that many of the faces looked genuinely happy; and though she was too busy actually to think about it, she realized with a pang of shame how little joyousness she had given anyone.

Clack, clickety clack, clack, bang!

"I might have done something for that sick woman, if I had thought."

Clackety click, click, bang!

"She smiles as I pass her window."

Clickety clack, bang!

"Flowers — sick people always enjoy flowers. If I only —"

"Merry Christmas, Ernestine! You were so absorbed in your noisy writing that you didn't hear me, did you? I have brought you some flowers, Ernestine."

"Oh, Miss Morton! I was longing for flowers this very minute, more than for anything else."

"How happy your fairy godmother is, then. Goodbye, and a very merry Christmas!"

On her way home, Ernestine approached with anxious eagerness the window where the sick woman sat. She held the blossoms up to the white face, and a white hand pointed to the door.

So it was that Ernestine entered upon a great joy.

The sick woman was crippled. She had been hopelessly injured in an attempt to rescue a child in the street. Her suffering had taught her wonderful lessons, and she knew exactly how a girl alone in the world feels at Christmas time. Ernestine went to her little room that evening happy in the friendship the gift of flowers had brought.

And so it was that she and the sick woman adopted each other, and lived in sweet companionship. With the coming of each Christmas season they spoke to each other joyfully of that 'Flower Christmas,' and each recalled silently the time when she had received the loveliest gift of her life: the sick woman, the gift of strong hands and a warm young heart; the lonely girl, the gift of patience and gentle womanliness that helped overcome the difficulties of her busy days. ZELLA

✱

"The days come and go like muffled and veiled figures sent from a distant friendly party; but they say nothing, and if you do not use the gifts they bring, they carry them as silently away." — *Emerson*

CHRISTMAS IN NORWAY

CELIA THAXTER

IN the far-off land of Norway,
Where the winter lingers late,
And long for the singing birds and flowers,
The little children wait,
When at last the summer ripens,
And the harvest is gathered in,
And food for the bleak, drear days to come
The toiling people win,
Through all the land the children
In the golden fields remain
Till their busy little hands have gleaned
A generous sheaf of grain;
All the stalks by the reapers forgotten
They glean to the very least,
To save till the cold December,
For the sparrows' Christmas feast.
And then through the frost-locked country
There happens a wonderful thing:
The sparrows flock north, south, east, west,
For the children's offering.
Of a sudden, the day before Christmas.
The twittering crowds arrive,
And the bitter, wintry air at once
With their chirping is all alive.
They perch upon roof and gable,
On porch and fence and tree,
They flutter about the windows
And peer in curiously.
On the joyous Christmas morning,
In front of every door,
A tall pole, crowned with clustering grain,
Is set the birds before.
And which are the happiest, truly
It would be hard to tell;
The sparrows who share in the Christmas cheer
Or the children who love them well! — *Selected*

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP

" 'Build me straight, O worthy Master!
Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!' "



HIS beautiful poem is about a Master of Ship-building. He was a very old gentleman, I should imagine, with a good, kind heart and willing hands. His face lights up with delight when he replies to the Merchant who has asked him to build another vessel, and he says:

" 'Ere long we will launch
A vessel as goodly, and strong, and stanch,
As ever weathered a wintry sea!' "

The Master has planned many vessels, some large and some small, but one named 'Great Harry' was larger than any of the rest. Its bows and stern were very high, balconies were placed here and there, signal flags floated from the masts, and then besides there were eight round towers on the vessel like those of some great castle of olden times. He seemed to see this wonderful vessel again, thinks how he planned it and of his joy when it was completed. Then the Master thinks of the new one and decides it shall be the largest and finest of them all.

" It was of another form, indeed;
Built for freight, and yet for speed,
A beautiful and gallant craft;

Broad in the beam, but sloping aft
With graceful curve and slow degrees,
That she might be docile to the helm,
And that the currents of parted seas,
Closing behind, with mighty force,
Might aid and not impede her course."

The Master began by making a model that was exactly like the vessel he was going to build. Then he went into the lumber-yard and selected the very best material ready for building. It must have been a very large lumber-yard, because the poem says it covered many a rood of ground. There was timber piled up everywhere; chestnut, elm, oak and cedar. He chose very carefully all the lumber he was going to use, and turning to his young apprentice, who had been listening with rapt attention, he said:

" 'Cedar of Maine and Georgia pine
Here together shall combine.
A goodly frame, and a goodly fame,
And UNION shall be her name!' "

At sunrise the next morning the work was begun, and one could

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP

hear for miles around the sound of hammer, adze and mallet as the men steadily worked laying planks and driving nails. I think the Master must have been an inspiration to his workmen, because by sunset the same day the keel of oak lay stretched along the blocks upon the slip, bolted straight and strong.

The great work went on day by day, and the vessel grew and grew, and amid the noise of building could be heard the voices of the men as they sang the words of the good old Master:

"Build me straight, O worthy Master!
Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!"

At last all was finished, and the great day came when she would be launched into the sea to try her strength. The Master gave the sign, and his workmen knocked away the great framework which had held the vessel in place while they were building.

"And see! she stirs!
She starts, — she moves, — she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms!"

The good old Master seems to see a greater significance in the building of the vessel, because he says:

"Like unto ships far off at sea,
Outward or homeward bound, are we."

And then again:

"Ah! it is not the sea,
It is not the sea that sinks and shelves,
But ourselves
That rock and rise
With endless and uneasy motion,
Now touching the very skies,
Now sinking into the depths of ocean.
Ah! if our souls but poise and swing
Like the compass in its brazen ring,
Ever level and ever true
To the toil and the task we have to do,
We shall sail securely, and safely reach
The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach
The sights we see, and the sounds we hear,
Will be those of joy and not of fear."

Longfellow gloriously ends his poem by comparing the building of the ship to the growth of the United States, and to the great union of

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the North and South, just as the old Master chose for its name 'The Union,' when he selected the timber from Maine and Georgia.

"Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!"

B.

WAS WASHINGTON OF SWEDISH DESCENT?

IT may be a surprise to many that while George Washington's nearest ancestors came from England, yet his earlier ancestors came from the province of Skane, in Sweden.

The discovery was made by Capt. C. M. Machold, of Philadelphia. From the official Common Pleas Rolls in London he found that the Washington family in the twentieth degree descended from Thorfinn the Dane. Even Prof. Albert Welles, President of the American College of Genealogical Registry and Heraldry, arrived at the same conclusion in his book, *The Pedigree and History of the Washington Family*.

Captain Machold discovered that the name originally was *Wass*, that members of this family to the number of about sixty emigrated to England from the Swedish province of Skane in the year 970, and that in England they founded the town of Wassingatun, in the county of Durham. Members of this family who later went over to America, took the name Washington from this town in England.

We have Washington's own statement that he knew his descent from the North. At a banquet given in 1782 in the City Tavern at Philadelphia, by the Societas Scandinaviensis in honor of some Swedish noblemen who had taken part in the war, Washington made a speech to the Swedish officers, in which he said: "I am happy to be here, among those of the race of my early ancestors." — From *Svenska Dagbladet*

SUNRISE: by Olive Shurlock

THE orient wings of dawn have brushed the night,
And at their touch the dark night melts away,
And leaves a cold high sky starless and gray
Arching the lonesomeness of first twilight.
Beyond the mid-sea blue of mountain-height
And veiled city, climbs a rosy ray;
Then riding up the kindling sky, the day
Flaunts wildly o'er the world its wealth of light.
The wings of Truth have brushed our night of sin:
The stifling creed-illuminated darkness shrinks,
And leaves a dreary morn of shame; for links
War-rusted break our chain of human kin,
And mire-shod are our feet. But Dawn will break
Trailing a day of splendor in its wake.

NATURE'S REFRIGERATORS



VEN the glaciers are now being turned to account. Nothing that is of use in this world can be left unemployed, so men have started to quarry glacier-ice, which is very clear and pure. It seems strange that this has not been done before, yet it is only recently that we hear of an extensive business in this line.

The industry is most active in Switzerland. Companies have obtained grants to quarry ice at places where the glaciers can be connected with good transportation routes. Ice is blasted with black powder, because it does not discolor the ice. The blocks are stored in ice-houses on the mountains, and are then sent down, through ingeniously constructed chutes, to the place whence they are to be shipped.

In Oregon, ice is quarried from a remarkable source. Crook County, in the southern part, is a region of volcanic origin, its waters being underground, overlaid with great lava beds. In a cave fifteen miles from any water-supply, 4000 feet above sea-level, is the ice-supply.

After entering the low opening, one descends about fifty feet into an ice-floored room. A narrow entrance gives access to an inner chamber — an inexhaustible supply of ice, for as soon as a block is cut out, the cavity where it was begins to fill with water, which turns to solid ice within three hours. The water-supply is probably from the Deschutes River, which flows higher than the cave, through volcanic rock.

Mt. Aetna is another source of ice. In winter its snow-cap freezes, and is compressed by ashes and rocks erupted from the volcano. These keep off the heat, as they have done for centuries. The Messinians could develop a fine industry from this source.

KATE

ARCHITECTURAL STYLES AND THEIR MEANING

CHAPTER XXXII (CONTINUED) — ROMANESQUE ARCHITECTURE

THE BALANCE OF FORCES



LTHOUGH the Romanesque builders had preserved the solid, immovable effect of the old Roman architecture, the principle of balanced forces — of strains and stresses, wherein one part sustains outward pressure from another — began to assert itself, though concealed as far as possible.

There seems, at first in the world between the Romanesque building of century, and the nervous Pointed Gothic of the and fifteenth centuries, in that the removal of one a catastrophe, so perfect-upon another for

But in most of buildings the principles are quite plainly sketches on this general idea clear. the simple, early, method: there is position of forces; it alone holds ev-

The second figure, Romanesque, however, is different. The vault has come in, and is thrown across from corner to corner, down to the supports. The pressure of the vault upon the walls, so great as to push them out, unless they are thick; so the architects, in order to economize material, money, and time, had to devise an artistic counter-thrust.

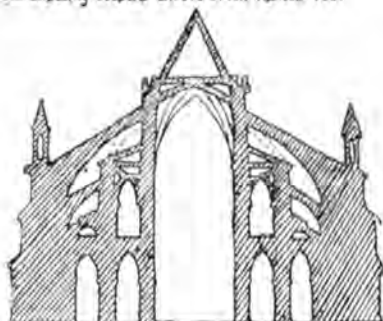
The principal form of counter-thrust used was the 'buttress,' which will be understood by a glance at the diagrams. The plain buttress was a piece of walling standing firmly on the ground, its narrow edge



Early Romanesque, with no Strain or Thrust.



Later Romanesque, with concealed flying buttresses counteracting outward thrust of the vaulted roof.



13th Century Gothic, with complicated system of buttresses and visible flying buttresses.

sight, all the difference in firmness and repose of a the eleventh or twelfth tension and strain of the thirteenth, fourteenth, structures where one feels stone might bring about ly does one part depend support.

the Romanesque principles of Balance developed. The page will make the The first shows wooden-roofed no strain, no opposite the force of gravity everything in place. ure, the developed ever, is very different roof of stone the round arches side to side, and carry its weight upon supporting pillars or upon the thrust of these corners was out the supporting were immensely

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usually resting against the part requiring support; from its upper part a half-arch, called a 'flying buttress,' received the pressure from the vaulted roof. The earlier Romanesque builders, with their liking for the reposeful effect of the ancient Roman work, concealed their buttresses as far as possible; but it was soon found that the system of thrust and counter-thrust had possibilities of beauty of its own, and the buttresses became a most important feature of the great cathedrals of the later centuries.

The third diagram shows how the principle of Balance was developed into the graceful forms of thirteenth-century Gothic. The thrust was now greater, and a greater resisting power in the buttresses became necessary.

The Romans never faced the complicated problems of roofing which opened out to the medieval builders. But even the latter never reached perfection in stone roofing; they failed to solve one important problem — how to construct a vaulted stone roof which could safely dispense with a wooden covering, a roof which would not be merely a ceiling. The necessity of having a sham outside roof is the greatest weakness in medieval vaulted architecture, and no one has yet found a satisfactory solution to the problem.

Economy of material was the motive for many improvements which unfolded almost incidentally in the work of the Romanesque builders. For instance, it is pointed out that the deep entrance-portals of the great French cathedrals and the moldings of the large supporting arches in their interiors were the direct result of the need for economy and of the imperfect



knowledge of stone-cutting in the early Middle Ages. By comparing the sketch of the ponderous Roman arch with that of the lighter and more economical Romanesque one, it will be seen that new ideas were being forced upon the medieval builders. Sometimes there were three or more rings of stone, each smaller than the next outer one, and partly supporting it. This plan gave a richness of effect, combined with strength and economy. The medieval builders had the artistic ability to take advantage of every mechanical limitation so as to make it a thing of beauty.

The Romanesque buildings of western Europe differ somewhat in

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their general design according to the country in which they are found; the Italian, for instance, having a pronounced tendency toward horizontal lines, and the German toward apses at both ends. But it is impossible to enter into such minor matters in these brief chapters — particularly as the Romanesque is really only a stepping-stone to the perfected Gothic of the thirteenth century.

By degrees it dawned upon the Romanesque builders that a good deal of stone could be saved, a greater lightness of effect produced, and certain mechanical difficulties overcome in the vaulted roofing, by the adoption of the pointed arch, which had been known in Europe for some time, but very little used.

At the same time the art of coloring glass advanced to perfection. It soon became the ambition of the Gothic architects to reduce the area of solid wall and to increase the size of the windows as much as possible. This was done, however, not for the purpose of seeing out of the windows, nor of letting in floods of sunshine, but in order to display the richly colored designs and pictures of religious subjects which filled them. Unfortunately, so little of the original stained glass of the Middle Ages has been left to us that there are only a few buildings in which we can appreciate the original intention of the artists who designed them. In England, especially, there is very little of the ancient colored glass existing, and most of the great cathedrals are cold and bare. It is remarkable that, although several distinguished painters — such as Burne-Jones — have devoted much attention to glass-painting, nothing has been done in modern times to approach the beauty of the medieval work. R.

SOME FACTS ABOUT OZONE

OZONE, which is a form of oxygen, is one of the gases in the air.

It is found particularly in sea air, but is not noticeable enough to have its odor detected, as some people fancy. Ozone has a special odor of its own, however, and is very pungent. It is dangerous to inhale.

Ozone was first detected by Van Marum, in 1758. Schoenbein discovered that it was a distinct gas, and described the processes by which it could be produced. One way is to oxidize phosphorus. Sticks of it are placed in flasks, which are half submerged in water; the flasks are connected, and a slow current of air carries off the ozone-laden gas.

Ozone is twenty-four times as heavy as hydrogen. It is a rapid oxidizer, and will ruin anything made of rubber or cork.

Ozone is used for deodorizing and bleaching, and also for sterilizing water. A plant in Petrograd sterilizes 500,000 gallons of water per hour.

PELARGONIUM

A Garden Study by M.M., a Rāja-Yoga Student



It is only a pink pelargonium, with two of its petals of dark red plush; but its delicate color, perfect form, and cheery face surely come from the land of the fairies. Look at it as it smiles among green leaves in the sunlight, full of elfin laughter — a most frolicsome, genial fellow. It knows the worth of its beauty and shows you the whole of it, coming out into the full noon sun, glowing in pink and red.

It is telling you that the fairies who created it rushed headlong up into the crimson sunrise-sky, and seizing on a flaming blossom, bore it to earth. On earth that blossom paled, and the glorious flame-essence turned to velvet darkness. But Pelargonium has not forgotten those flaming meadows of the dawn. Go into the garden on a sunny morning and look at him. You will see the glories of the morning sky upon him — soft pink that comes just after the stars go out; pale rose that floats over the western sky when the east is already aflame; deep scarlet with which the east is burning; crimson, dark with a haunting purple, where storm clouds shrink away to the southeast. All these you will find Pelargonium wearing; and you will know he is pondering his sunrise memories, because he wears his beauty with such a genuine mirth and gaiety. You stop as you pass, to catch that mischievous remark you are sure he dropped; you look twice to make sure that was not a saucy nod of the head he gave you as you passed. And if you stop and look with real vision, and listen with real hearing, you will surely catch his nod and his mischievous greeting.

Oh, he is mischievous, is Pelargonium — and, if you do not read him rightly, sometimes pert and sarcastic. But I suspect the sarcasm is a fault of your own; for you see, this splendid fellow with full pink lower petals and two upper ones dark as deep, thoughtful eyes, clearly came straight from fairyland, where all is kind, wholesome laughter.

If ever I were caught in the toils of some magician of the left-hand fairyland, and overpowered with heavy dreams, strange sunless mysteries, and moonlight witcheries — such as overtook the Knight on the cold hillside when death-pale kings and princes came to him, with starved lips gaping wide — I should wish Pelargonium for my companion, because his sensible sunniness and cheery confidence are so full of the clean magic of broad daylight. His is altogether the spirit of the glad May morning. Yet his sturdy strength allows him to tarry late into winter — so that, although December will soon be growing old, I can go into my garden and meet him nodding and smiling with all his mischievous assurance upon him.

CHAPTERS FROM THE HISTORY OF SWEDEN

Written for the Children and Young People at Point Loma by O. S.

CHAPTER II — GUSTAVUS VASA AND HIS SONS



F ever there was, among the crowned heads of Europe in modern times, a king who may be looked upon as a messenger from those protective spiritual powers that guide the fate of nations, it certainly was Gustavus Vasa. Not without reason did one of Sweden's great poets call Gustavus "God's miracle man, who built up the realm of Sweden from base to roof and gave his people a Protestant fatherland against their will." Gustavus has every characteristic of a man chosen to act as the savior of his country at a pivotal time. His whole life and all his actions are permeated with a remarkable power of unselfish devotion to his country and clear foresight as to its possibilities.

Gustavus Vasa was not, like other famous kings, pre-eminently a great warrior, a great law-maker, or a great administrator: he was all these, and much more. He was the royal father of the whole nation — a stern and loving father, who personally controlled every department of the government, and never tired of giving his people advice, in practical, every-day matters, as well as in spiritual and religious questions. It has been said of Gustavus Vasa that his care extended to everything — from the building of a smithy to the construction of a fleet, from the translation of the Scriptures to the reformation of the church. "He was not merely Sweden's king, but Sweden's most overworked servant." This most unusual authority among his countrymen was secured mainly through the peculiar qualities of his own personality. He was indeed a king of the old ideal type — a patriarch akin to the ancient Upsala kings, who were the spiritual as well as the political rulers of their country.

"Old King Gösta," as the Swedish people love to call him, is the pivotal figure in the history of Sweden. He marks the turning-point in the life of the nation. He liberated that sustaining power which has ever since formed an undercurrent in the history of the Swedish people. To sum it up briefly, he secured for his country religious, political, and economic freedom, and thus is rightly regarded as the founder of modern Sweden.

Gustavus Vasa had to go through many trying experiences and great hardships before he reached the position of authority and absolute leadership. He was not born a prince, and his childhood was not passed in the easy and pleasant surroundings of a royal castle. He was the son of a Swedish nobleman, Erik Johansson Vasa of Rydboholm, who lost

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his life in the Massacre of Stockholm. His mother was Cecilia Månsdotter, a relative of Sten Sture the younger. Gustavus was born on Ascension Day, 1496. He first pursued his studies at the University of Upsala, and later on was received in the family of Sten Sture, where he was introduced to military and court life.

In 1518, when King Christian of Denmark failed in his first attempt to take Stockholm, Gustavus and five other noblemen were placed as hostages on Danish ships during a parley between the King and Sten Sture, and were treacherously carried prisoners to Denmark. Gustavus



CALMAR CASTLE FROM THE NORTH

succeeded, however, in making his escape from the Danish castle where he had been held. He fled to Lübeck and crossed from there in a merchant vessel to the Swedish port of Calmar, whence he gradually wandered northward, pursued by Danish spies. A high price had been set upon his head by King Christian, and he was not safe anywhere. For a time he concealed himself on his father's estate at Råfsnes, and here the information reached him that his father and brother-in-law, like so many others of the best noblemen of the country, had been murdered in the Massacre of Stockholm. He now fled to Dalarne (Dalecarlia), to call on the sturdy and fearless peasants to rise in defense of the country.

Here he encountered new dangers at almost every step, and many times barely escaped being captured. At Christmas time in 1520 he made his first address to the Dalkarlarna at Mora, appealing to them, as Engelbrecht had done, to help him to drive out the Danish bailiffs.

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The story of Gustavus Vasa's wanderings in Dalecarlia and his escape from the pursuing bailiffs forms one of the most popular and best-known chapters in the epic of Sweden's history. We will only recall to mind how he once escaped falling into the hands of the Danish scouts by the presence of mind of a Dal woman who struck him with a broom and ordered him to go out to the barn and get on with his threshing, instead of looking curiously at his pursuers, who were then inquiring for him. Of course Gustavus Vasa at this time was disguised in the costume of a Dal peasant, and the bailiffs took him for a servant instead of for the quarry they were seeking. Another time he was hidden in a load of hay. The bailiffs pierced the load with their spears, and wounded Gustavus; but the faithful driver wounded his horse and made the pursuers believe that the blood on the snow had dripped from the wound of the horse. Many are the places in the Province of Dalarne still shown by the people where the future builder and king labored or was hidden during the early part of his career.



GUSTAVUS VASA

In January, 1521, the peasants elected Gustavus "lord and chieftain over them and the commonwealth of Sweden," the first recognition of his leadership. Then, as he gradually won a larger number of the peasants to his cause and formed an army, he succeeded in defeating the Danish troops in several battles, so that the northern part of the country was practically cleared of enemies in the summer of 1521. In August, 1521, Gustavus Vasa convoked a Riksdag at Vesterås, and here the assembled representatives made him tender of the crown. But he refused it. They then swore obedience to him as administrator of the kingdom. The war still continued, and the Danes held the city

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of Stockholm. After two years, with the assistance of a Hanseatic fleet, Gustavus Vasa finally took full possession of the city.

On the sixth day of June, 1523, Gustavus Vasa was elected King



STOCKHOLM ABOUT 1500, FROM ETCHING BY FRANS HOGENBURG
IN ROYAL LIBRARY

of Sweden, and this day has ever since been commemorated as a national holiday. The entry into Stockholm was solemnized on Midsummer Day of the same year. Gustavus Vasa found a good part of the city in ruins, more than half of the houses vacant, and the people impoverished by the long siege. The condition of the people in the country was not much better. An enormous task lay before him in the restoration of order and prosperity.

The most dangerous conditions, however, were those which had gradually been created by the Roman Catholic Church. The Church pursued the same course in Sweden as elsewhere in Europe, securing large amounts of real and personal property, which was held free of the taxes and other burdens laid upon the rest of the community. Comparatively speaking, the Church was by far the richest corporation of the country, and through the lower clergy exercised great influence over the common people. It was like a foreign power located within the boundaries of the kingdom, and working, in the absence of any supreme civil authority, solely for its own selfish interests. Its dignitaries constituted the most powerful portion of the aristocracy — the more so as the bishops were also holders of temporal fiefs; most of them were favorable to the Union and hostile to the patriotic party. Engelbrecht,

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the Stures, and others of the national heroes had been in constant conflict with this hierarchical class, but as yet none of them had been able to crush the serpent's head. The eyes of the Swedish people were open, however, to the hypocrisy of the priests, whose religion was, in the light of the Bible, merely a human invention, and for whom they showed little respect.

To quote Cronholm's *History of Sweden*:

"While things were in this chaotic state, Gustavus came to the throne. He struggled manfully to bring order out of confusion and succeeded, not only in establishing his authority, but also in introducing the reformation into Sweden. He set up schools among the people and encouraged commerce, mining, and other industries, which speaks well for his character and places him among the great benefactors of mankind."

The most important assistance in carrying out the reformation of Sweden Gustavus had from two young theological students, the brothers Olaus and Laurentius Petri, who for some time had been disciples of Martin Luther and Melanchthon at Wittenberg, Germany. Olaus Petri returned to Sweden in 1519, and was installed by Gustavus as Dean of the Cathedral of Stockholm. Later on he became the most influential counsellor of the King. With the assistance of his brother he made the first Swedish translation of the Bible, and has by this won a most important place, not only in the religious development of the country, but also in the history of the Swedish language.

In the beginning, Gustavus tried to keep up correspondence with the Pope; but when the Vatican demanded that the traitorous archbishop Gustavus Trolle should be restored to his office, the demand was rejected. King Gustavus deposed several of the bishops without consulting or referring the matter to Rome.

The final step for the abolition of the Catholic Church and the introduction of Protestantism was taken by Gustavus Vasa at the Riksdag in Vesterås, in 1527. This most memorable meeting was opened by the Chancellor Laurentius Andreae, who described the condition of the kingdom and the wants of the Government, referring to the wealth of the Church, her enormous revenues, and her holdings of Crown property, through which the Government was deprived of a large share of its rightful income. At the close of the message, the King asked, "What remedy have you gentlemen to propose?" The situation that followed is thus described by Cronholm:

"After a long silence, Bishop Brask arose and said: 'The Church and the clergy are under obligation to render obedience to the Pope in spiritual things and cannot without his sanction alter doctrines or renounce property rights of the Church.' The council and nobles assented to this reply when asked what was their opinion on these subjects. The King arose and with great indignation exclaimed: 'Then we have no longer any desire to be your king. From you we have expected a different answer. No wonder the common people are always ready

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to arise in mutiny. We are blamed for famines, for too much sunshine or rain, or for want of it. You are the ring-leaders and all want to be rulers and none to obey. Monks, and priests, and creatures of the Pope you set over your heads. We receive nothing but blame for all our toil and suffering on your behalf. Who would be your king on such terms? Not the worst fiend in Hell, much less a man. Nor will I be your king. Elect anyone you please. I hereby resign the crown.'

"The King, full of emotion, burst into tears and left the hall. Confusion and consternation prevailed. No orderly deliberations could be held. What one proposed others rejected. The clergy stuck to their rights and privileges. So the confusion continued for two days. The majority were in favor of a compromise and so informed the King; but he refused to listen to the committee sent to him. At last the common people threatened that unless the *grandees* and clergy yielded, they would as heretofore side with the King and compel obedience at the point of the sword. The demands were then acceded to. On the fourth day the King, surrounded by his officers and dignitaries, was with great ceremony escorted to the hall. The enactments passed by this *Riksdag* are known as the Recess of *Vesterås* and contain the following principal points:

"The King shall have power to make use of all the surplus revenues of the monasteries and churches; and bishops' castles and Church estates shall be subject to the Crown. The Word of God and not Popish inventions shall be preached in all the churches of Sweden. The King and not the Pope is the Head of the Swedish Church. All bishops and priests must, like other subjects, be answerable to the properly constituted civil authorities.

"These enactments were at once put into force. The bishops surrendered their castles and lands, the monasteries were depleted, and their inmates had to devote themselves to worldly employments. The royal treasury was enriched. The bishops ceased to be members of the Council of State. Their retinues, which sometimes exceeded that of the King, were disbanded."

Laurentius Petri was, by direction of Gustavus, elected the first Protestant archbishop of Upsala.

These very stern and rigid measures taken by the King in reference to the clergy, naturally caused great disturbance in the country. Priests told the people that the King was trying to suppress the Christian religion; whether he showed himself mild or harsh, he was taken equally ill. Several attempts at insurrection were made in different provinces of the country, and Gustavus had to use all his powers of persuasion, and much force and determination, to put down these rebellions before he gained the complete confidence of the whole nation.

Gustavus had to settle also some accounts with foreign powers, which constituted a menace to Sweden. The first one was that with Lübeck, as the leader of the Hanseatic League, which had gradually won a commanding influence upon the commerce and economic life of the country. Gustavus succeeded, however, with the assistance of Denmark, in finally defeating the power of the Hanse towns. To restore order in Finland, he also had to carry on a war with Russia — concluded in 1557 with the Peace of Moscow, which secured to Sweden full possession of the greater part of Finland. As a consequence of these wars and foreign policies of Gustavus, the nucleus of a standing army and navy was gradually formed; and by these of course he made a beginning

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in what was later to become Swedish supremacy over the Baltic Sea.

However, there is no doubt that most of Gustavus's energies were employed in untiring efforts to build up the country internally, encouraging all branches of domestic industries, such as farming, mining, etc., as well as educational institutions and the administration of justice. There was, indeed, no department of government which he did not personally direct, no sphere of human activity in which his guiding hand and his master-mind were not felt. When Gustavus Vasa died, in 1560, he was an omnipotent patriarch — the personification of a whole nation, whose future had been saved by his wisdom and courage.



GRIPSHOLM CASTLE FROM THE NORTH

Gustavus Vasa had three sons, Erik, John, and Charles. Before the old King passed away, he made a will in which he stated that Erik was to become King of Sweden, and gave to the two younger brothers large duchies. John became Duke of Finland and Charles Duke of Södermanland. But the three brothers were not on good terms, and did not trust one another. Erik was highly gifted artistically and intellectually, but was of a rather unbalanced temperament and much influenced by his Counsellor, Göran Persson. Fearing that his brother might make an attempt to win the crown, he made him a prisoner and kept him confined, first in the Castle of Åbo, Finland, and then at Gripsholm. Eventually the unbalanced state of Erik's mind developed into real insanity, and John succeeded in dethroning him in 1668, locking him up in the same castle of Gripsholm where he himself had been confined.

John, who now became King of Sweden, was a highly learned man

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with a great inclination towards theological speculations, but also not well balanced, and largely influenced by his queen, Catherine Jagellonica, a Catholic princess from Poland. Through her the King became interested in the Catholic religion, which his father had abolished, and he made several attempts to introduce it into Sweden in a modified form, thereby proving himself unfaithful to the principles of the Vasa family. These attempts, however, came to naught, partly because the Pope did not consent to the particular modifications which John wanted to introduce. John conducted a brilliant court, spending lavishly the money which he controlled, and erecting costly buildings. But he did not care much for the welfare of the lower classes, and consequently large parts of the country, which had been brought under cultivation during Gustavus Vasa's time, were again allowed to go to waste.

John died in 1592. His son Sigismund, who had been educated in the Catholic faith, then became King of Sweden, after having given a promise to follow strictly the ancient laws of the country and not to introduce the Catholic Church. But as Sigismund, who at the same time was King of Poland, came to Sweden surrounded by monks and Jesuits, he of course adhered more to his allegiance to the Pope than to his promise to the Swedish people. The consequence was that Sigismund was dethroned and driven away from Sweden in 1599.

Now the third son of Gustavus Vasa, Duke Charles, who had already been the actual ruler of the country during the later years of Sigismund, became king under the name of Charles IX. He was a stern and strong-willed man, and in order to establish order in the country and respect for the authority of the Crown, he used radical means. Thus he had several of Sigismund's followers beheaded in Linköping in 1600. By the convention at Upsala in 1593 he strengthened, in a most definite way, the victory of the reformation over Catholicism in Sweden. This memorable convention, at which the Bible was again proclaimed as the sole basis of the real evangelical doctrines for Christian faith and practice, constituted the final block to all further demands of the Catholic Church to gain ground in Sweden. It was ended by the exclamation of the presiding officer: "Now has Sweden become one mind, and we have all one Lord and one God."

Charles IX was perhaps an ungenerous and vindictive character in some respects, and he did not hesitate to use harsh measures against the higher classes, who had received too large privileges during King John's reign; but he was beloved by the peasants, because he always protected them and tried to do full justice to all. He introduced strict order in the economic administration, and he did not squander the money of the Crown. The country began to flourish again, and thus to prepare

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for the greater efforts which were to be put forth at the beginning of the next century.

When Charles died, in 1611, the country was surrounded with dangers. The Danes held the two chief fortresses of Sweden, and the heart of the land lay open before them. The disruption with Russia had forced upon Sweden a policy of conquests overseas with inadequate resources, and Poland was preparing to expel the Swedes from her Baltic provinces.

But the King had left to his country a more precious legacy — a son of sixteen years, of whom he used to say: "*Ille faciet*," which prophecy indeed was more than fulfilled by the illustrious Gustavus Adolphus.

A DUSTLESS HOUSE

IN Japan, some years ago, a house was built in such a way that all the fresh air admitted from the outside was obliged to pass through tubes so tightly packed with cotton wool as to filter out all the dust. One curious result was that milk could be left in an open dish for many weeks without turning sour.

Milk turns sour simply because the germs of little plants settle on its surface from the dusty air above it. The germs grow into tiny little plants, which again produce germs, and very soon the milk is alive with them. As they feed on the milk they change it, and among other things acids are produced; hence the milk turns 'sour,' and is spoiled. In the Japanese house the air was so free from the germs of putrefaction that none fell into the milk; and as there were no little plants to sour it, it remained 'sweet.'

Sometimes in flour-mills the air is full of inflammable dust — that is, of dust which in the presence of a 'naked' light, as a candle or a match, can catch on fire and explode. In coal mines, too, the air is sometimes so thick with floating particles of coal that it is set on fire in the same way, and then the colliers lose their lives by hundreds. In many mines the dust is now laid by watering the tunnels and galleries regularly.

The air which we take into our lungs is almost free from dust. As we breathe it in through the nose, the little hairs which line the nostrils catch and hold the dust, so that nothing but pure air reaches the lungs. In spite of all our care, however, we sometimes breathe through our mouths, and so some dust does enter the lungs. The doctors say that the lungs of an old person who has lived in a smoky city are almost black, while those of a young child — especially if he lives in the country — are of a beautiful pink color.

P. L.

AN ANCIENT RACE



IN the days of the Spanish fathers, before the western civilization had degraded and undermined the life of the Southwest, Southern California was the stage of many thrilling scenes of Indian life. Savage tribes lived in the southwestern states, and harried and preyed upon one another and upon their more peaceful neighbors. The reports of the Spanish and other discoverers had aroused but little curiosity and less belief in the wonderful natural formations of these regions, and in the remains of a vast tribal life — even then decreasing, although far more populous than in our day.

In spite of the many dangers, a small party of explorers — several scholars, an interpreter, a Spanish padre, some guides, and three women, one of them a young girl — determined to see for themselves the wonders of the ruins and monuments still remaining.

The young girl was really the most valuable aid the scholars could have had, for she loved the ancient history and felt for the vanished races of that land a sympathetic bond of kinship that enabled her intuitively to supply missing links with a readiness that often astonished the most learned among the travelers.

No one knew her parentage. Some, judging by the cast of her features, said she had Indian blood in her veins; certainly, her familiarity with the Indian language, customs, and traditions was surprising, even in one who had eagerly stored in her mind every fact connected with her favorite study. She never told anyone her name, and it gradually became a habit to call her 'Maru' — which, she said, was a name carved upon a ring her mother had given her. This ring was of a copper-colored metal, set with pale green and vermilion stones, cut in remarkable shapes, with hieroglyphics in black. When asked where it came from, she laughingly said it was a talisman — and such, indeed, it proved to be, on one of their adventures.

The party had been attacked by Indians, and having no means of adequate defense against superior numbers, judged it wiser to surrender. They were all bound, and awaited with anxious hearts while their captors carried on an animated discussion as to what should be done with them. A group of dusky figures, ferociously painted, and gesticulating wildly with their tomahawks, stood a little way from the captives, and often one or more turned threatening looks upon the little group, fearless of mien, but with dread in their bosoms.

After a short time the figure of a horseman was seen approaching rapidly. As soon as his tribesmen sighted him, they hushed their clamor and prepared for his coming as if for the arrival of one greatly respected.

The newcomer proved to be a medicine-man, or Indian priest, seem-

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ingly far superior to those whom he had joined. There was no cruelty in his face, but instead a look of indomitable will and command. His silvered locks alone proclaimed his great age, for he was as erect and apparently as vigorous as the most stalwart of the mighty warriors, who greeted him with looks of submission and reverence. They at once pointed out the group of white prisoners, and seemed to ask his will as to the disposal of them.

The priest walked slowly over toward them, and looked keenly at each, without showing either approval or disfavor in his face. But even his long-inherited and practised stoicism could not suppress a slight start when Maru (as we must call the young lady), by an almost imperceptible and apparently casual movement of her hand, brought her peculiar ring directly beneath the priest's eyes.

He seized her hand and drew off the ring — while Maru, either from fear or from perfect composure, offered no resistance — and studied its markings for a little while in silence. He then turned to the group of warriors, who had observed his singular actions with no little surprise, and showed them the ring, apparently making some explanation which was received by his auditors at first with wonder and incredulity. That his explanation and authority finally had weight with them was seen in their behavior; for with a now respectful demeanor they cut the bonds of the prisoners and invited them to share in the evening meal which their women were preparing. A shelter was put up for the women of the party, and when one of them voiced her feelings of thankfulness and astonishment at the change of fortune, the priest answered, "It is because of the dark-eyed one" — Maru, of course.

As evening drew near and the wonderful silence of the desert calmed the noisy encampment, Maru wandered off a little way by herself and sat down to observe the picturesque scene before her. Near the horizon the sky was of a soft orange, and the few scattered cacti and bushes looked like fine ebony etchings against the brilliant background. The fading sunset light was reflected on the ripples of a tiny stream vainly endeavoring to escape absorption by the thirsty sands, and lighted up the swarthy figures of the Indian warriors, gaudy in their paint and feathers, as they sat in groups and talked, with stern composure and haughty dignity marking every gesture. Here and there a solitary figure was silhouetted, like an erect statue, against the evening sky.

A stillness that was oppressive gradually settled over all, while in the deepening shadows and under the gleaming stars Maru sat and pondered. The pictures of her strange life passed in silent review before her; memories of the past seemed to link her closely with her present

AN ANCIENT RACE

surroundings. She felt herself a part of the landscape, and in harmony with the atmosphere brooding over the scene like a breath from some far-away land and time. She mused upon all that she had learned about the Aztecs and the kindred tribes of the western plains, and she felt as if they had a claim upon her because of her sympathy and her feeling of kinship with them.

So lost was Maru in her deep revery that she took no notice of what was transpiring around her; persons, place, and time had ceased to be. Finally, rousing with a start, she found that she was utterly alone, in a scene so wild and weird that for a moment she was dazed. She started to walk back to where she had left her companions, but not one feature of the country was the same. She was wandering along a sandy path close to the seashore, in a place she seemed to have seen before. And yet, although her inner consciousness seemed once to have known every foot of the way, a vague, undefinable change had taken place; the hills were higher, the valleys deeper, and the soil sandier, while the sunlight seemed more intense.

Maru found herself on a low-lying plain that sloped toward the sea. It seemed clearly marked off from the rest of the country, and the road on which she was traveling bordered it on one side. At first she thought it was a graveyard, for the unmistakable mounds met her sight on every hand. But then the shifting sands seemed removed from before her mind's eyes, and she could see the bodies of men lying before her; she was gazing on a battlefield strewn with the bodies of the fallen. She saw them, the predecessors of the Aztecs, just as they died in that last fatal battle — a clear, red-skinned race, with straight black hair and flashing eyes. Amulets of gold and jewels were on the heroes' arms.

While the war-cloud, wreathing the vanishing red bodies of the foe, rolled dimly from the field as the last defenders were beaten down in the dusky sunset light, the King, still grasping his sword, spoke as with his dying breath:

"Oh, Woman, what hast thou done? Hast thou returned to this old land to see the wreck thy hands wrought? Dost thou perceive at last the evil of thy treachery, when thou didst betray thy lord and king? We lie here, slain by thee — for the hour was come when we must fall, if to the tempter's alluring voice thou shouldst lend a willing ear. For weary ages we must wait, prone on the battle-ground, till thou hast purged away the sin that laid thy people low. Thy doom is ours; the ancient land is lost, for the power that dwells in woman's heart is strong to wreck or to save. Oh, tread the path thy erring feet did lose in the days of light! Our sway is past; the ages' blight — oblivion and darkness — must come upon this land, till the closing cycle shall sweep the

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remnants of this race from off the face of the earth. Oh! help them that still remain, for they suffer for thy sin, and the conqueror's galling yoke has brought them low indeed."

The voice ceased, and the passing years heaped dust on the straightened forms, till time left no sign of the deed done hoary ages ago. The ocean moaned and ate away the land — then grass and trees grew down to the shore, over the battlefield, and passed away again — the tides swept round an island — and again the battlefield was one with the mainland. But ever, down the reproachful ages, the shadow of her fall haunted Maru through her wanderings, flee where she might.

Maru wakened with a start, and a faint cry burst from her as she found herself alone with the Indian priest, who was regarding her intently. To her heightened fancy, his features, in the dim light, bore a strange resemblance to the dead king's face.

"You have had strange dreams, Señorita," he said, assisting her to rise, "and had best return to your friends, who fear you are lost."

Maru had now regained her full consciousness, and she felt as if the eyes of the Indian burned through her deepest being. He placed her ring again upon her finger, and asked quietly, "And have you no answer for me?"

It took not a moment to make her resolution; with the knowledge that her fate had come at last, she answered, "You have been waiting long for me, and I have found my way at last."

The next morning, when the party was ready to start, Maru was not to be found, but a note left for the leader of the party said that she had found the tribe from which her mother came, was in the hands of friends, and could never again be seen by white men.

The priest was gone, too, and Maru, safe under the protection and counsel of the ancient man, took up her new life under his guidance, and labored to help and uplift such as would listen to her warnings, even though she knew the end of the race must come. She was regarded with great veneration, and when she died the priest revealed the secret of her birth, saying that her name meant, 'The Last Light.' K. H.



THOUGHT AND DEED

"Say not, 'It matters not what men may think,
But 'tis the deed avails.' As flower to seed,
Is deed to thought; and as the seed foretells
Hemlock or rose, thoughts tell the coming deed."—*T. Clark*

ABOUT ART



HIS article is for little boys and girls who are interested in Art.

First, do you know what Art is? Have you ever wondered or thought real hard about it?

All of you probably can draw and paint something — a flower, or a scene with a house and trees and sky; but of course you must remember that just a picture of the shape and color of the trees or flowers, or whatever it may be, is not all there is to Art.

What grown-ups call Art, is the joy and happiness that you feel when you look at a beautiful, flame-colored, sunset sky while the big golden sun is just disappearing below the great big sea, and you hear the music from the roar and undertone of the waves down on the shore.

Or, if you are not near the ocean, you can see Art in the far-away mountains, pale-blue and violet, with a tip of white snow away up in the sky; or perhaps in a clear, cool stream running over pebbles and stones, and laughing as though it were trying to catch the nixies and sprites that hide under the Johnny-jump-up leaves and the timothy-grass, which nearly always grow near a water-lily pond.

Of course some of you may live in the city, where there are no brooks or mountains or ocean; but even there you can't get away from Art. It is everywhere — in the tiniest flower or stone on the ground, and everyone can see stones, and flowers, and grass; and in the big, wonderful blue sky, with the stars and planets shining by night. Every boy or girl who really wants to can look up and see the sky. And if you look at it in the right way, and if it makes you feel happy and real good inside, as though you wanted to help everybody in some way, and if it makes you forget that you want something that you shouldn't have, then you have seen real Art.

That is just what real Art is, and it is that joy and happiness which an artist tries to draw or paint on paper or canvas. But of course the artist has to study hard, and learn to draw and to mix colors. So, you see, Art is not just making drawings on paper or painting on canvas with bright lights and dark shadows and pretty figures, or even bright colors; these are just the ways for artists to reveal Art to people who can't see it, because they are so busy that they don't take time to try to see it.

Some people say Art is harmony or beauty, and there are many names for it. Some study musical instruments or singing to express it, while many learn to draw and paint, or carve in stone and marble. There are so many ways to express it that it would take a whole page just to name them. Perhaps you can think of some ways yourselves.

Oh yes! I can think of another way, too — and it will make you laugh, I am sure. It's when you sweep a floor clean, or do any kind of work *real well* — that is Art. You may think this sounds funny; but I am sure

ABOUT ART

it is right, because I have heard my father talk about all these things, and he is an artist.

Now I am going to show you the way my father taught us little children to make a pretty, simple flower-design for a border to put on a card or book-cover.

First he had us take a sheet of paper just the size we wanted to make the design. (Just get a piece

Crease it in the middle so:

Then fold the upper edge

so as

squares.

with a

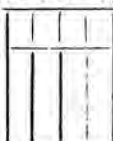
lines,

this way:

side with

and then

very hard

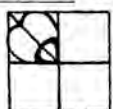


to make

Now fold the first square so.

soft, very black pencil, with

one leaf of a four-leaved



Now fold it so,

the flat end of

fold it again,

again. Then

of paper and try this.)

fold each side again so:

of the paper down

four



Then, draw

very dark

flower — in

rubbing it on the other

your pencil. Open it,

so, and rub it

open it, and you



will have a perfect flower, called a 'conventional' flower:



Now go over the lines of the flower carefully, to make

it very dark; then fold it over to the next square to

the right, and transfer it in the same way by rubbing on the wrong

side, and you have two flowers. Then fold it in the middle and transfer

the two flowers, and you have a

pretty border design, just like this —



Now with a ruler, draw very straight

lines on the first and third folds of

the paper, from the top to the bottom, and you will have what is called a

'conventional' design, ready to color.

If you want it blue, make it very pale, with the center leaves a little

darker; if you want it pink, make the large leaves pale and the small

ones dark. But never put yellow and pink together. Of course it *can*

be done, because nature does it; but you have to learn *how* first. If you

would like to know about colors, I will tell you more some time.

This is an easy way to make a conventional design. Try it, and if

you are successful, I will tell you about some other beautiful designs

which you can draw very easily. But of course you have to be very

good-natured when you try; if you are cross or disagreeable — you can

do nothing, because *real Art*, you know, is harmony. FLOTEO





DECEMBER

Oh, holly branch and mistletoe,
And Christmas chimes where'er we go,
And stockings pinned up in a row!
These are thy gifts, December! — *H. F. Blodgett*

A SNOWFLAKE'S STORY



DEAR CHILDREN: I SAW your bright faces through the window just now, as I was gently falling through the air. And so while I am resting on this nice window-ledge, your merry eyes invite me to be sociable, and I am going to tell you a story.

Perhaps you have been wondering where we white, fluffy fellows all came from anyway. You are very sure that the sky was crystal blue this morning. Oh, it is a most wonderful story, these travels of ours! Where did I come from? Where *did* I come from? That shouldn't be hard to say, think you, for one so fresh and white? But though I am so young, I am also very old, for I have been traveling years and years and years — in fact, so many hundreds of thousands of years I can't just remember when and where I did begin.

But my story — You believe in brotherhood and helping and sharing. I know you do, or you would not have such happy, good faces. But did you ever think of a wee little snowflake knowing anything about it? Did you ever think what a jolly big brother the old Sun is? How he cheered me this morning, when I lay, a cold drop of water, on the sea! His warm rays helped me to spread my fairy wings and fly up high in the sky. Then big brother Wind came and carried me rollicking along with thousands of my comrades in merry chase over the valleys and mountains until we met brother Jack Frost, who said, "Enough!

NELLIE'S THANKSGIVING DINNER

You must rest now." So we folded our wings and floated silently down, as you saw us just now.

That is one day's adventure. Tomorrow you may not find us here; but remember, we have only gone on another journey. We never, never die — we just change our dresses. Sometimes they're crystal white, sometimes diamond sparkle, sometimes misty rainbow, and sometimes fluffy down. We have an invisible cloak, also!

Good-bye. Next time you must tell me one of your stories. SPARKLE

NELLIE'S THANKSGIVING DINNER



LITTLE NELLIE'S household consisted of Bunny the rabbit, Fritzie the dog, and Trilby the black pussy-cat.

Nellie had her own little cook-stove and larder full of supplies, so that she might experiment in cooking to her heart's content; for her mother believed in letting her children find their amusement in a practical way, while at the same time training them to be neat and clean, thoughtful and economical of supplies. Nellie was often allowed to make palatable little dishes for her mother's table, if she faithfully obeyed instructions.

It was nearing Thanksgiving time, and Nellie's mother was planning her company dinner for that day, when Nellie conceived the idea of having her own Thanksgiving dinner for her dear pets, Bunny-rabbit, Fritzie, and Trilby. So on the day before Thanksgiving she retreated to her kitchen playroom and took her pets into her confidence, and they decided to begin at once and have it that day, as Nellie would have to be dressed up for the company next day, and could not do it then.

The pets danced about in great glee and begged that they might all help; it would be such royal fun. "Well," said Nellie, "here is an apron for each of you; but listen, you must mind every word I say, and no quarreling with each other, for that, you know, would spoil everything and take all the spirit of thankfulness out of our hearts."

"Oh, we won't quarrel, we'll be good," all shouted in unison.

"Come, let us begin," said Fritzie-dog; "I'll bring in the wood." And away he ran, returning in a trice with shavings and nice pine sticks in a basket which he carried by the handle, in his mouth.

Nellie soon had a hot fire in her little cook-stove, and Trilby pulled aside the lid of the teakettle, which Nellie filled with water and set upon the stove.

Soon there came such a hissing and sputtering in the stovepipe, that Trilby-cat thought there must be a rat or a fat mouse or some other

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animal in the pipe, so she rose on her hind legs and gave it a hard slap with her forefeet — when down it fell, with soot, smoke, and flame flying all around, for the soot was on fire. All jumped and shrieked with fear at this great calamity, as their aprons were in danger for a moment of getting ablaze; but Trilby-cat upset a bucket of water, as she kicked and jumped to get out of danger — when, lo! the fire was out, but on the floor was a black pool of pasty soot.

Poor Nellie was in terror lest her mother should come in and see the plight of her neat little kitchen, so she sent Fritzie running for the broom and Bunny-rabbit for the mop-cloth. She began to sweep it up with the broom, but only made matters worse.

Trilby-cat stood by with her burnt paw in her mouth; but when Nellie, losing her patience, began to scold, Trilby, mewing quite contritely, seized the mop-cloth and dragged it over the black mess. This set Nellie to laughing, but also gave her an idea. Sopping up all the cloth would hold, she carried it out, and getting another cloth and more water, soon had it all clean again, even to bathing pussy's black paws.

Then Fritz and Bunny-rabbit helped to get the stovepipe in place, and with the addition of some fresh pine sticks the fire and order were restored.

"Well, now come to the cupboard with me," said Nellie. "Here, Fritzie, you may take a sugar can; Bunny-rabbit, you may carry the spice; and Trilby, you may carry the milk-pail — but be sure you don't get your paw into it. I will take the flour in this bowl, and some eggs. Now bring them all to the table, and then we will make a cake."

All went well until Trilby saw it was time to add the milk. She reached up to peep into the milk vessel and see if it was not more than enough — thinking she might get what was left when the cake was made. As it was almost out of her reach, she took hold to tip it a little to look, when down it fell, drenching her sleek black fur as well as some of the floor with milk — another catastrophe!

Nellie jerked her hands out of the sugar and flour in her efforts to catch the pail, thus adding to the second mess which she had to clean up; but fortunately Fritzie, Bunny, and Trilby did not mind making their tongues do service this time; the remains were not so bad to clean up as the soot had been, and Trilby had her wish for milk satisfied anyhow.

But Nellie thought it time to give Trilby a lesson for being selfish and greedy, so she made her take off her apron and lie down under the table, where she could not help, or see anything that went on overhead.

Then Nellie put Fritzie on a stool beside the table, and strapping an egg-beater to his paw, let him beat the eggs.

Poor Trilby — feeling very sad that she could not help any more —

NELLIE'S THANKSGIVING DINNER

soon heard them announce that they had a nice cake ready for the oven.

Then Nellie peeled some apples and chopped them fine. While she was making the pie-crust, she had Bunny bring the nutmeg and grater. Then she sprinkled sugar and grated nutmeg on the apples, lined her pie-pan with crust rolled nice and thin, put in her apples with a little butter, and covered the pie with an ornamental top crust cut to imitate leaflets. Then she raised the pie on one hand while she cut off the crust around the edge of the pan.

Just as the last snip fell off, and while all were looking admiringly at the pie, it slipped from Nellie's hand and fell, top side down, toward the floor; but quick as thought Trilby caught it, and in doing so turned it right-side-up again — *unhurt*.

Nellie had thrown her arm across her eyes, to shut out her pie's destruction, as she thought, and Fritzie and Bunny-rabbit were trying to comfort her, when Trilby said "Meow, meow!" so triumphantly that Nellie looked down to see — and there stood Trilby, holding the pie on her forepaws in the proudest manner possible, with everything about it as perfect as when it fell from Nellie's hand.

This kind and skilful act restored Nellie's confidence in Trilby, won her gratitude, and reminded her that accidents happen to the best of us — hence the duty of charity and forgiveness.

Now they all escorted her to the oven with the pie, and everything went on quite merrily. They began to set and decorate the dining table. Bunny brought in some nice celery from the garden. Fritz carried the dishes, knives, forks, and spoons in a basket from the pantry, while Nellie placed them upon the table.

Then Fritz helped her to get some flowers and vines, while Trilby watched the stove, with her keen sense of smell, to make sure nothing burned while they were out.

When Nellie came in, the cake and pie were done, and she placed them in pretty dishes on the table to cool, while she put on the decorations of flowers and vines, and the celery in a side-dish beside the meat platter. But where was the meat or turkey? Trilby had offered to catch a quail, but Nellie asked how she could be so cruel as to think of such a thing on Thanksgiving Day, for the quails wanted to be happy and thankful too, that some of them had escaped the hunters.

They all looked at the empty meat platter. Nellie, smiling, brought from the pantry a nice can of salmon, which she opened and arranged on the meat platter with sprigs of parsley for a garnish — and for Bunny's pan, as rabbits never eat fish.

When they saw the pretty dish and Trilby smelled the rich fish,

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they danced about in great joy and satisfaction. A dish of fruit and flowers made a centerpiece for the table.

Now the time had come to partake of the feast. Nellie placed chairs around the table and helped each to a place, then served their plates and told them to wait until she was seated and served, and then all could eat together.

Bunny enjoyed the cake, pie, apples, and banana; Fritzie and Trilby ate fish, cake, and pie-crust; and all agreed that they had never before had such a fine dinner, and said they were truly thankful for such a good home and kind mistress as Nellie, for she understood just what Motherhood means, and taught them how to be unselfish and helpful. Otherwise they could never have known so delightful a day as this Thanksgiving had been, for all its mishaps.

Helpfulness, forbearance, and harmony had won a victory. AUNTIE

THE HISTORY OF A SEED

I — THE SEED

JUST a little seed,
Very small indeed.
Put it on the ground,
In a little mound,
And wait and see
What it will be.

II — THE VINE

The seed became a lovely vine,
That o'er the brown earth used to twine,
And at our feet so very low,
Went on and on to grow and grow.

IV — THE FRUIT

The little flower grew and grew
In sun, and shower, and moistening dew,
And when the leaves began to fall,
There lay this gorgeous yellow ball —
The prize for harvest best of all.

III — THE FLOWER

The summer rain, the summer shine,
That wet and warmed the pretty vine,
Had somehow quite a wondrous power,
Which wrought this lovely yellow flower.

V — THE PIE

Hurrah for the tiny seed!
Hurrah for the flower and vine!
Hurrah for the golden pumpkin,
Yellow, and plump, and fine!

— *The Youth's Companion*



PICTURE-BOOKS IN WINTER: Robert Louis Stevenson

SUMMER fading, winter comes —
Frosty mornings, tingling thumbs,
Window robins, winter rooks,
And the picture story-books.

Water now is turned to stone
Nurse and I can walk upon;
Still we find the flowing brooks
In the picture story-books.

All the pretty things put by,
Wait upon the children's eye,
Sheep and shepherds, trees and crooks,
In the picture story-books.

We may see how all things are
Seas and cities, near and far,
And the flying fairies' looks,
In the picture story-books.

How am I to sing your praise,
Happy chimney-corner days,
Sitting safe in nursery nooks,
Reading picture story-books?

THE CHRISTMAS WISH



CHRISTMAS a week away! Only six days more of preparation! Four little girls sat fashioning those dear nothings that make Christmas so *Christmassy* — pink pincushions and red lampshades, crocheted neckties and clothespin dolls holding pockets for your hairpins. The Christmas heart was in the quiet room. One could almost feel the sweep of the wings of the spirit of kindness passing back and forth.

The fifth girl was idle. She sat in a big, deeply-padded chair, her thin hands outspread. Seemingly observant, the soft eyes were sightless; and so defective was her hearing that only a few of the shrillest sounds came to her, ordinarily. But even Lutie felt the presence of the Christmas heart among the small gift-makers. She fancied she could touch the lovely winged thing that moved among them.

Lutie had started out like the other children, years before. Eyes and ears served; she ran and played and had little duties. One Christmas evening someone was careless with fire, and then had come this strange, dark silence, to which she had gradually grown accustomed, and with which she was now content — even perhaps happy in it, sometimes.

Now and then one of the little girls came and placed her work in Lutie's lap, for 'inspection.' The blind girl examined the article with fingers so sensitive that they could almost feel color. She measured the progress being made; she tested the smoothness of the stitches. Then she patted the child's hands, or in some other sweet way gave encouragement. Sometimes she spoke; but living so much in the silence, she had learned to convey her meaning in a wonderful wordless language.

Lutie often filled the hours with pictures, marvelously splendid, big and heavenly-bright. And out of some far place, down deep in her own life, and quite shut off from the busy, bustling confusion of goings and comings and sayings of others, there came up to her music of rare loveliness. In that inner home of hers, Lutie feasted and drank deep of a kind of pleasure that might never have been hers, had she more closely resembled chattering Junie and Minna, or high-tempered, impulsive Dot, or Belle, who was so noisy that the very doors seemed to turn to rubber the moment she left the house.

Junie and Belle had invented a legend about Lutie's life. They thought it very pretty, and they talked about it so often, between themselves and with the other girls, that they had all come to half-believe it to be actual, 'really-truly' fact. In their imaginings, Lutie had come out of *High Land*, a country never even heard of by most people — a blue country, stormless, flower-starred, where the people were always yellow-haired and kind. The strange gold of Lutie's hair, which everyone noticed, and that queer, soft little smile, and that crying sound in her

THE CHRISTMAS WISH

low voice — she got them all up there, you know. People like Lutie made others *right* just by being with them; if you felt your heart 'getting full of needle-pricks' under the gaze of such a person, it was a sure sign that you had made a mistake somewhere.

Of course Lutie never knew anything about the children's whispered legend — that surely would have broken the magic spell of High Land.

Plump Dot rolled out of the window-seat where she had been working, and took her big, bulging knitting-apron over to Lutie. Seven whole rows had lengthened her shawl since last the sightless inspector had 'seen' Dot's shawl.

"What color now?" asked Lutie.

Dot was the one who could most successfully talk with Lutie. Her voice was so piercingly vibrant that she had become the mouthpiece for the entire household, in the matter of conversing with the 'afflicted' child.

"L-a-a-a-ven-der!" sang Dot on a clear *E*.

Lutie sat holding the light wool against her cheek and throat, patting the shawl, almost caressing it. Then the smile faded from her face, giving place to a most unusual cloud of sadness.

The supper-bell rang, and Junie, Belle, and Minna folded up their work and picked up the stray threads. When the door closed behind them, Dot still stood before Lutie's chair, a fixed look of amazement upon her countenance, and Lutie still sat with the shawl in her hands.

"Wh-a-a-a-t's the m-a-a-tter?" chanted Dot, slowly and clearly drawing out each word, not letting go of the sound until sure that it had been heard.

The answer came first in tears — a very strange and unfamiliar sight. Then at last Lutie wailed, "I wish *I* could do this."

"Wh-a-a-a-t!" shrieked astonished Dot. She glanced at the door. "Thank goodness, they're all out of hearing!" she thought, as Lutie went on.

"I wish I could make a shawl for someone. I never do anything for anybody. I am so useless. I help no one, not even myself!"

"Well, just suppose Minna or Belle heard that!" Dot whispered to herself. "They'd probably think that she had never *seen* High Land, if they found out that inside of her she is as full of wishes and wants as the rest of us!" Aloud, she cried, "D-o-o-o-n't!"

Then, sitting on the 'shouting arm' of the big chair, with lips close to Lutie's 'best' ear, gently, but with a large amount of lecture-firmness, Dot made Lutie understand something about the children's dream of High Land; how often she and Minna had ceased quarreling just by thinking of it; how Belle found her tiptoes in the blind girl's presence.

RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

"Sh-aw-aw-aw-ls!" Dot scolded. "Everybody can make shawls, but only one from High Land can be just plain sweet and good all the time, and that's what you've got to go on doing for us, Lutie!"

Then, after putting away her knitting and kissing Lutie to make up for her severity, Dot guided a returned and smiling beautiful blind 'High Lander' out to the supper-table.

That night Lutie really visited High Land. There she came so close to the Christmas heart that she felt she could never live another moment without it. Before her inner sight glorious pictures again unrolled themselves, like an endless silken *makimono* — pictures never to be seen by those who look out upon daisies and apple-trees, or up into the lakes of heaven. Then the small, shadowy trouble, that nobody but she and Dot knew about, went out of her lonely life; and always after that she knew she could be just quietly glad because, for her, things were exactly as they were. "My days," she promised herself, "shall be like yellow roses out of the beautiful country of High Land, and so I shall have Christmas gifts for everyone."

And Dot could not sleep that night until she had come to the end of a great, long, golden thread of fascinating thought, that had begun to spin itself before her mind's eye even while she was lecturing Lutie for dropping out of High Land into the common, everyday wishing land of our workaday world. The thought began with a question mark: "Why *can't* Lutie learn to knit?"

The next afternoon, when the girls again assembled for Christmas work, Dot produced an extra pair of big wooden needles and a ball of Christmas-red yarn. With arms around Lutie's neck, she intoned gaily, "L-u-u-tie *c-a-a-a-n* kn-i-i-i-t!"

"Oh, my wish — my dear Christmas wish!" Lutie pulled round Dot, yarn, needles and all, into the big chair with her.

Then all afternoon, with laborious guiding of the thin white hands that had always lain idle before, and with gently shouted instructions, Dot accomplished her loving purpose. When the supper bell rang that evening, Lutie was finishing the third row of a shawl for Granny!

The lovely Christmas heart was in the room; the wings of Christmas loving-kindness enfolded all five little workers. It was as if the Christ-star had come up out of its old Bethlehem-watching and stood shining in there — so bright was the radiance upon the blind child's face, so bright the tearfully smiling faces of the other children. W. D.



"And all the bells on earth shall ring
On Christmas day in the morning."

A BRIGHT CANARY



JAQUES is a Lomaland canary. He has not always lived in Lomaland. A few years ago he traveled from the Atlantic to the Pacific with his master and mistress. It was a long journey for a little bird, and he was very tired when he arrived, but soon rested; and he is very happy in his Lomaland home.

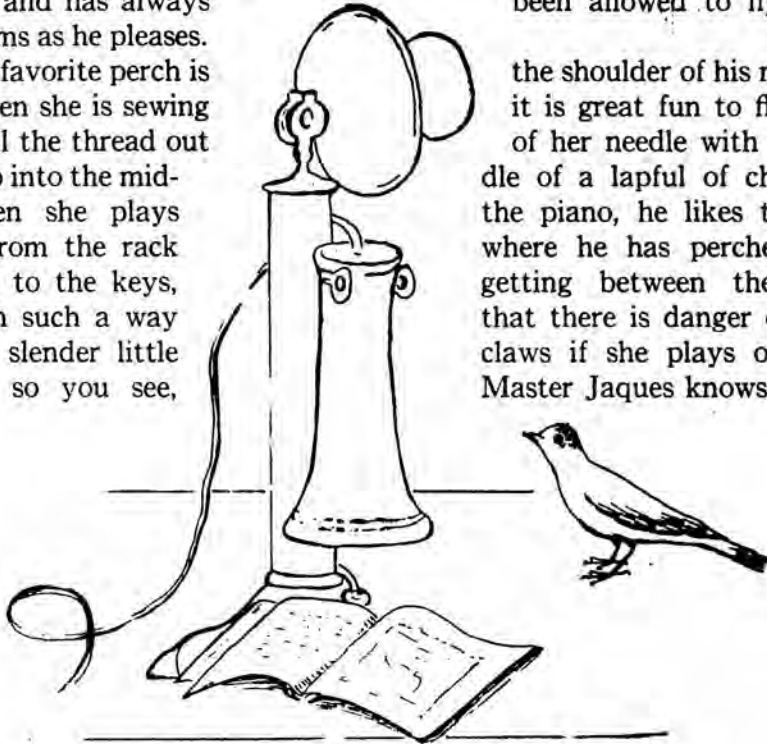
Jaques is not an ordinary canary which hops about in a gilt cage and sings and looks pretty. No, Jaques has learned to do many other things, and has always been allowed to fly about the rooms as he pleases.

His favorite perch is and when she is sewing and pull the thread out or jump into the mid-

When she plays down from the rack self, on to the keys, notes in such a way ing his slender little keys; so you see,

the shoulder of his mistress, it is great fun to fly down of her needle with his bill, dle of a lapful of chiffon.

the piano, he likes to jump where he has perched him- getting between the black that there is danger of hurt- claws if she plays over the Master Jaques knows how to



stop the music whenever he chooses.

One of his favorite tricks is to fly to the pincushion on the dresser, pick out the pins with his bill, carry them to the edge of the dresser, and drop them to the floor, one by one. One day, shortly after being visited by Jaques a number of times, his mistress felt her shoulder being pricked by pins, and on investigating found six pins which had been dropped inside the collar of her blouse; Jaques had found a new place to drop his pins.

Perhaps the most striking thing about this bright little fellow is the notice he has taken of the telephone. One day, before coming to Lomaland, when his mistress was phoning to his master, the little bird happened to fly to her shoulder. Turning the receiver in her hand toward Jaques, she told his master to speak to the bird, which he did, calling

NOVEMBER BUTTERFLY

him by name and whistling to him. That he recognised the voice was very evident, for he turned his head first to one side and then to the other, answering in his usual soft, chuckling chirp, and showing great interest.

After that, the telephone never rang but what Jaques was there to receive the message; and although the door-bell's ring was so like the telephone bell that the maid was continually deceived, Jaques never made a mistake, and only the telephone bell would attract his attention, calling him from any part of the house.

He has never forgotten that the telephone had something to do with his master's voice, and when a telephone was recently put in the residence at Lomaland, Jaques immediately recognised it. If he happens to be out of his cage when it rings, he flies to it.

Do you wonder that Jaques is a great pet, and that his master and mistress are very fond of him?

AUNT EDYTHA

NOVEMBER BUTTERFLY

BROWN November butterfly,
Did you think it last July?
Or, perhaps, from your cocoon
You slipped out six months too soon!
Could you not wait till next June?
Autumn, when the frosts are here,
Never *was* your time of year.

Brown November butterfly,
Isn't this the time to lie
With your spotted velvet wings
All wrapped up in filmy strings,
Till the spring's warm sunshine brings
Flowers and birds and skies all blue?
May should be the time for *you!*—*Lomaland Calendar*

THE ROSES AND THE SUN

IN the garden the roses were smiling and nodding at the sun, but when it went in they wilted and wept.

One day the sun went in and did not come out for a whole week.


A few days afterwards the roses felt their leaves coming off. And what do you think? It was winter!



The roses sank into the ground and did not come out till the next spring.



RUTH M. (Age, 6½ years)


BIG THINGS FROM LITTLE THINGS


Oh, how lit-tle they were! "It-ty," said Ba-by May a-gain; and then, "May want 'to-ry."


Big Broth-er put her down and then picked up one of the ti-ny seeds, say-ing, "I'll tell you a sto-ry. Look!" And he did this .



Then he said, "What do you see in-side this lit-tle ?" Ba-by May looked ve-ry hard, and then shook her head. "Well, I see in it a g-r-e-a-t b-i-  tall-er than Pa-pa, and high-er than our house."

Then he gave Ba-by May a ti-ny . "What do you see in this?" "Oh," said Ba-by May, "a big,  big."

"But there are other kinds of lit-tle things, May,  and they are some-thing like seeds, too. Do you re-mem-ber the naugh-ty bad seed of tem-per that Bob-bie plant-ed this morn-ing? It was so lit-tle, but he plant-ed it, and let it grow. And then what came?"


Ba-by May looked ve-ry se-ri-ous; she un-der-stood. "Big, bad day! Dref-ful! All !"

"And then  what grew from the lit-tle seed of hap-pi-ness Ba-by May plant-ed this morn-ing?"

"Big, boo-ful day, boo-ful like big  and happy .

"Yes," said Big Broth-er, who was ve-ry wise, be-cause he went to the Râ-ja-Yo-ga School, and so knew all a-bout how Big Things come from Lit-tle Things.

"Take care a-bout the *lit-tle* things," he went on. "That's what Râ-ja-Yo-ga says. Watch the ti-ny seeds, and see that you plant on-ly the *right kind*. For Big Things grow from them all!"

"*Tweet, tweet, twe-e-e-e-!*" sang the lit-tle bird a-gain from the climb-ing rose. "Bird-ies and sun-beams and rose-vines and the beau-ti-ful  and star-shine and hap-py lit-tle girls! *Tweet, tweet, ti-ra-lee-lee-lee-e-e-e-, tweet!*"

AUNT ESTHER

THE LITTLE GOLDFINCH



IGH up in the air, far out on a limb of a great eu-ca-lyp-tus tree, a pair of gold-finch-es built their nest. A lit-tle while be-fore the young birds were read-y to fly, some-thing hap-pened, and one lit-tle bird fell to the ground.

Al-though the lit-tle bird had scarce-ly any feath-ers, he had a ver-y loud voice, and his shrill, sharp 'peep, peep' soon at-tract-ed the at-ten-tion of a kind la-dy, who picked him up and car-ried him home.

There he was cud-dled in-to a nest of warm cot-ton in a lit-tle round Jap-an-ese bas-ket, and soon he was o-pen-ing wide his wee yel-low bill for the warm food the la-dy pre-pared and gave to him on the end of a tooth-pick.

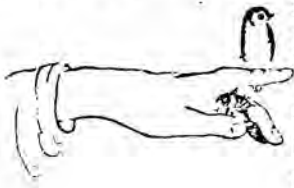


Now he was hap-py! A whole nest all to him-self, and all he could eat just the min-ute he o-pened his mouth. What would have hap-pened had not the kind la-dy found him, he nev-er stopped to think, for he was too young to know any-thing a-bout the cold night that was com-ing on when the la-dy heard him cry. She knew he nev-er could have lived through it.

Be-fore many days he was quite at home in the big room, and the la-dy and he were get-ting to be ver-y good friends. He would sit on her fin-ger, or on the big fern in the cen-ter of the ta-ble, and preen his new feath-ers. Such a ti-ny crea-ture, and so pret-ty, with his dark green coat, yel-low breast, and bright eyes!

By and by his lit-tle cot-ton nest was not suit-a-ble for him. His feet were made to grasp a perch as the ca-na-ry does, and so a cage of wire net-ting was made, with a twig in-side for a perch. Here he went to sleep ev-ery night.

But af-ter a while he be-gan to wish to fly out in the bright sun-shine and air, and to find his broth-ers and sis-ters. Al-though he loved the friend-ly la-dy who had been so kind to him, still he knew that he was a wild bird and be-longed out-of-doors. He was rest-less, and longed to be free. So as soon as the kind la-dy had taught him to eat seeds and take a bath, as he would have to do when he was out in the big world tak-ing care of him-self, and as soon as she was sure his wings were strong, she took him on her finger to the door, o-pened it, and let him fly a-way.



Do you not be-lieve there is a new, sweet note in that lit-tle bird's song that nev-er would have been there if the kind la-dy had not found him and cared for him so ten-der-ly? E. P.

